THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Our Maritime Bugaboo—By Peter B. Kyne

The Blake

(By the House of Kuppenheimer)

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OUR MARITIME BUGABOO

By PETER B. KYNE

IT IS probable that no other piece of legislation enacted by the Wilson Administration has roused a more bitter storm of protest than the law recently passed and known as the La Follette Seamen's Bill.

The press has devoted much space to it and, all in all, the comment has been far from favorable to the proponents of it.

There is quite an audible cry for amendment of this bill—and this before the measure has had a practical trial! The shipping men are so certain of the inevitably evil effects of it they are demanding in all seriousness that Congress reverse itself prior to the fourth day of next November, when the law goes into effect with reference to American ships. Foreign ships visiting our ports will not come under its provisions until March 4, 1916. Uncle Sam has given foreign shipowners until then to learn of the reception that awaits them when they come a-trading.

Just at present the attention of the country is centered on San Francisco, which appears to be the center of the storm of protest against the bill. In August the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which for thirty years has operated a line of steamers between San Francisco and Panama, and San Francisco and Oriental ports, sold its five transpacific liners to the Atlantic Transport Company of Virginia—this, according to the statements of the company, in anticipation of the financial ruin that must encompass it should it attempt to compete with the Japanese lines under the confiscatory provisions of the La Follette Seamen's Bill.

As this article goes to press the last ship of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is completing her last voyage under that house-flag.

Another shipping concern—the Robert Dollar Company—also engaged in the operation of five cargo steamers in the transpacific trade, has sold two of its steamers, severed its traffic connection in this country in favor of a similar connection with a Canadian railroad, put back under British registry the two vessels it withdrew from British registry to sail under the American flag last September, and has announced its intention of moving its main office to Vancouver, British Columbia. Its steamers will no longer touch at American ports.

Why the Shipping Concerns are Selling Out

NATURALLY these announcements, carried by the press associations to every newspaper in the country, have created a tremendous interest in the Seamen's Bill. "Surely," we argue, "these shipping companies must know their own business; and when they go out of business because of a certain oppressive law, is that not prima-facie evidence that the law is pernicious? Why, after Congress passed the Emergency Shipping Act, last September, to cope with conditions created by the European war, everybody said: 'Now we shall have an American mercantile marine at last!' Yet here we have the spectacle of two big steamship companies crowded out from under the protection of our flag, and everybody says the La Follette Seamen's Bill will kill our mercantile marine instead of aiding it."

You have all heard the side of the Pacific Mail; now listen to another reason ascribed for their action in selling their ships and withdrawing from the transpacific trade. It is not my reason, for I am not permitted to editorialize; it is the reason advanced by the father of the Seamen's Bill, who, by the way, is not Senator La Follette but a former sailor, Andrew Furuseth, secretary of the Pacific Coast Sailors' Union and president of the International Seamen's Union.

As a shipping company the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is, he points out, in a peculiar position, due to the fact that a majority of its capital stock is owned by a railroad, the Southern Pacific Company. Hence its ships are debarred, under the law, from using the Panama Canal. It may be that the Southern Pacific Company has only maintained the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in the transpacific trade because of the transcontinental freight the latter company brought to the parent company. It seems probable that, with the passage of time, the ships of their competitors, operating to and from Atlantic Coast ports and ports in the Orient, via the Panama Canal, would have deprived the Pacific Mail Steamship Company—owned by the Southern Pacific Company—of much of the business formerly controlled in the Orient by the Pacific Mail before it had active competition via the Canal!

The profits of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company have not, of late years, been large; and hence, for the Pacific Mail people to continue to operate under the Seamen's Bill, in the face of competition that eventually would have eliminated them from the transpacific trade anyhow, did not appear attractive. So, like sensible business men, they sold their ships—five of them—at a reported price of $5,250,000, because now is the accepted time to sell ships. Nearly any old kind of bottom that will pass inspection is in brisk demand nowadays. To attempt to operate under the Seamen's Bill, only to fail in the long run, when the European war should be over and the high prices for ships a thing of the past, would have been foolish, to say the least. So, as I say, they sold the transpacific boats in August; and they may or may not have sold for some vital reason other than the menace of the Seamen's Bill.

I shall, therefore, select to represent the owners' point of view in this article Mr. Robert Dollar, of the Dollar line of steamships. He seems an appropriate person to represent capital, too, for he has a great white dollar sign painted on the funnels of each of his five big freighters and on two steam schooners running coastwise. I have known Mr. Dollar and his sons for fifteen years. On the other hand, I have known, for an equal period, Andrew Furuseth, the man who raised the Pacific Coast sailor to his present pleasant position in the scheme of things nautical. Furuseth and Dollar, out of business hours, entertain a profound respect for each other. I have known, in the days when I was employed in a shipping office, of instances where Dollar led the shipowners in a fight against Furuseth; and I have seen Dollar and Furuseth together driving the shipowners into line; and, when a ship's crew got out of hand and off on the wrong tack, I have seen Furuseth whip them into line with nothing more terrible than a glance from his piercing eyes.

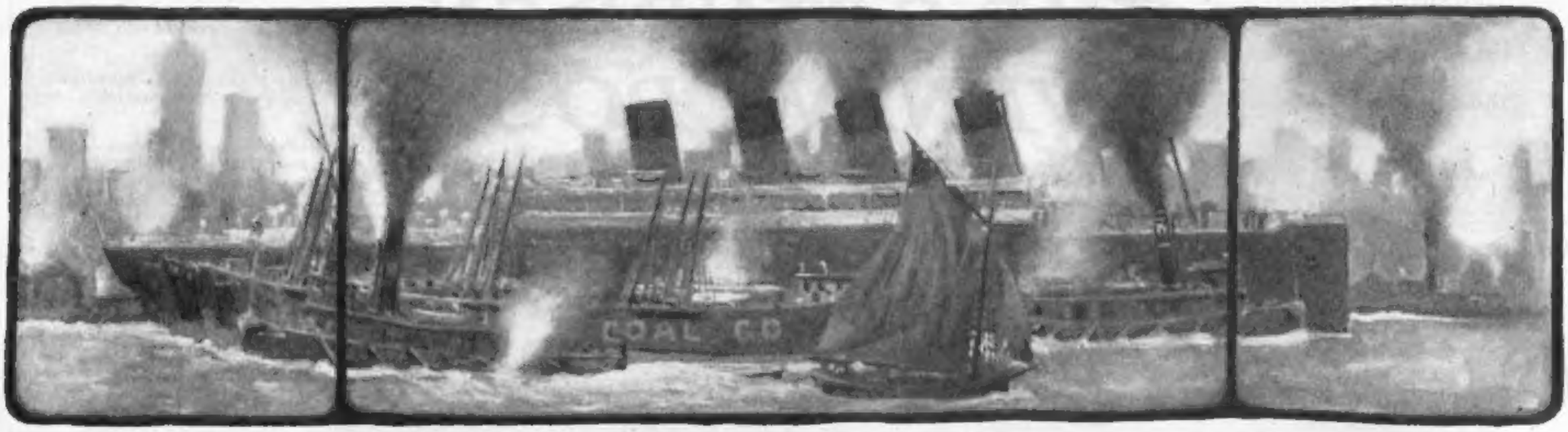
Number Thirteen, the Unlucky Section of the Law

OF COURSE the Seamen's Bill, of necessity, had to be conceived in the brain of a person fairly intimate with salt water and the men that go down to it in ships; also, he must be familiar with the laws that have governed those men almost since Noah built his Ark. There is only one person in the shipping world with brains enough to have conceived that bill, and that person is Andrew Furuseth, who for fifteen years of his life was a sailor before the mast. The bill, therefore, was conceived in his brain; for twenty years it has been gestating there; for seventeen years Andrew Furuseth has bobbed up serenely at every session of Congress, and always with some new scheme to make life easier for the poor sailor at sea. He wasted a sinful lot of ammunition on the Republican Party, but when Woodrow Wilson was elected Andrew took heart of hope and commenced banging away with redoubled fervor, until, on the fourth day of last March, the President signed the Seamen's Bill—and it was all over but the cheering by the sailors and the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth by the shipowners.

First of all, let me nail a canard that has gained some circulation—the charge that the Seamen's Bill was not thoroughly investigated as to its merits and demerits before the Congressional Committee on Mercantile Marine and Fisheries reported it to the House. It received the weightiest kind of investigation—about ten pounds of it, I should say, because I have just finished reading it all. In justice to the sailor, therefore, the shipping man who says the owners did not get a square deal before the committee is talking through his hat.

Shipping men who testified tell me that they were subjected to discourteous treatment at times during the examination by the committee. After reading the transcript of testimony, one can hardly agree with this. On one or two occasions there was a bit of flurry between a shipowner and the congressmen who questioned him. However, this is a negligible charge. The one that really interests the public is that when the sun rises over the Pacific on the morning of November 5, 1915, it will not shine down on the American flag floating from the main truck of a single freight or passenger boat running between Pacific Coast ports and the Orient.

This statement is quite true. There were only seven such boats in the trade to begin with; five of them are already sold and the other two have gone, or shortly will go, under British registry. No room for argument there. What we want to know, therefore, is the reason why this should be so. Andrew Furuseth says there is no legitimate reason; but the shipowner sighs and points to section thirteen of the new Seamen's Bill, which provides that all vessels of the United States, on and after November 4, 1915, shall carry crews of which not less than seventy-five per cent shall be able to understand any order that may be given them by their officers. The owners have translated this to read: "who shall speak the English language." This, however, is merely twiddledeedee and twiddledeedum. The owners claim that to operate under the said section thirteen would mean an annual deficit so large that the patriotic thrill attendant on watching Old Glory flapping in the soft Pacific breezes is not sufficient inducement for



the transpacific shipowner to continue in business. So the Pacific Mail has gotten out, the Dollar Line is hunting for a way out, and the James J. Hill interests, which operate one vessel—the Minnesota—are making a noise like an insane Fourth.

I make the statement now that, with the exception of the owners operating transpacific lines, no shipowner who flies the American flag has any legitimate kick coming on the effect of this bill. Any shipowner who employs white labor need not go out of business. In the first place, it does not affect Great Lakes or coastwise shipping a particle, except to make the ships safer to travel on; and a lot of small fry are yelling murder because they are forced to invest in lifeboats, liferafts and life preservers. Dismiss that. Any new proposition that spells expense is always an outrage, because "it never had to be done before." People forget that the world wags on and that we are being educated right along.

The coastwise and Great Lakes shipping always has employed white labor; ninety-five per cent of the coastwise crews speak the English language, and, on the Pacific Coast at least, coastwise sailors are the best-paid and best-fed sailors under heaven. They average about seventy dollars a month "and found."

For the sake of argument, however, I shall go through the bill from end to end. I have before me a reprint of the bill prepared by the American Steamship Association, with a digest of changes in the law. It commences with a definition of the bill, as follows:

An Act to promote the welfare of American seamen in the merchant marine of the United States; to abolish arrest and imprisonment as a penalty for desertion and to secure the abrogation of treaty provisions in relation thereto; and to promote safety at sea.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

That section forty-five hundred and sixteen of the Revised Statutes of the United States be and is hereby amended to read as follows:

"SECTION 4516. In case of desertion or casualty resulting in the loss of one or more of the seamen, the master must ship, if obtainable, a number equal to the number of those whose services he has been deprived of by desertion or casualty, who must be of the same or higher grade of rating with those whose places they fill, and report the same to the United States consul at the first port at which he shall arrive, without incurring the penalty prescribed by the two preceding sections. This section shall not apply to fishing or whaling vessels or yachts."

Other Provisions for Sailors' Protection

THE shipowners—by which term I refer to the American Steamship Association—do not object to this. The changes are merely verbal and not material, and refer to the subject of undermanning of vessels. Revised Statute Number 4463, as amended April 2, 1908, applying to vessels of the United States, is still in effect and reads as follows:

If any vessel is deprived of the services of any member of the crew without the consent, fault or collusion of the master, owner, or any person interested in the vessel, the vessel may proceed on her voyage, if in the judgment of the master she is sufficiently manned for such voyage.

If the master shall fail to explain in writing such deficiency in the crew to the local inspectors within twelve hours of the time of the arrival of the vessel at her destination, he shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars. If the vessel shall have been insufficiently manned in the judgment of the local inspectors, the master shall be liable to a penalty of five hundred dollars.

Section two provides for the division of the sailors, while at sea on vessels of more than one hundred tons gross register, into at least two watches, and the engine crew into three watches. It also provides that seamen shall not be shipped to work alternately in the fireroom and on deck, though there is no penalty prescribed for violation of this latter provision. If not observed the seaman has the right to immediate discharge, with the full pay earned. This section also provides that nine hours shall constitute a day's work in harbor; it also provides that seamen shall not perform unnecessary labor on Sundays, New Year's Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas.

Some owners object to this. The majority of owners do not object, however, because the majority of owners are humane, and this is a humane provision. I am given to understand that the clause prohibiting alternate labor on deck and in the fireroom was included to do away with this practice on the Great Lakes, where vessels have been so undermanned that when making up to a dock there would not be enough deck hands to handle their lines and make them fast, and men would have to be called up from the fireroom to assist. Figure it out for yourself: Temperature in the fireroom, say, one hundred and fifteen. Temperature on the dock, forty or fifty. Pneumonia, cramps, other ills? Rather! Moreover, there appears to be no valid reason why a man, having performed the labor for which he has definitely been hired, should, when off watch in the engine room, be routed out of a sound sleep just to cut down expense for the owner.

Spending Money at Every Port

SECTION 4529 Revised Statutes has been amended, the only changes being to give the seaman the right to collect two days' pay instead of one, as formerly, for every day his wages are withheld from him beyond the period of payment prescribed by law.

Section 4530 Revised Statutes has been amended to give the seaman the right to demand half of his wages earned at each port, after five days of service, and the owner is not allowed to contract himself out of this obligation in the shipping articles. We shall therefore have to have some new shipping articles printed—a small matter. If the sailor demands some spending money under this section and the skipper refuses his request, on the ground that the sailor intends to go ashore and get drunk, thus delaying the ship, then the sailor has the right to become offended and quit his job; and the master must pay him off in full then and there. Captains and mates quiver under this section, because on them the blow falls heaviest. They figure that the sailor has no right to celebrate until the voyage is over; but Andrew Furuseth figures that even a sailor has a right to the pursuit of happiness. Still, a great many people object to anybody getting drunk; so why pick on the sailor? Any objection to this clause will doubtless be predicated on the ancient grounds on which all protests against innovations have been founded: Why should a thing be done when it has never been done before? This section was fought very bitterly in committee, for a reason which I shall refer to later.

Section 4551 Revised Statutes has been amended to provide that, on complaint in writing, signed by the first and second officers, or a majority of the crew of any vessel, while in a foreign port, such vessel is in an unsuitable condition to go to sea for any of many reasons, or that provisions, stores, and so on, are not or have not been wholesome, and so on, then the individual whose official duty it is to investigate such complaints shall make due investigation and take action in accordance with the law already made and provided.

This change is trifling, though some owners who fear the union-sailor bugaboo profess to see danger in it. Formerly it was necessary to have at least one officer sign such complaint, with the crew, but now a majority of the crew can make the complaint without the consent of an officer. Nobody worries about this change in the law. If one has ever read Samuel Plimsoll's book entitled Our Seamen: an Appeal—and few have, for the number printed was limited and the book was published in 1872—one has been appalled to read the cases he cites where a provision of this kind in the British law would have saved an incalculable number of human lives. Plimsoll cites many concrete cases of sailors who deserted their ships rather than go to sea in the "floating coffins"—this after they had signed articles! Under the law—we have the same law in operation in the United States to-day, and it will not be repealed by the Seamen's Bill until November fourth of this year—these men were arrested and given long prison sentences. Plimsoll shows where, in many such instances, the law was actually humane, in that the ships the men deserted foundered at sea while the deserting crew languished safely in jail.

Section two of the act entitled An Act to Amend the Laws Relating to Navigation, approved March 3, 1897, has been amended to provide more space for crew quarters on merchant vessels of the United States the construction of which shall have been begun after the passage of this act, with the exception of yachts, pilot boats, or vessels of less than one hundred tons register. This request on the part of the sailors met with no objection. It was very moderate; in fact, vessels recently constructed provide more space than the new law renders it mandatory on them to supply.

The bill provides for heating, lighting, draining and sanitation of crew quarters. There is also provision made for a sick bay on vessels employing a certain number of men in their crews; also, provision is made for decent washing facilities. All of this is as it should be. For many years we have had building inspectors whose duty it has been to see that tenements were constructed with some view to light, space and sanitation for their unfortunate tenants, and it is high time the sailor had an even break in this regard. The section provides a fine of not less than fifty dollars and not more than five hundred for violation.

Section 4596 Revised Statutes provides for the abolition of arrest and imprisonment of seamen who desert from a ship in a foreign port. Many owners, among them Mr. Dollar, are heartily in favor of this provision. The sailor is the only individual under the protection of the Stars and Stripes who has never been accorded the protection of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States; and the law might as well be repealed, since it has been for the past twenty years practically a dead letter anyhow. Occasionally, however, some foreign sailor deserting in a United States port is made amenable to this law. There are sporadic cases of its enforcement, and it might as well, by legislative enactment, be put out of its misery entirely.

The End of the Bucko Mate

THE owners make much of the fact that this was brought into the argument, claiming that Furuseth dragged it in and raved about the poor, downtrodden sailor, and the indignity of making a slave catcher of the United States, merely to gain sympathy for his bill. Well, he was clearly within his rights, no matter why he brought the matter up; until the thing was officially killed it could always be invoked at will! It was good ammunition in a fight—very high explosive—and who ever heard of a sailor supporting the etiquette of contest made famous by the late Marquess of Queensberry?

Section 4596 has been amended to define more clearly the punishment that may be given a sailor for various maritime crimes and misdemeanors. It is designed to eliminate impromptu bouts with skin gloves on the high seas, and forever relegates the belaying pin to the uses for which that nautical implement was originally invented. Many skippers apprehend a lessening of discipline because of this section; however, it is probable that in this respect their apprehensions are premature. In the days when a sailor was brutalized it is true that a bucko mate had to "put the fear of God into a new crew and show it who was who" before he felt that he was doing his whole duty. However, the old order changeth: "Other times, other customs."

Section 4600 Revised Statutes is amended to define the duties of consular officers, ships' officers and masters in

dealing with cases of insubordination. It affects only American vessels in foreign ports and is a trifling matter to which no owner has any objection.

Section 4611 Revised Statutes has been amended to prohibit flogging and all other forms of corporal punishment, provides a punishment for conviction thereof, and designates the procedure to be followed by the master in the event of flogging or other corporal punishment having been inflicted by one of his officers. Failure to bring the offender to book as provided shall render the master, the vessel or her owners liable to damages to the person illegally punished by such officer.

A wail has gone up, not because flogging has been abolished—for it is long since flogging, spread-eagling, hanging by the thumbs, keelhauling and other gentle maritime pastimes went out of fashion; hence, all that was required was a law to kill the custom entirely, thus preventing sporadic outbursts—but because of the provision that makes the ship and its owners liable to damage in the event of the master's "passing the buck" when one of his officers flays a "savage."

It is, I believe, a well-grounded principle of the law that an employee is responsible for the acts of his servants so far as they apply to the service in which said employee may be employed. At any rate, in California we have an Employers' Liability Act that says so. When a master knows what will happen to him if he permits his mate to escape after flogging or otherwise maltreating a sailor he will act accordingly. I once saw a skipper knock a harmless and inoffensive man down because the fellow got in his way. Had this law been in operation then, that skipper would have restrained his athletic impulse.

Section twenty-three of the act entitled An Act to Amend the Laws Relating to American Seamen, for the protection of such seamen and to promote commerce, approved December 21, 1898, is amended to provide five quarts of water and two ounces of butter a day for each sailor, instead of four quarts and one ounce, as heretofore. This the owners consider a great joke, declaring it was "only stuck in the bill to gain sympathy"; and, in proof of this, to the Committee on Mercantile Marine and Fisheries they proffered their regular bills of fare as Exhibit A. In the majority of ships the sailor gets all the water and butter he desires; in fact, in deep-water ships many masters muster the men at the beginning of a voyage and say: "Now, men, how shall I feed you? My way, or according to the Government schedule?" and they always want to feed the skipper's way.

Andrew Furuseth admits all this, but says: "That clause was not inserted to gain sympathy, though God knows the sailor needs all the sympathy he can get. I know of many cases in ships along the Atlantic Coast where the men were fed less than the Government scale; and the food, moreover, was deficient in quality. In the majority of ships there are no grounds for complaint; but we always have to provide against that class of owner who tries to save a little money by cutting down on the food supply. And I assure you such owners do exist."

Of course, too, there are to be found miserly masters who begrudge a sailor anything more than the plainest of food, and not a great deal of that; and there are miserable owners who will discharge a master who permits his store bills to rise over a certain arbitrary mark. Ten years ago, in the Pacific Coast shipping trade we used to figure fifty cents a day for each sailor, but that has since gone up to from sixty-five to sixty-eight cents a day.

Section twenty-four of the act above referred to, approved December 21, 1898, is also amended to put the crimps out of business. Crimps from time immemorial have exploited the sailor and it is time the practice ceased. Under this section no person can take any money from a sailor for offering or procuring him employment on a vessel, and it is made unlawful for the master or owners to pay a seaman any wages until he has earned them. Crimps have often procured an assignment of one or two months' pay from the sailor, with the captain's connivance, and by right of ancient custom that was the crimp's rake-off, in addition to his blood money; but it has gone by the board now. A seaman is not allowed to make any allotment of his wages except in writing, examined, signed and approved by the United States Shipping Commissioner, and duly noted on the shipping articles; and then only to his grandparents, parents, wife, sister or children. Under the law a sailor cannot make an allotment even to his brother! Any person who falsely swears he is a relative within the scope of this requirement will be suitably punished; the law applies also, with equal force, to foreign vessels within the waters of the United States, and no clearance may be granted a ship until her shipping articles shall first have been presented

(Continued on Page 34)

YOU HADN'T OUGHT TO

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

MISS CLARASTELLA POSEY, one of the deftest sewing women in Carthage, sat buried waist-deep in billows of white satin. She was stitching a trousseau together—another and a younger woman's trousseau—and her heart was so needled with envy that she turned her head aside lest her tears fall on the woven cream and curdle it.

Not but what she could have been married if she had had a mind to. She could have been married at the time when this bride-to-be, this Coralie Bevans, was a little snip in kilts. Miss Posey had been sewing for the Bevanses then, making Coralie's first shoe-top school dresses. On one of the evenings of that period, Horace Clum, calling on Miss Posey, had mastered his Adam's apple long enough to explode a long-prepared proposal in an inarticulate jumble. "Say, Clarastellar, whad joo say 'f I's t' say, 'Le's git married,' huh? Whad joo say?"

The words were homely, but the thought was divine, and Clarastella always remembered how she had answered with demure deliberation—she had to speak slowly to keep her heart from popping out of her lips.

"Why, I guess I'd sa-ay, 'Aw—all ri-ght, Hod.'"

Her little whalebone ribs creaked again with memory of how strong he was. He had big arms and he could throw a mule, and he forgot that he was not tightening a cinch round a saddle-horse.

He hurt her till she cried and then he was ashamed and afraid till he almost cried too. She smiled at the memory of his remorse, smiled so widely that her tears slid down into the corners of her mouth and she tasted them.

She remembered what her mother had said when she told her:

"Well, it's about time Hod Clum was toein' the mark. That rockin'-chair he sits in has wore a rut in the porch floor."

Clarastella remembered these things with a brackish smile when she made Coralie Bevans' first wedding gown.

Five years later she remembered them again, for five years later she was waist-deep in Coralie's second wedding gown.

Meanwhile she had sewed on the mourning clothes that Coralie wore for her first husband. She had stitched the tremendous crêpe veil to the profoundly black hat.

Clarastella, working on the second wedding gown, did not turn her head aside to save the fabric from her tears. There were no tears to drip from the dry eaves of her weary eyes. Only the smile was there. She had learned to face life with a dry smile.

"But I Don't Want to Go Back to My Husband. How Many Times Do I Have to Tell You?"

A kind of tremor, half giggle and half shiver, agitated her as she mused:

"Coralie's had two husbands while I've been getting one, and I haven't got him. Funny thing, life, when you come to think of it! Awful funny the way folks' lives turn out!"

She wondered if she would still be an old maid when the time came to make up Coralie's final nuptial robe. It certainly seemed so, for a few years later there she was again in Coralie's house, making new dresses for Coralie's seven-year-old daughter by her first husband.

Also she was letting out some of Coralie's own clothes, for Coralie was plumper now, more beautiful than ever, perhaps, plump and glowing, at that high crisis of beauty when the flower has reached the fruit, and the fruit is ripe.

By this time old Miss Posey was so familiar a presence in Coralie's homes that Coralie treated her like a veteran chair or a section of wall paper. The proof of that came out one day when Clarastella slipped downstairs to ask Coralie if she wanted the buttonholes worked through, or did she want hooks an' eyes on, or maybe would she use patent snappers? She hunted all over downstairs for Coralie and finally peeked into the parlor and said:

"Coralie, do you want I should —— Oh, excuse me! I didn't know you had comp'ny."

Clarastella's eyesight was getting a little slow. She had to stare at objects more than sewing-length away, and study them a little really to see them.

Now she had a blurred impression that Coralie was breaking out of the arms of a man. Instinctively Clarastella had gasped for pardon and retreated to the foot of the stairs. But, as she paused to gather breath for the climb, she began to see that the man embracing Coralie was not her husband but Bruce Imrie.

This hateful fact had to be thought as slowly as it had been seen. While she stood pondering it, she heard Bruce Imrie's voice saying:

"Great Scott, what'll she think?"

She heard Coralie laugh and say:

"Oh, it's only old Miss Posey. She doesn't think. She can't see farther than the end of her needle."

Clarastella started up the stairs. Coralie's remark was a heavy burden, like a trunk on her old spine. And besides she was shaky in the limbs—Miss Posey did not have legs—from the horror of what she had witnessed.

II

CLARASTELLA was bewildered almost more than she was shocked by Coralie's astounding lightness. As a girl Coralie had been loved by many of the young fellows, but principally besieged by Bruce Imrie and Walt Braisted. They had fought for her and she had pitted them against each other shamelessly. Then suddenly she up and married Walt Braisted.

Clarastella had sewed a good deal for Mrs. Braisted, made the first and second babies' clothes, and turned Walt's cuffs and made his nightgowns, and even mended his socks for the negligent Coralie. She had known how stormily they lived; he drank and she flirted. They quarreled recklessly, and made up, and loved again with outrageous sentimentality, whether Miss Posey were within earshot or eyeshot or not.

Then Walt died and Coralie mourned him fiercely. She could not load the crêpe on thick enough and she cried desperately. But by and by she was complaining that crêpe was stifling, and finally that it was depressing! Miss Posey had supposed that that was what folks wore it for.

But Coralie looked grand in black, a lily in an onyx vase; and Bruce Imrie began to flutter round her again. He brought candy for the children and played with them till they grew to love him and to call him Uncle Bruce. Mrs. Posey wondered what Walt Braisted was thinking of that—wherever he was—if he was anywhere. But Bruce Imrie played better with children and widows than he worked among men; he never had any money ahead and owed everybody he could.

Meanwhile Coralie, in her fetching black, fetched a rival, old Alex—pronounced Ellick—Crofoot, who owned the flour mill and real estate and mortgages till you couldn't rest. Bruce Imrie was furious with jealousy and threatened to wring the old miser's neck; but, the first thing anybody knew, Coralie confessed that she was going to marry Mr. Crofoot. And she did. Bruce Imrie took on terrible, and demonstrated openly what liquor can do to a man once he devotes himself to it.

Folks made a lot of fun of the Crofoots. Hod Clum called them the worst-matched team ever put in double harness. But he said that old Alex as usual got the best of the swap; for she made his third wife, and he was only her second husband.

Clarastella moved over into the big Crofoot house soon after Coralie did. Coralie had been looking to buy her clothes in Chicago and St. Louis now that she was rich, but Alex did not propose that she should squander his savings. He was as close as a steel trap, and Coralie had to call Miss Posey in again. The old skinflint objected even to her. He resented every stitch that Miss Posey made for Coralie or for the two little Braisted children. He was sharp in his speech with Miss Posey, and Miss Posey disliked him as heartily as she permitted herself to dislike anybody. In fact, she disliked him better than anybody else in town.

She could hardly blame Coralie for not loving the old reprobate. But that was far from saying that she approved of Coralie's allowing Bruce Imrie to begin coming to see her again, and in the daytime when Alex was at his mill. And now the climax had been reached; Coralie was caught in Bruce Imrie's arms. It was inevitable, yet almost unbelievable.

Clarastella was a normal purveyor of gossip. It was part of a sewing woman's prestige and part of her function to keep up a healthful circulation of family secrets. Clarastella had extraordinary means for discovering them, and in the long hours of work her tongue would naturally clack a little.

But there were some secrets that were too wicked for her to publish, secrets that soiled the brain that harbored them, secrets that nice folks could not lay tongue to. Clarastella would never have breathed the Crofoot scandal to a soul, except that she had to tell her mother about it when she got home, especially as she wanted advice. She wanted to know if she ought to continue sewing in a house where such goings-on were going on. Old Mrs. Posey treated Clarastella as if she were still a foolish and reckless child. Her own curiosity had been fed, and she had a wealth of town scandals—the only wealth some people have. She answered Clarastella with grimness:

"I guess you're old enough to mind your own business. It's not like as if Bruce Imrie was trying to make up to you. Coralie Crofoot may be bad, but her money's as good as the next one's; and her children got to have duds same as everybody's children, and so has she. Wicked as she is, it would be wickeder to let her go nekked. We need the money and they need the clo'es."

So Clarastella went back to the house of intrigue as timorously as if it were full of ghosts. Coralie, believing that Clarastella had noticed nothing, ignored the incident, and it was more comfortable for Clarastella to act as if it had never happened. But she could not help pondering the contrast with her own lot.

Her Past Was to be Her Future, and She Was Afraid of It

Coralie had had two husbands and two children and a lover, while Clarastella was still engaged to Hod Clum. Hod still came to see her. She was the only woman he ever called on. He was the only man that ever called on her, the only one she ever allowed to come round. Not that anybody else ever tried to storm her front porch, but if they had have, she wouldn't have.

III

THE reason Hod had never married Clarastella was simple enough. The evening after the ancient event of his proposal he had called on her again. When he came through the gate he let it slam shut after him. That showed Clarastella, waiting on the porch, that Hod was not himself. He stomped up the steps as if he were trying to drive them into the ground. His long face seemed to be a foot longer. Clarastella waited under the shelter of the moonflower for him to speak, and he said, without stopping to kiss her:

"You r'member my askin' you last night to marry me?"

"Yes," said Clarastella.

"Well, I got to take it back. I can't get married."

"All right, Hod, if you don't want to," she sighed.

"But I do want to—more'n anything else on this earth, but I can't."

"Why can't you, Hod?"

"Maw won't let me."

Clarastella had laughed right out in his face, to think of a big lummox, like what he was, saying such a thing, and him six foot high in his stockin' feet, and his mother a mite of a thing and sickly at that.

Hod did not smile at Clarastella's raillery. He simply said in a tone of gigantic agony:

"I can't, Clarastella, that's all. I got no right to! She's m' mother, and she's been a good mother to me, and she's had a hard life, and I got no right to go against her wishes."

Clarastella, in the sudden ruins of her palace, cried out before she could think:

"Nobody's asking you, Hod, to go against your mother. All I ask is, why is your mother goin' against me?"

"Oh, no reason a-tall, no reason a-tall, Clarastella. She thinks you're a good woman and all that, but—well—I guess she's kind of jealous. She was that way with paw. He was away so much of the time on the livery business—it keeps a man goin' all hours—and then he got killed in that runaway. She's had a hard life, like I said, and I'm all she's got. She don't seem to want to lose me."

He was scarlet with shame for such boastfulness, and Clarastella was pale with the shame of seeming to plead her own cause. Still, she had to put herself right enough to say:

"I wasn't allowin' to take you away from her, Hod."

"I know you wa'n't, Clarastella, and I told maw so."

"Wha'd she say?"

"She just begun to cry. She kep' sayin' that nobody cared anything for her since paw was took. She said she was useless and in the way, and she wished she was dead. It's a tur'ble thing to see an old woman cry like a little girl's broke her doll, and I said, just to comfort her and git her quieted down, I says: 'Don't you worry, maw, I'll never leave you,' I says. 'I promise you I won't get married long as you live,' says I."

Clarastella could hardly imagine a woman who would not refuse such a sacrifice, but she mumbled:

"What she say to that?"

"She just begun to laugh and take on, and say I was a good boy and always was, and I'd always took care of her and I always would, and nobody could come between us. I never would have thought it, but she's kind of old, you know, and poorly in health, and she ain't had much fun. She's wore black for paw now for twenty years. She's awful hard to change, once she gets her mind set on anything."

Clarastella knew that small-town soul and the sublime obstinacies it was capable of. She was not of the sort that butts its head into a stone wall and blames the wall for being stone and for being there. She felt sorrier for Hod than for herself, for he was groaning.

"I'm just nearly dyin' to marry you, Clarastella, but you see how it is. I hadn't ought to—so I can't!"

He was like that, Hod was. "I hadn't ought to" and "I can't" were all one and the same to him.

Clarastella had recognized the granite in his virtue. He was as stubborn in a decision as his mother. She was a Bodine and the Bodines were that a way.

She laid down her dreams of marriage, as she would lay down a bright fabric she had fancied and picked up and priced in the drygoods store and found too costly for her purse. She said:

"I understand, Hod. Don't think anything more about it."

But when she had sent him home she had to run to her mother. Like a little disappointed girl again, she had to run and fall down at her mother's knee and bury her face in that old lap and cry.

She had not cried so honestly since she was a little girl and a wagon had run over the mud pies she was baking for her mother. It was an immense relief to have what is called "a good cry." It washed out her sultry heart as a thunderstorm and a torrent of rain replenish a dusty, sweltering air. It gave her courage to face another drought. Perhaps when her strength of endurance was spent it would rain again in her parched soul.

She gave Hod up, but he did not give her up. He tried to stay away for her sake, but the next Wednesday evening he moped past her yard two or three times. She called out to ask him why he didn't come in.

He said he had taken his mother to prayer meeting and he was waiting for her. He didn't feel like going in himself. Then he began to call on Clarastella every Wednesday night till they changed the prayer meeting over to Thursday, as they had in some of the cities. It was a sacrilegious innovation to many, especially to old Alex Crofoot, who raged:

"They ain't changed Sabbath evening service over to Monday yit, but they're just as liable to as not, with their newfangled heathenish notions."

Hod called thereafter on Thursday evenings, also on Sunday evenings. He took his mother to church and left her there and sat on Clarastella's porch during the summer, or in the settin' room when the evenings drew on cold. Just before the meeting would be letting out he would look at his big watch, snap the lid shut with the sound of a cap pistol, and hoist himself to his feet, saying:

"Well, I guess I got to mosey along."

His mother had tried to persuade him to go to church with her, but he drew the line there. He was known in town as a stubborn and godless man. Of course, being a livery-stable keeper he had little use for sacred words except round the horses and mules. He respected other folks' beliefs and never argued much, but a team of oxen could not have hauled him into a pew. Even when Carthage imported a famous revivalist and he brought to the mourner's bench nearly every other churchless wretch in town, he could not seem to revive Hod Clum.

His mother knew his balky streaks and even she did not dare to oppose his calling on Clarastella. It hurt her sensitive soul excruciatingly, but she never let on to Hod.

Sometimes, when his mother was especially feeble, Hod would take her to the church in a buggy. At first he would ask Clarastella to go for a ride with him, and she could not have felt more exhilarated if the hack horse and the rattletrap had been a crimson limousine. But she soon realized that Hod was as weary of driving, when evening

came, as she was of needlework. She had no more right to take him driving than he would have had to bring her his torn horse blankets to mend for amusement. So she told him she would rather stay at home. She said it made her nervous to ride.

In the matter of staying home from church Clarastella's conscience was salved by the fact that it was a sacrifice to her.

The gathering of the neighbors, coming to the big barn of a church like twilight cattle swinging back from the pastures, the music, the privilege of lifting one's voice in evensong, the sonorous eloquence of the Scriptures, the siesta luxury of prayer, the comfort of repentance, the renewed promise of mansions in the skies for people who stayed good in their little frame cottages—these were important delights in lives that had no opportunity and no money and no tolerance for moving pictures, balls, cards, theaters and operas.

Clarastella still had her Sabbath mornings for her own. She taught a class in what she never called the Sunday school, and she rebuked the blasphemous little curiosities that asked too many questions about Jonah's submarine exploit or Lot's saline wife.

Afterward there was church, and that was the week's great festival.

They had a right good sopranna, had her voice cultervated in Chicago; yes, took two terms of a lady who'd studied abroad or leastways in Noo York.

The organist, Mr. Norman Maugans, played fine too. He was not stingy with the stops and he had a powerful foot on the pedals, and the pipes roared like what she supposed the ocean would have roared, if she had ever heard the ocean roar. There was the prayer and then the sermon—good long ones. Some folks said old Doctor Melford was the champion long-distance prayer and sermonizer west of the Mississippi, but what did Clarastella care how long he preached? Where had she to go that she should be in a hurry? She had no place to go when he got through but back home to her maw and the Sunday dinner-getting.

The clothes and hats of the women were an added attraction to Clarastella too. She was as much interested in what the congregation wore as Doctor Moresmith was in the way they coughed or stayed at home. And then there was the pride of seeing her own work worn by some of the best people. This was like Mr. Maugans' playing one of his own preludes. But most of all there was the unending fascination of studying the back of old Mrs. Clum's head.

Her pew was six rows in front of the Poseys'. She wore always the same bonnet and black dress and she always dropped off to sleep somewhere between the "Thirdly, brethren and sisters," and the "In conclusion, friends." This was generally recognized as marking a point about half way along toward the first "Finally," which was followed by several more "In conclusions" and a "Lastly" or two.

The back of a head is one of the mysteries of life, and every Sunday Clarastella used to study the back of Mrs. Clum's head and wonder what strange creature dwelt inside.

Clarastella had never opposed Mrs. Clum's decision, never questioned her right to keep her son for her very own as long as she could. In her first rebellions against her lot, Clarastella had threatened to call on the old lady and tell her that every other mother in town had surrendered her boy to his fate; some of them to more than one.

But Clarastella was of the sort that does not fight. She was of the meek who are promised the inheritance of the earth. Clarastella never called on Mrs. Clum. The first time Clarastella saw her coming along the street after the proposal Clarastella was smitten with fear and turned into the Hendricks' yard to escape a meeting and had to lie her way out, since the Hendrickses were sitting on the porch.

Another time she could not dodge and so the two women spoke to each other, spoke as if there were no bond of rivalry between them. Mrs. Clum sang out:

"Nice day, Miss Posey."

And Clarastella was craven enough to answer cheerily:

"Little warm though, Mizz Clum."

And Mrs. Clum rebuked her with: "Got to expect that in July though."

And Clarastella accepted her slavery.

"That's so."

This brief exchange had settled their public relations. No one could have imagined, seeing them give the countersign of the weather, that the old widow regarded the old maid as the siren who was trying to decoy her son away and leave her lonely in her age; no one could have imagined that the old maid regarded the old widow as a witch who had put a spell upon her life, and denied her the sons and daughters that were her unclaimed heritage from Nature.

Mrs. Clum felt that Clarastella was performing incantations, too, praying no doubt that she would die. But Clarastella gave no such poison room in her prayers or in her soul. She would almost as soon have stabbed her one enemy as wished her dead. She would have thought the wish as heinous as the crime.

Sometimes Clarastella reached the awful depth of wailing aloud to her mother:

"Oh, I wisht I was dead. What's the uset of me living? Why have I got to go on this way forever?"

Her mother's answer quelled the revolt, if it did not soothe the pain.

"Shame on you for a wicked girl! The Lord put you here for His own good reasons. It ain't for you to set yourself up and ask why."

Sometimes Clarastella's anguish broke out in the presence of Hod. Seeing him slouched enormous in the rocking-chair, twiddling his thumbs and saying little or nothing for an hour at a time, the flame of her suffering would burn through her torpor, and she would cry:

"Hod, Hod, I can't stand goin' on like this any longer. If you got any mercy quit comin' to see me! Go get some other girl. Maybe your maw wouldn't ubject to some nice, pirty young girl."

But Hod would shake his head and grumble:

"There ain't any other girl for me, Clarastella. Never was, 'n' never will be. I'll stay away if I bother you, but I couldn't look at anybuddy else. O' course m' mother is m' mother, and long as she's alive I can't marry you; but you're as good as m' wife, and I—I got to—to ——" He was trying to say "to love you." It was too delicate a phrase for his uncouth speech. But Clarastella knew what he was driving at.

That was Hod all over. Because she was as good as his wife he naturally had to love her.

So she would rebuke herself before him. She, who had been patience's very allegory, would repent her impatience and say:

"Don't think anything of it, Hod. I got one of those mean disp'sitions. It's lucky for you you're not married to me."

He would say: "Aw, Clarastellar!" And that was about as far as he would get. It meant that she did herself an injustice.

He was as incapable of tender speeches, or caresses, to her as to his horses. He took good care of his horses and he would not permit his men to be cruel, but he gave the animals no caresses.

Sometimes Clarastella's curiosity would overcome her scruples against speaking to Hod of his mother. She would ask him how his mother was. He would usually say that she was poorly.

It seemed a pity to Clarastella that a young fellow like Hod—he was still a young fellow to her for all his years and solemnities—should be chained to the companionship of so elderly a woman, always so poorly.

"What do you do to pass the time?" she asked him once, and he explained:

"Oh, we have good times together. Maw does most of the talkin'. She talks mighty good. She's not herself except when she's with me. She's shy before folks and says what she wishes she hadn't, so folks don't really know her for what she is. She's differ'nt with me.

"She's full of fun and jokes about ever'thing; says smart things about people; and remembers lots of stories of old times, the Civil War, and when this part of the country was first settled and the Indians used to come round to the kitchen and ask for food like tramps, and how folks didn't have the luxuries we got now. She's as good as a history and she's got a great sense o' yumor. She keeps me laughing all the time; and she's interested in my business, knows a lot about it, has mighty sensible ideas. She's saved me from lots of mistakes. I'm so hasty, you know.

"And then we read a lot. If I'm wore out she reads to me, but generally I read to her. The evening paper has a stack of good stuff in it. There's the items about folks in town, and the adv'tisements, and the news from the East and foreign parts. And on the inside there's a lot o' useful information. We read the short story and health hints and the funny pictures and jokes. And there's articles about all sorts of things. Las' night she read one to me on Diet for Brain Workers and one on the Peanut Industry and one on Heroes of Liberty.

"Oh, we have good times. And then she don't sleep very good, and she's always up when I come in from makin' the late train, and she has suthin' for me to eat if I want it. She's a mighty good mother and mighty peart for her years."

Clarastella tried to be glad that he was not unhappier; but she was knifed by the thought of those laughing and useful evenings, while she moped with her mother who had no sense of humor and no interest in Heroes of Liberty. There was more wail than welcome in her comment:

"I'm glad you have such good times. It shows you don't miss me."

"Oh, yes, I do!" Hod protested. "I miss you all the time. I can't tell you how I count on these evenings we have together. If it wa'n't for maw's jealousy I'd marry you so quick it would

And Besides She Was Shaky in the Limbs—Miss Posey Did Not Have Legs—From the Horror of What She Had Witnessed

make your head swim. This ain't no life at all that we're leadin'. It's just like settin' in the back at the station, waitin' for a train that's late."

IV

AS LIFE prisoners in penitentiaries grow used to their narrow cells, forget that they ever had more room, and hardly bother with hope, so prisoners out of jail accept their destinies and somehow endure them. The soul takes on callosities as the body does where it is constantly worn.

Clarastella was like a trusty, with the franchise of the prison yard and the privilege of working hard all day to earn repose in the cell at night.

Years and years went over the heads of Clarastella and her lover, till they were habituated to their lot. The neighbors had wearied long ago of discussing them. They themselves had wearied of expecting any change.

And then Clarastella happened in upon the budding scandal of Mrs. Alex Crofoot and Bruce Imrie. Clarastella did not stumble on any more such scenes, because she took pains not to wander about the house. She wanted to protect her own eyes from such contamination, but her hearing was sharp if her sight was fading. She could not help hearing sometimes.

The tame business of the seamstress upstairs had suddenly grown as exciting as sitting in the gallery at a melodrama. The suspicious silences or murmurous hours of the communions in the parlor were broken with occasional storms—wild, barbarous wrangles, far more bitter than any that Clarastella remembered ever overhearing between Coralie and either of her husbands. The reconciliations were all the more fervid. Clarastella could not have helped overhearing if she had tried. She did not try. Eavesdropping became the fearful rapture of a child peeking into some forbidden book, kept locked up for years and now and then carelessly left open on a table.

One afternoon, not long before the hour when the two children would be coming in from school, Bruce Imrie called on Coralie. There was evidently some great excitement. His familiar step on the walk was hurried. He rang the bell impatiently. Coralie went to the door herself. Clarastella heard her gasp: "Why, what's the matter?"

Then they whispered and mumbled, as if they were conspiring. Now and then one or the other would repeat aloud some whispered phrase, and Clarastella heard fragments of their colloquy at intervals that drove her frantic. She stood by the door and listened outrageously and heard shreds of tragedy.

"You took the money? No, ah, no! Why, that's embezzlement—they could put you in jail for that—— It was for me? I never knew that or I wouldn't have accepted. You're trying to throw the blame on me—— Leave me? No, no, no! I won't let you! I couldn't live without you! I couldn't go with you. You must be mad! . . . Well, I might—but not so soon—must you go to-night? But the children? How could I leave the children? Money, money, money—it's always money! All right, to-night. I'll be there—I'll have my satchel packed—I'll wear my old mourning veil—at eleven—the corner—Yes—You'll be good to me, won't you?"

By and by Bruce Imrie went, just as the children came home skipping the rope and shouting: "Hello, Uncle Bruce! Hello, mamma! Oh, mamma, she pushed me and I fell in the mu-ud. She did so!" "I did not!"—and the usual antiphonal recital of childish feuds, never so childish to Clarastella as now, when the mother rebuked the older girl and smacked her hand and then smothered her with kisses when she cried. Clarastella wanted to fly to the rescue of the howling child and to shriek at Coralie:

"You let her alone now! What right you got to punish anybody for anything? What right you got to strike a child? And you got even less right to kiss her, you with your mouth all red from kissin' Bruce Imrie. You got no right to own a child or a husband or a lover or a nice home like this. You got no right to live! Give me that baby!"

That was what Clarastella shrieked in imagination as she seized Coralie's hands and tore the child from her embrace. But Coralie, lugging her daughter up the steps and pausing to look in at the sewing room, saw only a little old maid finishing a buttonhole and biting the thread off.

It was fortunate for Clarastella that Coralie did not linger at the door, for she could not have kept up the pretense of obliviousness a moment longer. She was no actress. She would have been horrified to be told that she could be one. She was horrified enough with the hypocrisy that seemed to be forced upon her.

She wanted to escape from the house, but she was afraid to budge until her usual hour. Then she folded up her sewing, took the thimble from her finger, and closed the neat workbasket that was her kit of tools.

She had to tell her mother this new gossip, and her mother felt with her that things had gone past the point where Clarastella should mind her own business and say nothing. But what could she do? All through supper and its aftermath in the dishwater the two forlorn women wondered what they had ought to do. And then, as if the soft and mournful beauty of the gloaming had been gathered into sound, the church bell began to complain.

It was prayer-meetin' night. Hod Clum would be droppin' in in a little while.

V

CLARASTELLA had not mentioned the Imrie affair to Hod. It was too improper a subject for the discussion of an unmarried couple, for, after all, fourteen years of being engaged did not equal one of being married. Besides, she did not like to worry Hod. He had problems enough of his own, with horses going lame and getting sick, and folks not paying their bills and the price of feed getting higher every day.

"Awful Funny the Way Folks' Lives Turn Out!"

But the situation was beyond Clarastella's management. She could neither decide what she should nor what she could do. She needed a husband's advice terrible. Hod would have to be told, so's he could tell her what she'd ought to do.

When he came and was comfortably established in his rocker, and the heat of the day and the prospects of rain had been discussed, he sheepishly confessed that a newly bought horse, named Fan, had developed a brilliant example of the asthma. The wily dealer had exhibited Fan's paces on an empty stomach, with her symptoms suppressed by a sedative. Hod had been taken in by her speed and appearance and he was amusedly ashamed of himself.

When he had sufficiently berated himself for his innocence in buying a horse with the heaves, Clarastella brought up her own bit of news. She began so far back and proceeded with such detail that Hod began to grow nervous. He managed to steal a look at his watch with polite surreptition, but he had to snap the case shut.

That startled Clarastella into an unusually peevish remark:

"I don't care if your mother does have to wait a few minutes for once. She's safe enough in church, I guess. And you got to help me."

"I'm not thinkin' o' my mother, Clarastella. She didn't go to prayer meetin' to-night. She's right poorly. She'll be all right in a day or two, but she's home to-night."

"Didn't go to prayer meetin'?" Clarastella gasped as if he had said that the sun was unable to set that evening, but would rise as usual next Friday. The further significance of the fact thrilled Clarastella.

"If your maw isn't to the church, how come you to be here?"

"Oh, maw says she knew you'd be expectin' me and she didn't want to disappoint you, so she made me come on over."

Clarastella's heart swung to Mrs. Clum with a bound. The people who have waited upon us and benefited us all their lives can hardly win, with any extravagance of generosity, such a rush of affection as our oppressors and enemies can gain with one gentle thought, one mere relinquishment of tyranny.

Clarastella's old bitterness spoke impulsively:

"She must be awful sick. I wonder you'd risk leaving her."

"Old Miss Gormley is setting up with her and I got to go out later, anyway. But go awn!"

He settled back and Clarastella went on. She took up Bruce Imrie's intrigue with Coralie. Hod was nearly as shy as she was. But when she spoke of their plan to run away with each other, Hod sat up in a sudden excitement and began to punctuate her phrases with "So that's it, is it? Uh-huh! So that's it!"

At length Coralie stopped short to protest:

"So that's what? What you keep saying 'That's it' for?"

Hod shook his head.

"Go awn and finish what you got to say and then I'll tell you what I got to say."

Curiosity stimulated Clarastella to a triumph of brevity. Hod had spoiled her climax with his interpolations, but he had promised her a further installment of the mystery.

When she gave him the floor, he began:

"This afternoon, along about five o'clock, just after the time Imrie would 'a' been leavin' Miss Crofoot, I guess, he come to my stable and said: 'Mr. Clum, I got to drive up to Wayland Junction,' s' he, 'and take the A. C. and D. midnight to Chicago to-night,' he says. And I says:

"'Whyn't you take the train that leaves here at eight?' s' I; 'you can lay over in Wayland Junction,' s' I, 'like everybody else does from here.' He hemmed and hawed and he says: 'I can't get ready in time to catch the eight o'clock. I got to be drove up,' s' he. So I says: 'All right, you're the doctor; I'll give you a buggy and a man to bring the horse back,' s' I. But he says: 'A buggy won't do,' s' he, 'there'll be another—er—party besides myself,' he says. 'Oh,' says I, 'you'll want a hack. That'll cost a little more,' I says, 'but I'll treat you right.' He says: 'Don't care how much it costs,' s' he, 'providin' I get the train. I wouldn't miss it for a farm. Gimme the fastest horse you got and the best driver,' he says. And I says: 'All right, I will.'"

Clarastella looked at him with wild eyes and nodded wisely, and she said:

"You and I know who that other party is going to be."

"We do now," said Hod. "That's why I was lookin' at my watch, to make sure I wouldn't miss gettin' back to the stable so's to help harness him up a good horse. I was goin' to give him January Molasses and Quinine. They'd be sure to make it, but now I don't care whether they make it or not. I don't like the idea of their usin' one of my teams for such doin's."

"It makes you a kind of a pardner in their iniquity," said Clarastella. "I don't see how you can afford to be mixed up in it. Seems like our bounden duty to put a stop to it somehow."

"Yes, but how is somehow?"

"That's what's beyond me. Do you suppose we could report 'em to the police and have 'em arrested?"

"What ev'dence you got to have 'em arrested on?"

"I heard her tell him it was embezzlement."

"Yes, but hearin' tell ain't ev'dence. You can't swear out any warrant against a man on what one woman says she heard another woman say."

"Well, you ought to could. I don't know what better evidence you could want. You men just wait till us women get at these fool laws. We'll fix 'em up so's they'll be practical."

"Mebbe, but that will be just a little mite late for this case."

The riddle floored them and they sat without speaking for a long time; the duet of their creaking rocking-chairs, like two frogs calling to each other, was the only sound.

Hod was so deep in thought that it was Clarastella who noted the alarming progress of the hands on the old clock. Duty compelled her to point them out to Hod. He verified the time by his own watch and snapped the case shut as he heaved himself out of his chair.

The energy of his rise gave him his inspiration. He was so excited with it that he actually kissed Clarastella good-by

(Continued on Page 24)

INTERVIEWING YUAN SHI KAI

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE imperial goldfish swim by thousands in the lagoons that surround the presidential yamen at Peking—the presidential house, mark you, not palace; but they are no more imperial. They are republican goldfish now. The sign above the great gate—three immense, gilded Chinese characters that glitter in the sun—reads: "The Gate of the New Republic." The soldiers who stand at guard at every point within and without—along the paths, on the walls, in the towers, in the courtyards, and before every one of the scores of entrances to the scores of picturesque buildings which make up the yamen—are republicans; and so are the black-robed attendants and the frock-coated officials and the coolies, and all the others who swarm about the presidential house. There is not a head with a queue on it in the place, or a eunuch, or a prince, or a courtier, or a vassal—not a Manchu is left!

Off at one side, within the walls of the Forbidden City, the effete remnants of the Manchu Dynasty live, occupying themselves as best they can on their allowance of four million taels a year, and paying some sort of allegiance to the deposed Emperor, now a lad of ten years. But there, in this presidential yamen, dwells the head and the controlling spirit of this New Republic—Yuan Shi Kai, President of China, with its four hundred million people, its vast territory and its potential riches—so great that no person has even imagined, much less detailed, how great those riches are. Four years ago, when the Manchus were forced to abdicate by the revolutionists, and the New Republic began, that idealist and dreamer, Sun Yat Sen, was made provisional President; but in a short time the practical, powerful, adroit and forceful Yuan Shi Kai became the head of the government, first as provisional President and then as President in fact.

The Republic of China has a provisional constitution, and it is to have a permanent constitution. It had a National Assembly and it is to have a Parliament. It has limited suffrage and it is to have wider suffrage. But with republics, as with babies, creeping must come before walking. China is now creeping toward its democracy. The teacher who is encouraging and directing its first steps is Yuan Shi Kai; and Yuan Shi Kai is more than a President. He is a military dictator. He knows well enough what is necessary in a country like China—strength; and he knows how to apply this strength.

There is nothing of the dreamer about Yuan Shi Kai. He is a practical person who is building his country into a democracy according to the methods that the circumstances require. If heads need to be cut off he cuts them off. He can persuade right thinking with a present, a promise or a punishment; with demands, diplomacy or decapitation. If his enemies do not kill him it is quite within the possibilities that he will kill plenty of them; and presently China will get into a state somewhat resembling organization—will be nationalized.

Yuan Shi Kai Wants to Build a New China

The Beauties of the Palace

THE strongest testimony to the strength, ability and adaptability of this man and his power lies in the fact that he has kept China together thus far. When he took over the Presidency, which was just what he did—took it over!—he had a country that was disorganized, revolutionary, lawless and turbulent. He had tremendous opposition—not only from various parties of agitators, politicians and radicals, but also from the adherents to the old régime. China was in such a condition that there might be any sort of outcome, from anarchy and chaos to civil and provincial war. Yuan Shi Kai, with the aid of some powerful men, among whom the most powerful was Liang Shih-Yi, held the shaky structure together and gradually is bringing some sort of organization into effect, and is making China an entity, instead of a mass of discordant and warring elements.

When I arrived in Peking, early in April, I asked for an interview with the President, in order that I might learn from him, for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, just what his plans and purposes for China are, and how those plans and purposes are being carried out. I was told that the President would receive me at four o'clock on a certain Thursday afternoon, and that a representative of the Chinese Foreign Office would call at my hotel for me at fifteen minutes after three o'clock. At that time Dr. Wellington Koo came, a young Chinese who lived for nine years in the United States and took high honors at Columbia University, in New York. We drove to the Gate of the New Republic.

This was formerly one of the gates of the imperial residence, a great red pagodalike structure that formed one of the many similar entrances to the parks, gardens and palaces where the Manchus lived while they were on China's throne. There was a guard of soldiers at the entrance and a number of attendants in long black Chinese coats. We left the carriage and went inside.

It is a beautiful place. One of the four lakes within the walls of the Imperial City stretches out from that gate and is fully half a mile across. Its shores are bordered with willow trees and its bosom is covered with lily pads. There is an island in the middle of it—an island on which there is a palace that seemed to me to be one of the most exquisite buildings I had ever seen, with its reds and yellows and purples, its curved Chinese roofs, its carvings and its artistic lines. It made a brilliant patch of color against the new green of the trees, and its many hues were reflected on the smooth water of the lake. Half a dozen gayly caparisoned barges were moored at its dock and the five-barred flag of the New Republic was flying from a staff that rose above its principal roof—the red, blue, white, yellow and black flag of China.

"Who lives there?" I asked Doctor Koo.

"The Vice President," he replied.

Lucky Vice President, with such a home as that, in such a park and in the middle of such a lake! I asked about his duties. He has none. All he is required to do is to live in that palace. This New Republic is kind to its Vice President.

There were some coolies at the gate, with jinrikishas—the very topside jinrikisha men of China; for they work inside the walls that surround the presidential yamen. The road round the edge of the lake is a smooth dirt road and along it run the remains of what was once a tramway track. I asked Doctor Koo about that. He said the tracks were used in former days for conveying coolies back and forth round the lake.

We climbed into the jinrikishas and the coolies trotted us along the edge of the lake, under the willow trees, until we came to an inner gate at the far side of the lake. There were guardhouses along the wall and soldiers were standing, with fixed bayonets on their rifles, every fifty feet. There was a strong guard at the inner gate, where we left the jinrikishas and were received by a very polite Chinese, who told us to follow him.

We went inside, and I saw, stretching ahead of me, a great mass of buildings of all shapes, but all conforming reasonably, and especially with their roof lines, to the building art of China. We passed up and down narrow corridors, where soldiers stood each thirty feet and presented arms, and finally came to a long, low building, where the attendant waved us into the hall, and where a very grave Chinese boy took our coats and hats and sticks.

In the Study of the Empress

ANOTHER boy pulled back a curtain that hung over a door on the left of this entrance hall, and we went into a dainty little room, paneled in white silk and furnished with white furniture. A boy brought in tea, and I took a look round.

The room was long and low, and the chairs and tables were dazzlingly white and upholstered in soft colors. The paneled spaces on the wall contained pictures of Chinese landscapes, alternating with what seemed to be texts in minute Chinese characters. At one side there was a raised platform in a sort of alcove, and on that platform was a lacquered table, so fragile and so beautiful that it looked as though it must have been made for a woman's boudoir.

"What room is this?" I asked Doctor Koo.

"It was formerly the study of the Empress," he replied. "She came here, with her maids of honor, and read the classics."

That explained the beauty and the femininity of the place. It was a study worthy of an empress and as beautiful as a dream. There were many objects of art about the room—lacquers, porcelains, bronzes, carvings in ivory and in wood, and one or two exquisite Japanese pictures in cut velvet. I looked at the texts on the walls.

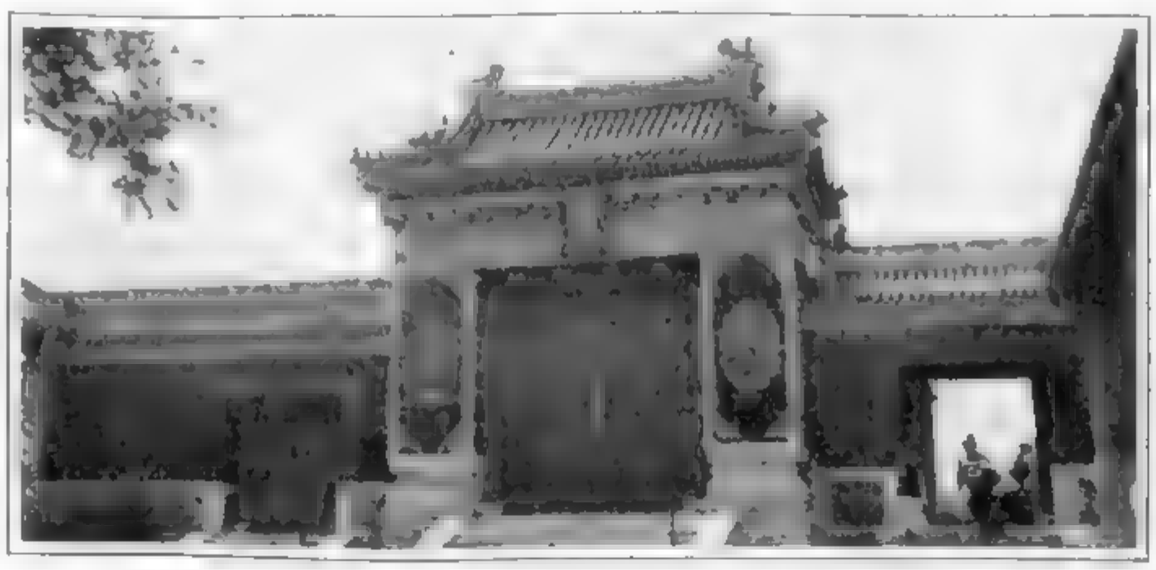
"Those are wise and good sayings of former Chinese statesmen," Doctor Koo told me; and then he called my attention to bits of white silk pasted over certain portions of the texts.

These covered portions were the portions that described the authors as the humble and reverential subjects of the Empress, and in these republican days that sort of thing is taboo. So they left the texts, for the good the morals therein set forth might do, but they covered the humble-servant part of it; for China is now a democracy.

We sipped our tea and talked about the art objects shown here. There were many more in the old days; but this portion of the palace was looted by the foreign troops in 1900, at the time of the Boxer uprising, and many of the carvings and statues and pictures and screens—not only here but elsewhere—were taken away.

Presently Mr. Wong came in—Mr. Wong, the urbane, smiling and round-faced master of ceremonies. He was frock-coated and high-collared and patent-leathered; he had some tea with us, and welcomed me, and said the President would see me in a short time.

Ten minutes later Mr. Wong returned. "Come!" he said; and we went out, over bridges, past wonderful rock gardens, by lagoons where there were hundreds and hundreds of goldfish swimming about,



The Gate to the President's Private Residence

skirting flower gardens and pagodas and summerhouses, and through building after building—and all the time soldiers stood at attention and presented arms, and men in long black Chinese coats dodged in and out.

I had glimpses of screens with the five-clawed dragon on them, and of great pieces of elaborately carved teakwood and mahogany and rosewood furniture, and walked over tremendous rugs that were as Chinese as the inscriptions on a chest of tea, through doors guarded by fantastic, grinning lions, carved out of stone—the Gods of Protection. Finally we came to a building that seemed newer than some of the others; and there we stopped.

A dozen soldiers and an officer were stationed outside the door of this building. The attendant who met us in the hall pushed aside a curtain and we went into a big, square room. There was a gold-lacquered screen on one side of the room that a collector would sell his soul for; and over the top of a wonderful table there was spread a many-colored tablecloth of most modern manufacture. There were old carvings on the mantelpiece that would grace any museum, and five or six big daubs of modern oil paintings, in heavy gold frames, on the walls. The carpet was of thick-piled velvet and the window curtains were modern and foreign.

I had but a moment to look about the room before Mr. Wong touched my arm, and I turned and faced the door. The curtain swung back and Yuan Shi Kai, the President of China, came in. There was no ceremony. It was as democratic as you please. Mr. Wong presented me and the President held out his hand; and we shook hands. Then he motioned me to a seat at a little round table in the center of the room. He sat opposite me, with Doctor Koo on his right and Mr. Wong on his left. A servant brought in tea, cigars and cigarettes, and silently disappeared. A moment later he brought in four glasses of champagne, and put a glass in front of each of us.

The first feature of the President I noticed was his eyes. They are big eyes—of a deep, dark, liquid brown—and are the sort of eyes one would expect to look out on the world as the windows for the brain of a man of most pacific and kindly nature; eyes that smile and have soft lights in them; eyes that resemble the eyes of a deer—not the eyes of a supreme opportunist; not the eyes of a man who has been for many years part and parcel of the intrigue and Machiavellianism of the court of China; not the eyes of a man who built himself into high place by force of arms, who was military governor of Korea when he was only twenty-six years old, who was a favorite of Li Hung Chang, who forced himself into the Presidency of China, and who holds that Presidency by the sternest methods. But there they were, smiling at me; and when I had finished talking with Yuan Shi Kai I found that they were the right sort of eyes after all, for in addition to being a forceful character he is, also, a most accomplished diplomat, and he uses those eyes with effect.

Then I took stock of the almost complete roundness of his head. It is a spherical head, and the globulosity of it was shown especially as the President's hair was cropped very close—almost as close as though his head had been shaved. His nose is long and broad, and his rather large mouth is covered by a gray mustache. He wears a small imperial and his ears stand out prominently. Barring those soft brown eyes, he looks like a fighter; but I imagine the eyes do not detract from that characteristic when it is his time to fight.

A Celestial Master Politician

HE IS a short man, not more than five feet six inches, and he is inclined to stoutness. His shoulders are broad and his chest is deep. He gives an impression of complete sturdiness and vitality. His voice is pleasant, his smile is ingratiating, and his manner of talking quick and emphatic. He uses his hands a good deal for gesturing, and looks at one with an expression of pleased interest—working those eyes—that is most flattering. He is an adept at complimentary phrases and is not to be led into admissions he does not choose to make.

On the day I saw him he wore a long frock coat, made of heavy black plush, which buttoned up to his chin and reached almost to his ankles. It was a most remarkable garment—not exactly Chinese in style, nor yet European, but apparently a coat of his own designing—for it had some of the gown characteristics of the Chinese outergarment and the buttons and cut of a frock coat of stiff English model. He wore Chinese shoes and a pair of gray-striped trousers; and he listened to my opening compliments and my first question with a smile of the frankest welcome.

Doctor Koo acted as interpreter and we talked for an hour, touching on many topics pertaining to the new phase of the national existence of China, of which he is the exponent. He told me what he is doing to build up and organize and nationalize China, and what his plans and his hopes are. He smoked a cigar when I smoked one, and drank his tea at frequent intervals. As we concluded, it was arranged that the material points of the talk should be written in Chinese and submitted to him. This was done. The interview was put on yellow official paper and taken to him. He read it carefully, suggesting a change here and there, and finally put the presidential sign of approval on it with his own brush and ink. That interview, as approved by the President, was cabled to America and has already been printed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The most interesting part of the conversation related to the demands made on China by the Japanese, which were in process of negotiation at that time. On the night of January eighteenth Mr. Hioki, the Japanese minister resident in China, made twenty-one demands on China, calling on the President in person and presenting these demands, and insisting on secrecy as to them. The demands became known and have been discussed widely both in the United States and in England.

Negotiations had been in progress for some weeks when I saw the President; and, of course, I asked him about them. He was most diplomatic in his replies. It took a good deal of urging to get anything out of him; but finally he leaned forward on the table and said emphatically that China is a peaceful nation and desires to live at peace with all the world; that such demands of Japan as can be conceded will be conceded, but that nothing will be conceded that will in any way impair the integrity of China or infringe on the treaty rights of other nations.

He was the astute diplomatist and statesman when he made that statement. It was in diplomatic language; but it carried with it two certain points, which all who can read between the lines of diplomatic statement recognized as certain. The first was the statement that China is for peace and truth, which was directly aimed at Japan on account of the concealment of her ulterior motives from the rest of the world, and the failure on Japan's part to give the world a correct version of those demands, or a complete list of them. The second was the direct statement that China will not concede anything that will impair her national integrity or infringe on the treaty rights of other Powers, which excludes many of the Japanese demands. There was nothing soft or liquid about those eyes when he made that statement. They were hard and cold.

The President of China is an interesting citizen. Likewise he is a great politician. And in the same sooth he is a gentleman who always has an eye on the main chance. Yuan Shi Kai undoubtedly is one of the two great men in China, the other being Liang Shih-Yi. And these two men are friends, allies, partners in politics, and both enthusiasts over the new form of government—though both were actively in the service of the deposed Manchus. Yuan Shi Kai is the leader, the symbol, the remarkable, magnetic personality who attracts and holds men in his servite, and who makes the case fit the circumstances. Liang Shih-Yi is the mental force, the economist, the planner, the executive. Together they form the one element of stability in this experiment of democracy.

If Yuan Shi Kai had been born in the United States and had been Western in education and manner, he, with his personality and his manner of brains, and his vast skill as a politician, his adaptability to his environment, and his quickness in sizing up a situation, certainly would have been a big political leader in a state, and probably would have been a senator—or mayhap a president. If Liang Shih-Yi were an American he would be one of the great captains of industry, like J. P. Morgan; but he would also be actively in politics. Liang Shih-Yi would be a secretary of the treasury. But I shall write of him again.

It is the usual thing to say of a political leader that he stands by his friends. Some of them do; but most of them do not—only so long as those friends are of use to them.

The Vice President Has No Duties But to Live in This Palace

Precautions Against Bomb Throwers

YUAN SHI KAI sticks. Once in the confidence and favor of the President of China it is pretty hard to get out; but if a man does succeed in getting out of favor he is so far out that it is time for him to retire and remain permanently in seclusion. His cue is to go away from there. However, Yuan is a politician. He never does anything until it is the right time to do it. His career is filled with incidents that show him to have the unusual Chinese facility for seeing farther into a situation than anybody else. Many things he did were unexplainable at the time he did them, but they are very clear and simple now. Yuan has a sense of futurity—that is all.

Personally he is magnetic and companionable. His followers who are in his confidence all like him. It has been charged that he is a temporizer; but that charge comes in large measure from his Chinese nature, in the first place, and from his keen political sense in the second. He can compromise as skillfully as any man; but ordinarily there is a string on the compromise that Yuan pulls at the proper time for himself.

We talk about our President as living, of necessity and on account of the high place he occupies, a sort of lonely life, in the sense that he can have no intimates. Yuan has his intimates; but he is in a far worse case than our President, because he is shut up all the time within the confines of his yamen walls. He does not go out. The reason for that is, he knows that if he does go out some fanatic may throw a bomb at him and try to kill him—or kill him; and he takes no chances. The only time he has been outside the walls that surround the place where he lives was early this year, when he went to the Temple of Heaven to worship; and there was no chance for the bomb thrower then, for the guard was too heavy and the precautions were too great. He stays inside. He is guarded by many soldiers. He is surrounded by protectors.

Once, at the time of the first revolution, a bomb thrower almost had him. He was in a carriage, and the conspirators, who knew of the route he would take, threw three bombs at him. One dropped in the gutter and did no damage; one did not explode, and one fell just behind the carriage. Dr. G. E. Morrison, who is now one of the President's advisers, lives near the place where the bomb was thrown and was in that vicinity at the time. He ran up to the carriage. He told me that Yuan was entirely cool and collected, and smoked a cigarette and looked out the window of the carriage while some fresh horses were brought. He has remained inside the walls since he became President; and he is likely to remain there for a long time.

Constant attempts are made to kill him. Often men with bombs and plans are apprehended. They are promptly executed. One sure way to lose a head is to plan to assassinate the President of China and be caught at it. That is an infallible recipe for sudden death. The guards inside and outside the residence and offices are picked soldiers and the bodyguard is the flower of Yuan's own army. In addition there are great numbers of secret-service men and similar protectors; but from time to time fanatics, with deadly weapons, are found in the vicinity of the yamen. Once found, they are seen no more.

The President himself is unconcerned. His philosophy is that if it is ordained that an assassin shall get him that assassin, at the prescribed time, will get him; and there is no use in worrying about it. However, he does not intend that any but the fated person shall have charge of the operation of blowing him to bits, and he sees to it that all imitators and pretenders pass rapidly to whatever place aspiring Chinese plotters pass to after they are separated from their heads.

The President of China is a teetotaler. He has not taken a drink for ten years. He is a great eater. His appetite is enormous and his capacity for food is the admiration of his friends, which stamps him as a wonder in his line, for the Chinese of the higher classes are heavy eaters. It is said of the President that he has the worst cook in Peking; but that makes no difference to him. Yuan eats anything and everything in large quantities, and the quality of the cooking does not annoy him. What he wants is quantity.

He is a prodigious worker. There is an electric light in his bedroom which burns all night. It goes out automatically at five o'clock in the morning in the summer time, and at six o'clock in the winter time. At the instant it goes out Yuan Shi Kai wakes and gets out of bed. Then his day begins. He goes to his office and works on papers and reports and mandates until half past eight, taking a cup or two of tea. He usually breakfasts alone between half past eight and nine; and at nine begins receiving callers and officials and Cabinet members and advisers. He is busy every minute until about six o'clock. Then he walks about the grounds or takes a ride on the lake, or rides a horse; and he works again until eleven o'clock if there is anything pressing. Otherwise he retires to his private residence after his late dinner. He goes to bed at eleven o'clock and gets about six hours' sleep.

He dispatches work quickly and methodically. It is said of him that he often reads ten thousand Chinese characters in a day, besides seeing scores of persons and listening to all phases of public business. There are no delegated powers in his case. He is It. The Republic of China is Yuan Shi Kai and he has charge of even the smallest matters of administration.

Those who know him say he is about the only Chinese who ever had a sense of time. If Yuan Shi Kai makes an appointment for ten o'clock he is there at ten o'clock, or a little before. The usual Chinese way is to make an appointment for ten o'clock and get round anywhere from two to five hours later. Yuan has the Western idea. He keeps his engagements and his officials keep theirs—with him. If they do not they promptly cease being officials. Yuan lets them out. His recreation is fishing; but he does little fishing now, though the lakes within the walls are full of fish.

The career of Yuan is a most interesting one. He was in the service of the Manchu Dynasty for many years, and was the last powerful buffer between that degenerate and inefficient outfit and the revolutionists. He stood firmly there, arranging terms of abdication and holding off until his former patrons had been provided for. Then he stepped in and did a few things for himself, with the result that he is the President of China. He is an opportunist who knows a real opportunity when he sees one, and he has the force and the skill of politics to utilize every circumstance to his own advantage and the advantage of his friends.

Early Training

HE WAS born in the province of Honan in 1859, and was the son of middle-class parents. His father was an army officer who was killed in battle. Yuan bought the rank of subprefect when Li Hung Chang was Viceroy of Chihli Province, which is the metropolitan province in which Peking is situated, and was sent to Korea, where he remained for twelve years. Li Hung Chang saw his abilities and, at twenty-six, young Yuan was made Chinese imperial resident in Korea, with a residence at Seoul. He stayed there until 1895, when the war with Japan caused him to flee; and he returned to China.

There were many in China who held that the war with Japan was the outcome of the activities of Yuan in Korea; but Li Hung Chang was the patron of Yuan, and Yuan was advanced in favor and importance. He was a young, energetic, able and progressive person, and Li Hung Chang favored him greatly and saw a future for him. The politics of China, always full of intrigue, was at this time between 1895 and 1898, which saw the beginning of the Boxer troubles—even more complicated and convoluted than usual. There was a pronounced reactionary and anti-foreign party in the imperial household, and the Dowager Empress had been won over to that party, which had for its slogan "China for the Chinese!"—and other similar anti-foreign propaganda.

Yuan had been made Judicial Commissioner for Chihli under Li Hung Chang, and he was called into audience with the Emperor in September, 1898, to discuss the needs of the Empire. Notwithstanding the fact that the reports and the arbitrary actions of Yuan in Korea had done much to bring on the war which lost Korea to China, Yuan was still strong at court and in high favor with Li Hung Chang. The Emperor talked with Yuan, who was ostensibly a progressive, and saw in Yuan a strong supporter.

This was at the time when the contest between the Emperor and the Dowager Empress was almost at its breaking point, and the Emperor was seeking support and advice for his contemplated movement against the Old Buddha, as the Dowager was called, who had usurped the powers of government. The Emperor was in sore straits. He had few supporters—not more than two or three of the leading men—and his chief source of concern was Jung Lu, who was the Governor-General of Chihli Province and the commander in chief of the army, which was foreign-drilled and needed by the Emperor. The Emperor knew Jung Lu would remain faithful to the Dowager, and he wanted the army to bring about the overthrow of the reactionary party, with which the Dowager had allied herself.

The neat little plan of the Emperor was to have Jung Lu murdered in his yamen, in Tientsin, his army seized and brought to Peking, where the Dowager Empress was to be arrested and confined in the summer palace, and the reactionary leaders arrested and imprisoned, or decapitated, as circumstances might dictate. The Emperor told Yuan of his zeal for reform and asked him whether he would be loyal. To this question Yuan is quoted as replying in this manner:

"Your servant will endeavor to recompense the Imperial favor, even though his merit be only as a drop of water in the ocean or a grain of sand in the desert; he will faithfully perform the service of a dog or a horse while breath remains in his body."

The President Has a Private Band

The Emperor was not in need of a dog or a horse. What he wanted was a good, capable assassin. He, therefore, reassured by Yuan's speech, issued a decree in which he made Yuan Expectant Vice President of the Board and placed him in charge of the business of reforming the army. The Dowager Empress knew of Yuan's visit to the Emperor and as soon as Yuan had left the audience hall she sent for Yuan and asked him what about it. She was a wise old Dowager Empress. She suspected trouble. So she told Yuan to continue seeing the Emperor, get his instructions, and then report to her. The Dowager had a session with the Emperor and demanded certain things, one of which was the arrest of Kwang Yu-wei, who was the Emperor's principal adviser; but the Emperor, though seeming to agree, sent Kwang Yu-wei to Shanghai, and that gentleman escaped.

In the Grounds of the President's House

Yuan's Steady Rise

YUAN had several audiences with the Emperor. At the last one Yuan was instructed to go to Tientsin, kill Jung Lu, seize the army by virtue of his decree, and return with the army to Peking and imprison the Dowager Empress. The Emperor gave Yuan a small gold arrow as the emblem of his authority. Also, Yuan was given a decree that made him Viceroy of Chihli ad interim. He went to Tientsin, but he did not have Jung Lu decapitated. Instead, he told him all about the plot; and Jung Lu hurried to Peking and saw the Dowager Empress.

Thus warned, the Dowager called a conference of her supporters, seized the Emperor, took him to the palace on an island in the lake and kept him there. That was the last of the Emperor, as Emperor, for the Dowager took over the business of running China, having been besought by her supporters to save China from the evil effects of barbarian foreign civilization, she said.

That action showed Yuan the opportunist. He undoubtedly concluded that this was his own way to power, for if he obeyed the Emperor and killed Jung Lu, he—Yuan—would be but fourth or fifth in the list of the men high up and near the throne. On the other hand, by remaining loyal to the Dowager Empress he would be at the very top; and he chose the top for his resting place. The plan worked. Yuan rose rapidly in power. He was appointed Governor-General of the province of Shantung in 1900, which was the Boxer year.

Though the Dowager Empress and her followers were fully committed to the Boxer uprising and in favor of killing the foreigners, Yuan, together with two other governors-general, formed what was known as the Yangtsze alliance, and stood out firmly against the Boxers. Yuan refused to send his troops to Peking when ordered to do so by the Dowager, tearing up the telegrams and saying he never received them. By this action Yuan Shi Kai undoubtedly saved many hundreds of foreign lives and helped greatly in the overthrow of that fanatical and dangerous uprising.

He rose in power, and became Viceroy of Chihli in 1901. He was made Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent and devoted his efforts to building up a modern army in Chihli—and made a good one. He was appointed Grand Councilor in 1907. This was no promotion. Yuan had an army and Chang Chih Tung had an army in Hupeh. The Dowager Empress, scenting trouble because these powerful men controlled these armies, which were loyal to them and not to her, also brought Chang Chih Tung to Peking

(Continued on Page 53)

In This Presidential Yamen Dwells the Controlling Spirit of the New Republic

THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

The Salted Show—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

For a Dime or a Quarter You Could Descend to the Center of the Earth, Ascend to the Moon, or Throw Five Baseballs at a Negro's Head

SHE sat in a little kiosk fantastically constructed of wood, plaster and glass. If you laid a quarter on the counter her right hand reached for it through the semicircular opening in the glass, while her left hand pushed a button—whereupon a blue admission ticket bobbed out of a slot in the counter.

You might happen to notice that she was a young, small person with the pretty plumpness of a pigeon. Her dark hair was kinky, her eyes brown under heavy eyebrows. The electric light over her head showed here and there a faint freckle on her small nose and round cheeks.

Behind her rose a tall, narrow structure of pine and plaster designed to represent a craggy headland. Over the plaster rocks was a bas-relief of a lumpy female emerging from the waves. Huge carmine letters, electric-lighted, were strung across the rocks. They said: "The Birth of Venus."

Opposite stood Aladdin's Cave, with its startling frieze of life-size Oriental figures painted vivid red, yellow, blue and green. Adjoining that on the right was the Eruption of Mount Pelée, with a colossal electric sign to represent shooting flames; and on the left were the Borneo Head-Hunters, before which several barelegged and weary-looking darkies danced uncouthly to the monotonous beat of a wooden instrument.

It was like that for the better part of a mile, on each side of the improvised street. For a dime or a quarter you could descend to the center of the earth, ascend to the moon, or throw five baseballs at a negro's head. You could witness—in twelve minutes—the destruction of Troy, the construction of the Panama Canal, or four young women diving backward into a tank. You could cross the Alps in a Zeppelin, ask questions of an educated cow, or get a plate of hot sausage and a mug of beer. It was a bewildering choice.

Barkers bawled competitively through megaphones. Thousands of people streamed along, moving in each direction, crosswise and zigzag; chattering and laughing, or tired and scolding the lagging children; staring at the grotesque structures and flaming signs; beaten on by a chaos of sound; turning in here and there, dime or quarter in hand.

Almost none, however, turned in at The Birth of Venus. The little cashier had practically nothing to do except turn her bright eyes now up the bedizened street, now down, observing each figure that emerged. She was watching for Mr. Morris Gans.

The elderly ticket taker was half asleep at his post. In the lobby behind him a hurried scene painter had exercised his art to give an illusion of the porch of a Greek temple, with a view that took in quite a village of other temples and a seashore in the background. Amid the classic scenery at the right was a small, solid door by which one entered a dim passageway, narrow, and so low that a tall man had to stoop in it. The sides and roof disclosed the rough ribs of the edifice. This runway led back to a low, rude room beneath the stage.

A tall, slender man stood there meditating. His thin cheeks had a youthful freshness, as though a razor had never touched them, and his full blue eyes were bright with unspent nervous energy; but the silky, dust-colored hair was wearing just a little thin above his ample brow, and he was of that sandy complexion which does not readily disclose age. His head was tipped a bit to one side and he was evidently lost in thought; but he absent-mindedly juggled two heavy iron window weights—tossing with one hand and catching with the other, with a swinging motion, so that the weights described a hoop in the air.

There was no door from the narrow runway into this room, but the man who entered fairly burst in. He looked more decidedly young than the juggler. His forehead was low and bulging, with two small, twinkling eyes. His nose was snub, his mouth wide, his chin square. He came with his head up, his shoulders thrown back, and a swing of legs and arms which suggested that he expected to meet an obstacle and smash through it. A football manner was habitual with him. Merely giving a swift glance at the juggler he strode on toward the closed door on the right, on which somebody had tacked a sheet of note paper bearing the scrawled legend, "Private Office."

"The door is locked," said the juggler. "Mr. Gans must have taken the key with him." Holding a window weight loosely in each hand he smiled at the newcomer with an urbanity so mild and candid that it would have disarmed a pirate. While the newcomer frowned and consulted his silver watch the juggler laid the window weights on the floor. "You must be ——" he said with a bright, courteous anticipation, as though he was just about to speak the name.

"Wiggins," the youth replied, rather trying not to look important. "My name is Wiggins."

"Yes; certainly!" the juggler answered, nodding and smiling as though that confirmed his happiest anticipation. "My name is Lamb." He extended a slim hand, beaming. "Of course you want to see Mr. Gans about ——" As before, he seemed to know the answer. There was just the gentlest little note of inquiry in his voice, as though he deemed it more courteous to let Mr. Wiggins state his business than to state it for him.

"Why, you see, I've bought the show of him," young Mr. Wiggins explained with a somewhat embarrassed grin, as though he felt the proprietorial rôle sitting dazzlingly on him, like a new silk hat and evening clothes.

"Of course! Of course!" Lamb replied, nodding with bright encouragement. "Won't you sit down?"

When they were seated he put his slim hands between his knees, bending forward a bit, his head a little to one side—a picture of candid, friendly interestedness.

"You've had some experience in the show business?" he inquired with that soothing mildness which was like the laying of a cool hand on a fevered brow.

"Well, I've had a sort of experience in a lot of things," Mr. Wiggins gurgled—and Lamb perceived with amiable amusement that the friendly young man was not without a distinct trace of youthful bumptiousness. "Teaching school down South, for instance. I taught mathematics, Latin, physiology, modern history, manual training and athletics. The mathematics and football I knew something about. The rest I picked up as I went along." He turned his snub nose to the rough ceiling and laughed heartily. "That was my first job after I got fired from college, you know. It taught me that the best way was just to pitch into something and trust to luck to pull it off. No use making any elaborate plans. After that I sold lightning rods to farmers for a while. Then I had a prize guessing contest at county fairs. You paid ten cents, you know, and then guessed how many beans there were in a glass jar. The prizes for the best guesses ranged all the way from a ten-cent brier pipe to a seven-dollar gold watch. I did pretty well at that."

Under the spell of Lamb's engaging little smile and encouraging nods, with now and then a sudden brightening of his full blue eyes, so that he fairly radiated good humor, young Mr. Wiggins went on expansively:

"You see, I came out here hoping to get an umbrella concession at the Exposition. A sudden shower comes up, you know, and everybody wants an umbrella; or the sun is hot and they want umbrellas for shade. Well, I arranged with a manufacturer in St. Louis to furnish me five thousand umbrellas at fifty-four cents each—on time," he added, gurgling. "I was going to put little stands all over the grounds. You'd pay fifteen cents for the rent of an umbrella, you see, and deposit a dollar to insure its return. Then you could turn the umbrella in at any stand where you happened to be and get your dollar back. I'd have made a nickel out of it—only I couldn't get the concession. The Exposition management couldn't see it. They're a lot of stiffs anyhow. On the only terms they'd listen to, it would have taken the Bank of England to finance it. Well, I'm not the Bank of England, you know!" He tipped back his head and laughed vigorously. "So I had to give it up. I was just about ready to pull my freight when I met Mr. Gans."

"Oh, you hadn't known Mr. Gans before?" said Lamb with a note of softly inquisitive surprise.

"Not at all. It happened in a very curious way," Mr. Wiggins replied with cheerful earnestness: "You see, I stepped into the Conquistador Hotel bar one day for a glass of beer. Mr. Gans was there and he spoke to me in German. He's nearsighted, you know, and he mistook me for a gentleman who was on the boat with him last time he came back from Europe. Well, we got to talking. Of course," he added with unwonted modesty, "as I gradually found out who Mr. Gans was I felt mighty willing to talk with him. We got right well acquainted, if I do say so; and the upshot of it was he explained to me the fix he was in with his show."

"Yes; that's it!" Lamb exclaimed, beaming and nodding. "What was the fix?"

"Why, you see, this show was invented by a young electrician," Mr. Wiggins explained—not without some proper satisfaction in disclosing his intimacy with Mr. Gans—"that is, the young electrician got up the plate-glass screen and the mirrors and lights that throw images of living figures on the stage and make them seem to materialize and fade away under your eyes. He went to Mr. Gans for capital to develop the invention. Mr. Gans tells me it's always been a principle with Mr. Worcester to help a deserving man to help himself. So Mr. Gans put up money for this show—intending, you see, to let the inventor make a stake out of the show and use that stake to develop his invention; helping him to help himself, you understand. But the poor chap died. That left the show on Mr. Gans' hands. Of course a man of his wealth and position couldn't be running a side show," he added with an expression of vicarious importance. "Besides, Mr. Gans was all cut up by the young inventor's death. Then, he has to sail a week from to-morrow. He was willing to sell at any price—to the right party, of course, who'd run the show as it ought to be run for the young inventor's sake," he concluded modestly.

"So Mr. Gans is going abroad?" Lamb murmured thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Wiggins' broad snub-nosed face assumed an expression fairly solemn. "He's going to Belgium on the next boat to look after the relief work of the Worcester Foundation." Lowering his voice, he added with a touch of awe: "He showed me a letter from Mr. Worcester about it."

"So you bought the show?" Lamb murmured.

"Yes; I bought it," Mr. Wiggins replied. "I looked over the books and checked up the attendance awhile to-day, and saw it was doing a good business. Of course Mr. Gans couldn't wait. It had to be now or never." He hesitated a moment, struggling with a portentous secret; then his face expanded in a big, boyish grin of profound satisfaction, and he added in deep confidence: "I got it for fifteen hundred! Some luck, eh? If he'd asked another hundred I'd 'a' had to let the chance go by, for fifteen hundred scraped the bottom of my roll."

Lamb gently intertwined his supple fingers and contemplated them a moment. Twinkling expansively over at him, Mr. Wiggins suddenly turned his snub nose to the ceiling and laughed heartily.

"See here!" he exclaimed. "Strikes me I've told you a lot about myself. Why don't you come across?"

Lamb smiled genially, showing his fine teeth.

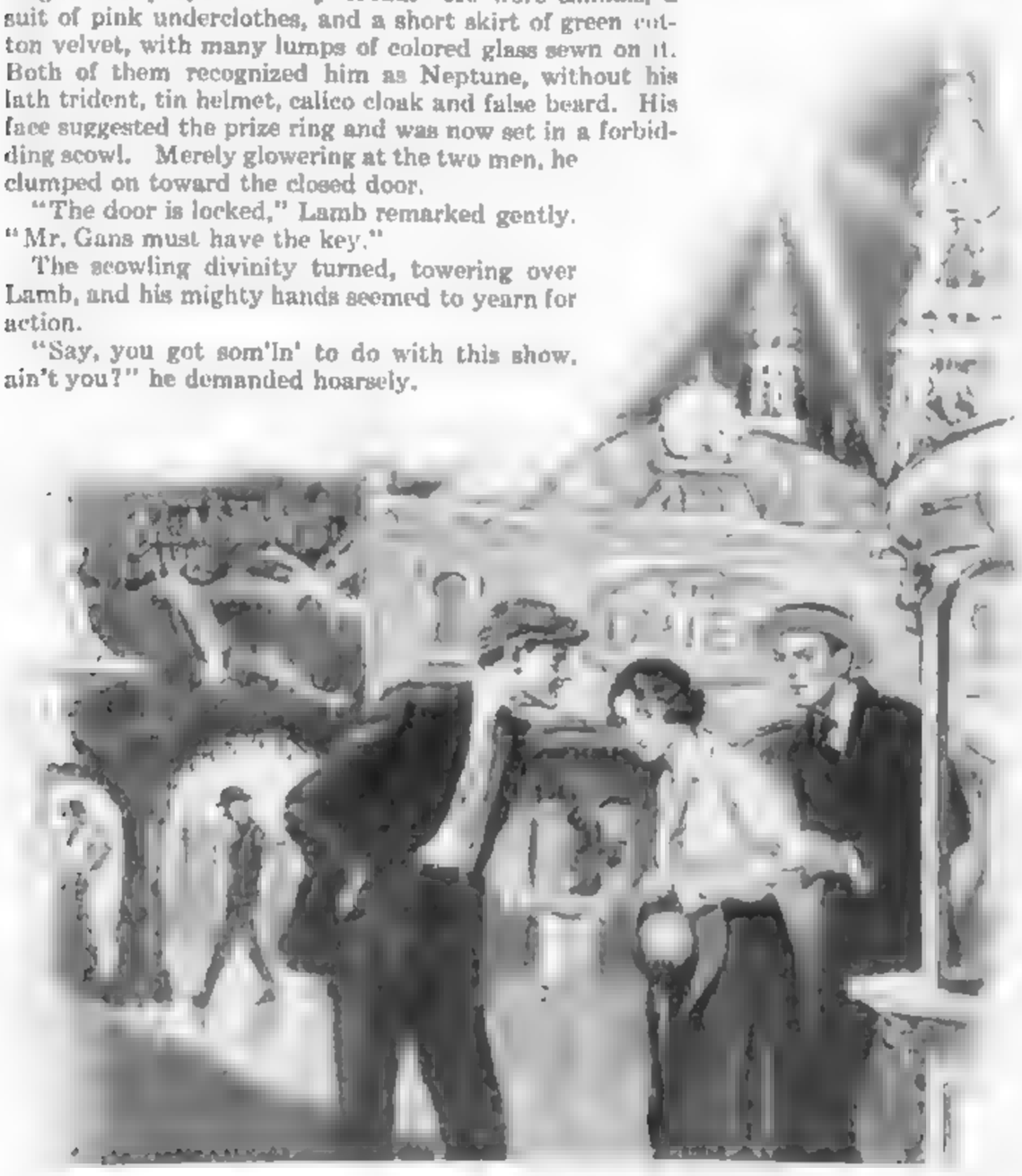
"Well, like you, Mr. Wiggins, I've been in several things," he began modestly.

He got no farther just then, however, for a clumping sound near them attracted their attention. A flight of rough-plank steps led up to the stage. A man was coming down them—a man two or three inches over six feet in height and proportionately broad. He wore sandals, a suit of pink underclothes, and a short skirt of green cotton velvet, with many lumps of colored glass sewn on it. Both of them recognized him as Neptune, without his lath trident, tin helmet, calico cloak and false beard. His face suggested the prize ring and was now set in a forbidding scowl. Merely glowering at the two men, he clumped on toward the closed door.

"The door is locked," Lamb remarked gently. "Mr. Gans must have the key."

The scowling divinity turned, towering over Lamb, and his mighty hands seemed to yearn for action.

"Say, you got som'in' to do with this show, ain't you?" he demanded hoarsely.



"I Owe Morris Gans Something Too"

"Not a thing!" Lamb answered suavely. "I'm merely waiting to see Mr. Gans."

"Well, where the —— is that bench-legged shine?" Neptune growled formidably.

"Why, I saw him here about half past five; but I haven't seen him since," said Lamb sootningly.

"He told me he'd be here at ten," said Neptune firmly. His hairy brows contracted more tightly, his brawny chest swelled with indignation, and he spilled an extraordinary collection of oaths.

"The doughface has stalled us along for three weeks without a cent," he explained. "I'm goin' to see some coin to-night or there'll be som'in' doin'! Get that?"

"I'll tell Mr. Gans to go up and talk with you as soon as I see him," Lamb assured the wrathful god.

"Talk, eh!" Neptune retorted menacingly. "You listen to me talk!" He folded a large hand into a fist unpleasantly near Lamb's face. "I don't want no more hot air. I want coin—or they's goin' to be som'in' doin'! Get that?" He lingered a moment to express adverse opinions of the show in general and of Mr. Gans in particular, and, with a final glower, clumped heavily upstairs.

Mr. Wiggins' broad face expressed the greatest astonishment.

"Why, the nervy lobster must be lying!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure Mr. Gans has paid the performers regularly every week. His books show it."

"They're only dock wallopers anyway: all they do is stand in front of a mirror and be reflected," Lamb replied cheerfully. "As to Mr. Gans' books ——"

Looking over at Mr. Wiggins he smiled gently; then, while the lines of his face changed but little, the smile mysteriously deepened and broadened until his blue eyes danced and he fairly radiated mirth. He folded his arms as though giving himself a surreptitious little hug, and seemed bursting with bottled laughter.

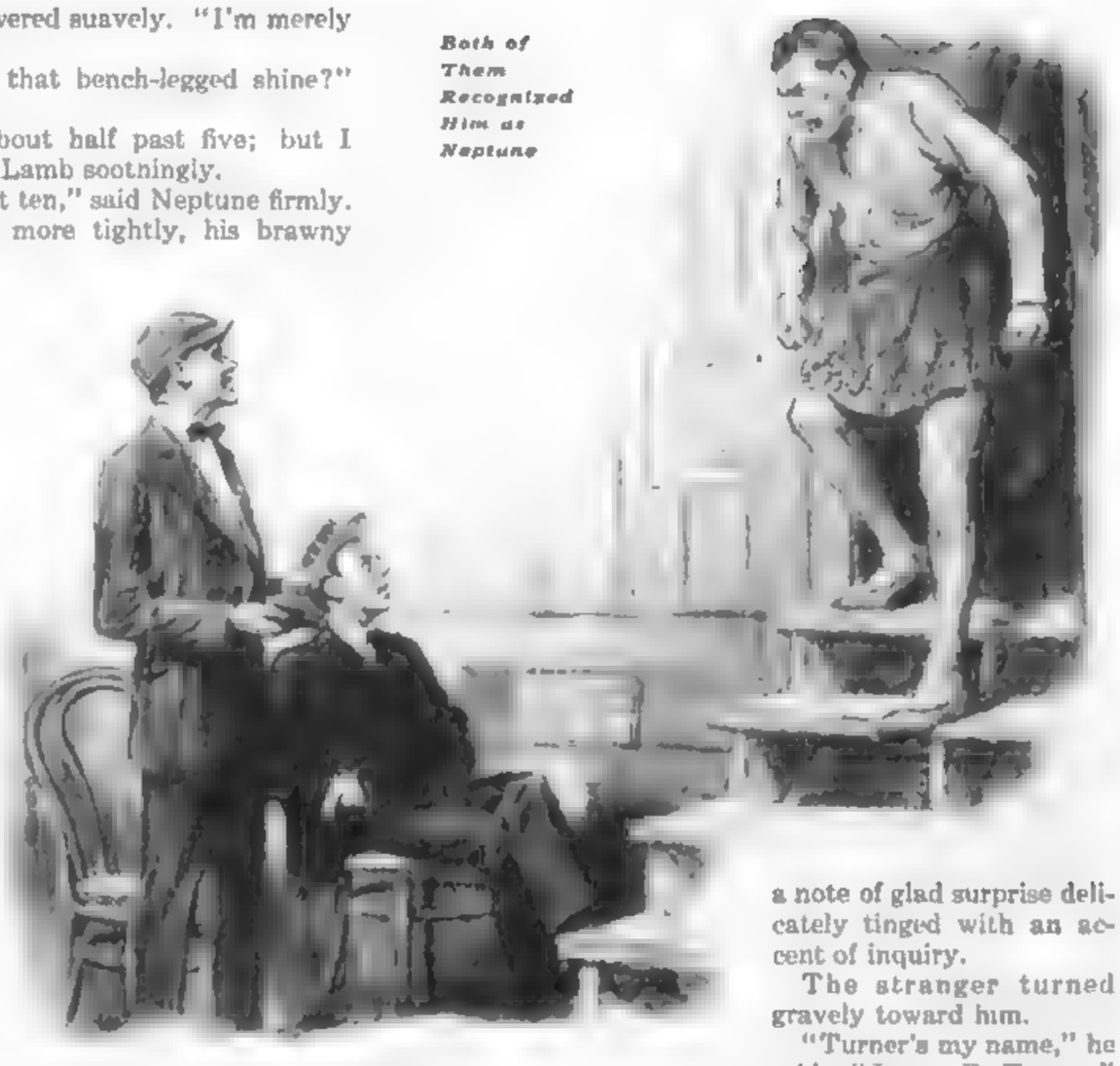
Surprised and vaguely alarmed at this manifestation Mr. Wiggins stared at him. Before either of them spoke, however, a man came out of the dim passageway into the rough room—a short and very stocky man wearing a low-crowned felt hat, a new blue suit and a large diamond in the bosom of his limp shirt. His chunky jaw and cheeks were blue from the roots of a shaved beard. His curly black mustache was a thick mat and his eyebrows would have made a mustache of ordinary dimensions. He came with slow, methodical steps, carrying in his right hand a half-smoked extinct cigar with a ragged butt. Looking solemnly at the two men through half-shut eyes he trudged deliberately on toward the closed door.

"The door is locked," said Lamb softly. "Mr. Gans must have taken the key."

The stranger halted, with feet far apart, and gravely surveyed the speaker. Then he stepped carefully over to a chair, seated himself on it and laid his felt hat on the floor, baring a round, curly head—which he immediately smoothed down with a calloused hand. He put the extinct cigar to his lips, puffed on it, then examined it reproachfully for a moment and sighed.

"Why, you must be ——" said Lamb with

Both of Them Recognized Him as Neptune



a note of glad surprise delicately tinged with an accent of inquiry.

The stranger turned gravely toward him.

"Turner's my name," he said—"James P. Turner."

"Of course!" Lamb crowed happily. "And you're waiting for Mr. Gans ——" Again the seductive little suspense, as though he really knew but deemed it more courteous to let Mr. Turner say it.

"Yes; I've bought the show of him," Mr. Turner replied, and smoothed down his curly hair—evidently a bit embarrassed by the glitter of his new rôle.

"Certainly!" Lamb exclaimed, smiling brightly and nodding. "You've been in the show business before?" he suggested with such bland yet unobtrusive sociability that Mr. Turner at once warmed up.

"No, sir," he said, leaning back in the chair and crossing his stubby legs. "I'm an oil man—Coalinga Field. I got hold of a lease on Section Ninety-two down there, and this winter I cashed in on it." Suddenly he overflowed in a broad grin and chuckle. "I come out here six years ago a bum!" Then, as one hastily gathers about him a garment that has slipped down, he straightened his face into a funereal expression and corrected: "I mean compared with what I am now. I went to work there as a tool dresser." He felt the garment slipping again and added: "Wanted to get t'oroughly acquainted with it before I invested, you see."

"Oh, certainly!" said Lamb.

"Well, I cashed in on it this winter. I made up my mind I'd see this Exposition right; so I bought the show." Having thus explained it all, he felt relieved and smoothed down his curly hair.

"You'd known Mr. Gans before?" Lamb remarked with the gentlest possible inquiry.

"No, sir," Mr. Turner replied. "I met him here. I am stopping at the Conquistador Hotel." At that portentous statement his distinctly beery eyes regarded Lamb with a kind of questioning challenge, as though daring him to deny it. As Lamb nodded encouragingly he went on: "I met Mr. Gans there. He thought at first I was a gentleman that come across the ocean with him. We got well acquainted. He let me read a letter that J. Andrew Worcester wrote him. That'll show you how I stand with Morris Gans." Having thus overwhelmed them he looked solemnly at the floor.

"Mr. Gans is going abroad, I understand?" Lamb murmured.

"No, sir," Mr. Turner replied deliberately. "Mr. Gans is going to New York to take charge of the investments of the Worcester Foundation—two hundred and fifty million dollars." He sighed and turned gravely to Mr. Wiggins, whom theretofore he had not noticed. "And he's a man just as common and friendly as you and me!" he said, impressing that delectable example on the young man. "He'll go right into a barroom and take a glass of beer with you, and think nothing of it! Speaks seven languages—spoke 'em all to me. Been all round the world. Two hundred and fifty million dollars, and just as common and friendly as you and me!"

His voice by that time exhibited emotion, and he went on earnestly:

"Good-hearted too! He started this show just to help a young electer—eclerter—a young man; but the poor devil died. Mr. Gans told me about it with tears in his eyes." Mr. Turner sighed heavily and drew a hand over

(Continued on Page 49)

The Difficult Truth About Serbia

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

A Village Street in Old Macedonia

A Typical Serbian Town of the Better Class

Serbian Kids: Mohammedan and Christian

TO YIELD to the current of popular opinion, to court the favor of Serbs and Serbia's friends, it were better in Serbia not to attempt to write about Serbia at all. Only from such distance as lends enchantment could one's thoughts possibly be focused, to the exclusion of all else, on those phases of Serbia's situation that inspire a ready sympathy.

There is something about Serbia which begins at once to reveal itself to the stranger and which is known among foreigners here as the truth. Delicacy demands that it be spoken of only behind closed doors, and in tones too low to be caught by walls' ears, but everybody threatens to tell it some day. The trouble is that it collides with another and a different truth in such a way that when it is subjected to a certain kind of analysis it turns out to seem but half a truth, and would naturally be thought of by the kindly disposed as the meanest misrepresentation. The truth about Serbia is difficult to tell, just as this other and more pleasing truth is, in Serbia, difficult to realize.

I think it is well for me to begin by saying that I am really very definitely pro-Serbian—not that Serbia appeals to my warmer sympathies or enlists my affectionate interest in any marked degree, but because, for the sake of human decency and in consideration of the hope that war cannot last always, it is up to us in our clean, honest strength to do everything in our power to help the Serbian people to fit themselves for association in the brotherhood of peoples.

I believe in giving to Serbia to the limit of our possibilities, and in continuing to give until permanent results have been achieved. I may claim for any unkind criticism I have to offer in this hour of Serbia's distress that it is unkind only to be kind. Serbia's men of affairs attempt to cover the unvarnished facts about Serbia, which they can see as clearly as anybody, with a gloss of specious excuse, basing all their appeals for assistance on an assumption of very great worthiness and on expositions of the country's dire extremity in the midst of heroic struggle. A false diagnosis is a dangerous thing to start from, and patent pills from a showy box never made much headway against a malady demanding a major operation. Serbia's needs are age-old and Serbia's defects are rooted in the marrow of her bones. Any superficial philanthropy not demanded by immediate crisis is worse than wasted; it is a wicked encouragement of the greed and helplessness in everyday things, which are so conspicuous in the Serbian character.

A Checkered History of Misrule

NOT believing that God is greatly concerned with the successes of armies, I am able to look on the underlying, real Serbia as fairly God-forsaken, and to say that when God forsook Serbia He left one of the most fertile fields in all the world for Christian missionary tillage. Serbia is Christian, but not even the mantle of charity can conceal the fact that she has few of the graces which Christianity is supposed to confer.

Serbia's history, taken in its broad general outlines, creates a false impression. When, for the sake of the casual reader, the writer of modern paragraphs rounds out the compelling unmodified statement that "the Serbian people suffered the degradation of five hundred years of Turkish rule," he purposely ignores the central facts of medieval history. It is not recorded that Christian succored Christian while Islam marvelously advanced; that liberty of conscience and individual right were held by Christians to be inviolable; or that any war was undertaken in those days with loftier purpose than that which carried the Ottoman standard westward to the shores of the Adriatic and northward to the boundaries of Poland. It is recorded, however, that on more than one occasion Serbian hordes fled from the "protection" of Christian states back to the tenderer mercies of their Islamic oppressors, and that a seventeenth-century sultan once, on viewing the pillaged wreck of a Serbian exile village in Hungary, was moved to exclaim: "Is this the way these Christians treat one another?"

To get wrathful at this late date, and for purposes of a certain kind of appeal, over Turkey's conquest of the divided and warring Serbian clans of the fourteenth century is straining a shade too far for an excuse for Serbia's present condition; to say that throughout the age of Turkish dominion she struggled continuously for religious liberty, instigated at times by Rome, aided and abetted at other times by the full strength of the Eastern Orthodox Church, is to account for her maintenance of a national consciousness and individuality, the "miraculousness" of which her advertising agents so frequently and so strongly emphasize. There would probably be no Serbia to-day if she had not been Christian to start with.

What has not been pointed out, and what might be considered an interesting part of the unwritten truth, is that "the degradation of five centuries of Turkish rule" seems to have made of Serbia the one horrible example; while about the various other nationalities which, simultaneously or in Serbia's wake, detached themselves from the once great Ottoman Empire, of which they had formed a part for as long a time as Serbia, we hear very little.

A century of battle for existence in strategic territory, for the possession of which at least two powerful neighbors unceasingly intrigued and contended, might be a sufficient explanation for almost anything to be seen in Serbia to-day; but the thought intrudes itself that after the final expulsion of the Turk from Serbian soil in 1830, and up to within comparatively recent years, the larger part of that long-drawn-out battle was fought with the pens and in the conferences of diplomacy. Also, during the long intervening period other peoples made and endured great wars; powerful unified nations came into being and rose to the proudest heights of development, and "the era of the world's greatest progress" passed. One has only to think that, since Serbia has been free from Turkish rule, the United States of America has fought both her Mexican War and her Civil War, and, with energy and ambition, right living and right thinking, has come into her tremendous own; that Japan, emerging from the paralyzing effects of three centuries of isolation, has been able within half the period to cut her name very near the top on the roster of modern nations. What that the world calls great has not happened since 1830? Yet Serbia, neighboring some of the greatest nations of Europe and in the very path of thundering progress, seems in her domestic life to have enjoyed the full benefits of nothing.

Five hundred years ago the Ottoman Empire was extended the length and the breadth of the Balkan Peninsula; five hundred years ago the velveted lords of England and Europe were eating with their fingers and bathing never; five hundred years ago the Serbian people were exactly what a vast majority of them are to-day—except possibly they were cleaner and happier.

As the most easily get-at-able and just now the pivotal point of Serbia's wretchedness, one might describe the city of Nish, the temporary capital. Belgrade possesses a few of the characteristics of a civilized community; but Belgrade is the single and sole exception in this regard among Serbian towns, and just now Belgrade is quite deserted, a city dead and in ruins. I have been nearly all over Serbia, mostly in a motor truck over her execrable roads or on horseback along her medieval trails; so I am not basing any broad generalities or sweeping statements on train-window impressions.

Wartime Life in Belgrade

TO DIGRESS for just a moment, when I was in Belgrade a few days ago I saw some of the more immediate and direct effects of war. I found accommodation in the only open hotel in the place—the inevitable "Grande," which in ordinary times would be about fifth-rate—and even that was not really open. Its shell-torn inner walls were shored up with timbers and scaffoldings, its dirt and its insects were the unmistakable accumulation of months, and its atmosphere was somber with a sadness indescribable. No meals were served except a curious variety of coffee and bread in the mornings, and one had to shift for food as best one could in a couple of dilapidated restaurants. The hotel staff consisted of just one pitiful, ragged, harassed little boy, who spoke not a word of any known language; while the proprietor, an unhealthy French-looking sort of Serb, seemed to have detached himself from all present considerations and to be living in a state of constant expectation of important eventualities.

Down the principal and only smoothly paved street in the town most of the shops were barred or boarded up, where shells had shattered their plate-glass fronts, and the most important visible occupation of the straggling few listless inhabitants was watching the frequent flights of Austrian and German aëroplanes over the Serbian positions, and counting the shells fired at them by the French gunners—shells which, bursting into a white cloud far in the air, revealed an aim most excitingly accurate, but a range irritatingly short. Sometimes, as a variation, French airmen would go up in pursuit, but they were always just far enough behind to allow the enemy time for a leisurely view of all he wanted to see and a pleasant

(Continued on Page 43)

A PINCH HIT IN VAUDEVILLE

By Bozeman Bulger

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Ain't There Some Other Place on the Bill You Can Put Us?"

SINCE it is all over now and Rube Vicks, the star left-hander, has gone back to pitching, I have a regular job as house manager, and I guess it is just as well that I didn't shoot him that first night at the old Garrick Theater. It might have prevented many of the gray hairs that came to me on the second night of the vaudeville performance—the night that he broke out of harness and almost wrecked the show—but I couldn't well afford to shoot him, at that. I was pretty badly in need of two weeks' work, and it would have knocked me out of the money I was to get as his theatrical adviser. By restraining my murderous impulses, due to an offended sense of art, it so happened that we got twenty weeks. And best of all—or worst of all, according to whether you are backstage or out in front—they want him to do it again next season at the same price.

I hope you have not gained the impression that I dislike the Rube. Far from it—I love him. Those first savage thoughts were probably due to a lifelong training which foolishly taught me that an actor ought to be able to act. Nobody rooted any harder for Rube Vicks to win that World's Series than I did. I was even permitted to room with him one night when his name was being featured on every front page in the country. Therefore I was not surprised when, on the first day of his entrance into vaudeville, I received a hurry call to come down and act as his personal manager. This was a sudden thought with him, just as impulsive as were the rest of his doings that upset the stage.

The minute I got into the dressing room and found three or four prominent actors, friends of the diamond star, collaborating on his make-up, I had a feeling that the big ball player was going to hand the stage a jolt in some unprotected spot. He demanded an explanation for every dab of grease paint, insisted on knowing why a dot of red in the corners of his eyes would make them look larger, and why sandy eyebrows would not show as well as black from the front. Vicks wanted to know the business of every other performer on the bill who happened to drop in the dressing room, just how much money they got and whether they were ever affected by the glare of the footlights. When they asked the Rube a question about baseball he would demand in return some information about the show business. And he wouldn't hesitate to tell them where he thought it could be improved.

In the course of these multitudinous inquiries Vicks discovered that he would have to send photographs and billing ahead, take care of press notices, know what callers to receive, and distribute tips to the proper persons at the end of the week. That is why he sent for me. I had known him as a ball player, and he explained that I could talk his language. He also knew that I was temporarily out of a job and had decided to pay me fifty dollars a week.

I earned the fifty. If worry over the opening performance and his amazing violation of all theatrical tradition the second night—oh, that second night—could be estimated in money, my salary would have been greater than his. And he was getting fifteen hundred dollars a week! But I am getting away from that dressing room.

All of the business plans which I have mentioned were given to me in broken sentences as the Rube wriggled, fretted and swore under the process of make-up. When his actor friends had put on the finishing touches they let Vicks up and permitted him to view the completed job in a mirror. He shuddered.

Round his brow they had left the strip of white bandage used to protect his hair from the grease paint. It made him think of a Greek statesman or one of those rah-rah boys who plays tennis with a band round his head, he wasn't sure which. The great left-hander regarded the pink cheeks, the penciled eyebrows and the bandage ruefully, not knowing that the latter would be removed when he was ready to go on.

"Long as I've started I'll go through," he announced resignedly. "I ain't no quitter. But say," he added, "if you let a ball player in here before I get this stuff off my face I'll shoot the doortender. There ain't a one of them that wouldn't call me Baseball Annie, and the worst of it is, they'd win."

The Rube then went out to look for his partner and also to see if anybody round the stage would make fun of his make-up. For a partner the southpaw had engaged Sallie Sunshine—or, rather, she had engaged him. Herself a star in the two-a-day, Miss Sunshine—she always insisted that it was her real name—had persuaded Rube Vicks to go into vaudeville, convincing him that he would be a sure-fire hit. Her private object was to use him as a bludgeon over the booking office. Her many tilts with the managers, due to temperamental outbursts, had resulted in her being practically debarred from the big time, and the signing of the Rube was her chance to get back. The widely advertised name of Rube Vicks, the baseball hero, appealed to the booking offices as a drawing card, and they consented to take Sallie with him.

The vaudeville stage at that time had gone wild over freak acts, to the joy of the box offices and very much to the disgust of the regular, legitimate performers. Anything that draws people into a theater out of curiosity, and with no expectation of genuine entertainment, is to us show people a freak act. Any woman who had figured in a murder trial or who had founded one of those new schools of thought, with enough success to get in the newspapers, was good for two weeks at least. Two girls who had taken a shot at a millionaire, furnishing the daily press with scandal for a week or more, held the headline position in one vaudeville house for a month. A ball player was sure fire.

Rube having found Miss Sunshine in her dressing room, through the door of which I could hear them mumbling their lines, I took a look round the back of the stage to see if everything was set. A song-and-dance team was doing a turn in front of the drop—an act "in one" we call it in stage lingo—so as to give us a chance to get ready for a full stager. It is hard for an amateur to work "in one," and Miss Sunshine had made it as easy for the ball player as possible. She had arranged an exterior setting, shade trees, park benches, sky-blue background with spouting fountain, and all that sort of thing.

It has always been a strange thing to me that no exterior scene can be put on the stage without a fountain, nor an interior without a center-door fancy, as we call it. As a matter of fact, very few parks have fountains, and I never saw a center-door fancy in a real house in my life. They are those big, double doors with an arch over them, hung with red-plush curtains—always red—that lead from an imaginary passageway back-stage to the living room, library or boudoir into which the audience is looking. Through the center-door fancy the hero always enters and exits, as do the policeman, the chauffeur, the burglar, and the wife torn with emotions.

But they had no center-door fancy for Rube Vicks. The scenic frame for his attack on the stage was to be a plain, regular, stock-set exterior. It didn't exactly fit a full-dress appearance, but rather than have two sets Miss Sunshine had ingeniously explained that the Rube, first appearing in baseball uniform, would be coming home from the game, and that in stage time it would be twilight when he donned his street clothes. Naturally this would make it after dark, theoretically, by the time he donned his full-dress regalia and came on to take her to a dance, theater or dinner party, as the case might be in the manuscript. His contract demanded that he appear in all three.

"Besides," she told me, "by the time he's been on ten minutes they'll forget about the scenery."

None of these details interested the Rube. His instructions were to stand in the wings and wait, until pushed on by one of the stage hands who had been given the music cue. This stage hand was also one of those who had to be tipped two dollars at the end of the week.

After seeing that everything was in readiness for the début of our star I sent the call boy to notify Vicks and Miss Sunshine that they were on next. This precaution, however, was unnecessary. In the little walkway between the stage and the dressing rooms I found the Rube, a moment later, walking nervously up and down, going over his cues. I had no idea as to the nature of the act, but knew enough about my business not to begin asking questions at this late hour.

The song-and-dance people finished their turn and skipped into the wings near where I stood, awaiting a big hand that would recall them for another number. They had made good all right. The applause was unusually generous. This was due somewhat to their own stunt, but more so, probably, to the fact that the much-talked-of baseball act would follow. That is one of the advantages of going on in advance of the headliner.

"Are you folks ready?" the man in the act asked me. "If you are not we can hold 'em for five minutes yet. It's a great crowd out there to-night."

"We are ready," I replied, but he didn't hear me.

On a big encore he and his partner ran back and sang another song, winding up with an eccentric dance that was really good. They would have hogged the show for another two minutes, but the call boy cut them off by hanging out the card announcing Rube Vicks.

Every performer on the bill, stage hands, house manager and visitors rushed to the wings to get a good view of the new act. Miss Sunshine had neglected to have an order issued forbidding this occupancy of the wings, a condition more disconcerting to the performers than playing to the most critical audience in the world. The actor, looking into the faces of his fellow performers in the wings, often becomes so panic-stricken, especially in a new production, that he misses his lines.

Facing this terrible jury—unseen by the audience—and the feeling of responsibility for the act caused Miss Sunshine to skip part of her opening lyric and mix up the orchestra. Luckily it was one of those good-natured audiences, and nobody seemed to care as long as there was yet a chance to see Rube Vicks, the famous southpaw, actually appear on the stage. Still, she gave us a cutting look that spoke much.

Sallie's opening song was merely an excuse to introduce the Rube, and a missed line here and there made little difference. She sang about baseball stars, baseball crowds, and then wound up with a line:

"But there's always one who'll answer the call."

That was the cue, and Vicks, shoved by the faithful stage hand, came lumbering on the stage, his face breaking into a broad, sheepish grin. He was attired in his regular baseball uniform and swung a fingered glove in his left hand. Presumably he was just leaving the diamond after a hard-fought victory, but just how a ball player managed to get into a public park with a fountain in the back and a pretty girl singing in front was never made clear in the plot. It wasn't necessary.

The moment that crowd of first-nighters, mostly fans, caught a glimpse of the great left-hander, they broke into tumultuous applause that lasted for fully a minute. Rube bowed and scraped repeatedly, awkwardly doffing his cap as he had done on the diamond after striking out the side.

"I'd work all my life to get a reception like that," spoke a voice close to my ear, and I looked round to find Paloma La Pearl, star of a little comedy team, watching the act over my shoulder.

"And think of it," she added—"it's his first time on the stage!"

Miss La Pearl was the better half of a team known as Burns and La Pearl, Mirth Provokers Extraordinaire, and always insisted on the act being billed just that way. Another member of the team was a baby girl, unknown to the public but one of the pets of all vaudeville. A maid was holding the tot on her shoulder that she might also see. I had known of Burns and La Pearl for years—their real name was Mr. and Mrs. Sanders—and of their

devotion to each other; of their lifelong efforts to develop an act that would draw something like headline money. Burns stood in the wing next to us, his face a study in change of expression. Being an ardent baseball fan, but prejudiced against left-handed pitchers in general, he would appraise the Rube with a keen, expert look. Then he would scowl in envy as if to say:

"What is art to a fellow when a green boob can come on for the first time and get a hand like that?"

I was about to agree with La Pearl that it was a wonderful reception, when she spoke again.

"And it's just our luck," she complained, "to have to follow a turn like that just when we are putting on new stuff."

Suddenly there came a hush of expectancy. Miss Sunshine was about to address the Rube.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you came along, Mr. Vicks," spoke Miss Sunshine; "there are so many things about baseball that I want to know. Tell me first, what does a ball do when it stops rolling?"

We could almost hear the lump running up and down in Rube's throat as he tried to articulate. Twice he moistened his lips nervously.

"Why," he finally answered with a sickly smirk, "it looks—why, it looks—it looks about!"

Miss Sunshine grew pale even under her grease paint. We knew that Vicks had got his line twisted someway, but the audience laughed just the same, and Sallie was equal to the occasion.

"Get it right this time," she whispered to him without the slightest change of expression in her face. Then aloud:

"What are you trying to do, Mr. Vicks—kid us?" Sallie broke into a peal of good stage laughter, the Rube staring at her in utter helplessness.

"What I asked you," she went on, "was: What does a ball do when it stops rolling?"

Vicks then realized his mistake.

"Why," he replied, "it looks round!"

Now, I don't ask you to take my word for it, for I can produce a hundred witnesses to prove that a crowd of fourteen hundred supposedly intelligent people honestly laughed for nearly a half minute at that old gag. In the next wing I could hear Burns mumbling something about what could be expected of a left-hander.

"After that," he proclaimed in a stage whisper that we all could hear, "if she would hit him over the head with a stuffed club or a bladder, the act would be a riot, I reckon. The ball looks round, eh?" His snort of disgust caused a suppressed titter all over the stage. La Pearl ordered him to keep quiet.

Burns, still a fan, evinced real interest when Miss Sunshine asked Rube Vicks to show her how all the curves were pitched, how the signals came from the catcher, and the usual stuff that makes ball players appear so mysterious and knowing on the stage. She got laughs out of it too. For instance:

"To pitch the outcurve," Rube was explaining, "I put my first finger on this seam"—he indicated by placing his fingers on the seams of a baseball so that the audience could see—"my other finger on this seam and my thumb on this seam ——"

"So it seems!" interrupted Miss Sunshine, and the audience actually broke into applause.

"Ma," Burns called to Miss La Pearl in a hoarse stage whisper, "you better pack up your trunks if you don't want to witness a murder. Nobody can do that and live."

Again there was a titter from the performers, and Sallie Sunshine, who had heard, gave Burns a withering look.

The act had proceeded five minutes when the Rube announced in the chanting voice of a little boy saying his Friday afternoon piece:

"My shower is waiting and I must change my clothes. You will wait?"

That got him off and Sallie did another song-and-dance until the ball player returned, togged out just as you see one of those fellows in a clothing advertisement.

There was a rustic-seat conversation in which the diamond star explained some more secrets of the game to Miss Sunshine, and also intimated that he could learn to like her very much. This the audience found riotously funny, but the best it got out of Burns was a snort of disgust.

"Then you will take me to the dance?" asked the young woman.

"I would take you to heaven," was the Rube's gallant line, which was also his cue to hustle to the dressing room and don his evening clothes while Sallie did another number. This time she put in some imitations which went even better than the song.

The great southpaw came back on time, dressed up like one of Vanderbilt's horses—meaning, in stage language, the last thing in niftiness. He wore a fancy vest, plug hat, pumps, gloves, cane and all. The only thing missing, according to Burns, was martingales.

I had stood for a lot up to this time, and my dizziness at the next move will be excused, I hope, when I tell you

He Caught Sight of Burns, La Pearl and Little Noma in the Wings

that Rube Vicks walked right out on that stage and with his plug hat on did a waltz with Sallie Sunshine.

It wasn't the plug hat that I minded—but that waltz! The only mitigating circumstance was that Rube was light on her feet.

That closed the act. Off they went by the painted fountain, while the audience broke into roof-raising applause. Still unsatisfied, they made Vicks return and make a speech.

And, mind you, for that they got fifteen hundred dollars!

The return to the dressing room was a triumphal one. The southpaw and Sallie Sunshine had put the act over. Celebrities of all kinds, coming from who knows where, flocked in to offer congratulations. Flushed with his success, fifteen minutes of this talk almost convinced Rube that he could really act.

In the excitement I had forgotten about Burns and La Pearl, Mirth Provokers Extraordinaire. I had intended watching their turn, which I had been told was full of brand-new material. They had expected the success to which they had been looking forward for twelve years, a period that had meant for them many heartbreaks and struggles with poverty, due to small booking. But they were all done and off the stage before I knew it. Their act had fallen flat.

Seeing the crowd in the Rube's dressing room, in which were several women, La Pearl, as she came off, stuck her head in the door to offer the usual congratulations deemed necessary by fellow performers.

"You got your stuff over nicely, Mr. Vicks," she said to the ball player. "That act ought to make you a lot of money."

"How do things look for you?" asked Miss Sunshine.

"Oh, I don't know," La Pearl answered wearily. "I can't play baseball, and as I am too tender-hearted to shoot a millionaire it looks like we are going to have a tough winter."

Everybody, knowing the recent feeling toward freak acts, laughed at the little comedienne's wit, but suddenly stopped short as she burst into tears and ran to her dressing room. We all looked at each other, puzzled. A call boy, who had just come in to admire the ball player at close range, explained:

"As soon as the baseball act was over," he said, "the crowd walked out and left Burns and La Pearl flat. They had some good stuff too."

Vicks was deeply interested. The boy's remark had set him thinking.

"Do they often treat the regular actors that way?" he asked.

"It always happens when an act has to follow a headliner," Miss Sunshine explained without much show of sympathy. Experience had made her more callous to these little tragedies of disappointment back of the scenes. "The fact that they fell down," she added, "only proves to the booking office that you were the drawing card. Soon as the crowd saw you they got what they had come for and went home."

"Then, why wouldn't it be a good idea to put us on last?" he asked.

"Not while I'm running the act," announced Sallie. "Why, the audience'd be laughed out before it come our turn. Can you imagine," she asked of one of the performers, "a headliner standing for being put down next to the pictures?"

"I guess it's all right," said Vicks, but it was evident that this turn of affairs had disturbed him not a little. He was a big, guileless, open-hearted boy, and that little woman's tears had put a decided check on his exultation over having actually gone on the stage and got away with it.

Being of the stage and knowing its trials and hardships, I understood; but I would not attempt to explain it to him. These things he would have to learn from experience.

"I'm going to see that act of theirs to-night," announced our star, breaking the silence. Miss Sunshine's accompanying laugh seemed harsh.

"Good idea," she commented, a touch of sarcasm in her voice; "they might be pulling some of our stuff by this time. Burns and La Pearl, you know, have a reputation for being pretty good choosers from other people's acts."

With that she bade us good-night and went to her own dressing room, not realizing what an impression she had left behind. The Rube looked at his partner curiously as she walked away, and then relapsed into a brown study, from which I aroused him with the suggestion that it was time he was taking off his make-up.

"Coldblooded, these show people, ain't they?" he remarked, and began dabbing into a jar of cold cream, which he smeared on his painted face.

"Do I have to do this twice a day?" he asked—"putting on and taking off this make-up?"

"Sure you do."

"Say, Bill," he suddenly concluded, "this fifteen hundred dollars ain't no easy money."

At that moment we heard the rustle of persons moving in the little corridor outside, and the door to our dressing room was cautiously shoved open about six inches. In the crack appeared the baby face of Noma, La Pearl's little girl, eying the Rube curiously.

"Come in, little lady," he called to her cheerily, and started for the door.

"No, no!" and she backed off in alarm. "You take bread and butter from show people. Mamma said so."

The stage tot might as well have struck the ball player in the face with a whip. For a moment he stood dumfounded.

"Noma, come here!" her mother called. "How often do I have to tell you to stay in the dressing room until the maid comes for you?"

The child began to cry as she was forcibly escorted down the corridor.

"That's all right, now," we could hear the mother pacifying when they were in their own dressing room; "the maid'll take you out for a walk and we'll be back after supper. Yes, and we are going to bring you an ice-cream cone and some cake."

"Bill," the Rube turned to me as we heard Burns and La Pearl going out, "I don't feel right somehow. Say, if that woman'll stand for it I want you to go out and buy that baby the biggest doll in the world and a bucket of ice cream."

I advised him to wait until he got better acquainted, explaining that some theatrical people are very sensitive. He did so reluctantly.

That night Rube Vicks waited in the wings, after the curtain had fallen on the baseball act, and saw Burns and La Pearl work. I was curious myself by this time and stood with him.

It was one of the neatest turns I ever saw. Both of them could sing and dance cleverly, and their comedy lines, unlike the usual patter, were clean and clear cut. The stuff was brand new, and I discovered afterward that they had paid five hundred dollars to have it written by an expert, an author whose name had figured on Broadway billing.

In the middle of the act the couple did an awful funny burlesque of a baseball catcher and the umpire in an argument over a pitched ball. It was all in pantomime, but done so cleverly that anyone familiar with the game could follow the mimic argument with perfect understanding. Rube Vicks laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. But there was no applause!

"How do you dope that out?" asked Vicks.

It was just as much of a puzzle to me. Curiosity impelled me to peep round the edge of the wing at the audience. Then I understood. I made room so that the Rube could also see.

Half the men and women in the audience were walking up the aisles. Others were putting on wraps. The general confusion prevented those who remained from hearing or seeing clearly what was happening on the stage.

"It's a darn shame," exclaimed Vicks. "They are walking out on the best act on the bill."

Just as Sallie Sunshine had said, these people had been drawn into the theater to see a great baseball star try to act. Having been satisfied, they were ready to go. This was not a novel sight to me. In fact, I remember when variety theaters used to employ acts known as chasers, which were put on to clear the house so that it could be made ready for the next performance. This was in the cheaper theaters where they had two shows in a single evening. I've often watched these departing patrons—walk-outs we called them—and wondered what they would do if someone should act that rudely in their own homes. I guess it is hard for them to understand, though, that an actor—even a bad one—has human feelings.

When the act ended without an encore La Pearl ran through the wings, weeping hysterically. Burns scowled at Vicks as he passed. Little Noma, seeing her mother in tears, also began to weep sympathetically.

"Mamma, won't we get the house in the country?" she wailed, evidently recalling some dressing-room plans she had overheard. "Won't I get the little pony and the cart?"

Burns caught his wife by the arm and was leading her into the dressing room, when they met the stage manager. I stopped to hear what I knew was coming, and I noticed that the Rube also had waited.

"Ain't there some other place on the bill you can put us?" Burns asked. "We are dying the death of a dog down here next to the pictures."

"If we move one of the other acts down they'll also kick," hedged the stage manager. "I know it's tough, but you can hold 'em."

"Hold 'em nothing," snapped La Pearl, brushing away her tears. "That baseball act is killing us dead and you know it. Hasn't a regular act got no chance at all any more? After the matinée our agent told us that if this kept up we wouldn't have a chance of getting the twenty weeks we counted on. You know it's so too."

"And we are playing a five-hundred-dollar act at two-fifty now," added Burns bitterly.

"We've worked for this chance for twelve years," said La Pearl without giving the manager a chance to speak, "and if you don't move us up on this bill we'll have to work twelve more."

"I'm afraid the baseball act wouldn't stand for you putting on that pantomime ahead of them," the stage manager suggested.

"Bet your life we wouldn't!" Miss Sunshine, who had been listening, called out from her dressing room. "You don't think we are going to have our act crabbed, do you?"

"Do something, won't you?" pleaded La Pearl, ignoring the interruption from Sallie Sunshine. Tears again formed in the comedienne's big black eyes.

"Now, listen," said the manager soothingly; "calm yourself down and forget about this, and I'll see what can be done."

To show people of experience this meant that he would do nothing, and Burns and La Pearl were under no misapprehension.

Vicks and I went to our dressing room, neither having uttered a word. Evidently the ball player didn't feel like talking, and I saw no occasion to interrupt his train of thought. As he began to remove his grease paint we could hear, through the thin partitions, Burns and La Pearl talking earnestly in their dressing room.

"Jack," the wife was saying, "we might as well pass up that idea of the bungalow. There ain't a chance!"

"Oh, I don't know," he argued to pacify her, "things may break better. You never can tell."

"Break better! Why, we are working for two-fifty now, and it's a cinch we lose the Western time on the report that goes out from here. I only hope that every ball player in the world loses all the games he pitches the rest of his life, and that there never is another home run knocked."

"Don't blame them," advised the husband, still an ardent fan; "they can't help it. Everybody's looking for the dough. At that, I don't see how a left-hander like this Rube, with nothing but a slow curve, comes in to be a headliner. Now, if Matty ——"

"Don't talk baseball to me," she interrupted as Rube and myself smiled. "Why don't they stay on the diamond, where they belong? You go out there and root for them, and then they come in here and take bread and butter out of the mouths of theatrical people who've worked all their lives to make good. What's the use of trying? I did want to bring little Noma up out there in the country," she added bitterly, "but I guess that kind of life ain't for stage folks."

"Mamma, won't I get the pony?" we could hear the child whimper; "and—and—won't there be no cart and a whip with a ribbon on it?"

Our eavesdropping was interrupted by the arrival of two or three newspaper men, the regular baseball writers, who had come to interview Vicks, their friend, on his experience as an actor.

We heard no more of Burns and La Pearl that night.

This visit of the scribes, as Rube always referred to them, seemed to put new life into the southpaw, and he insisted on all of us going out for a bite to eat at one of the Broadway cabarets. Seated round the table Vicks told of his stage adventure with the excited enthusiasm of a boy after playing in his first important ball game. Things that were commonplace to me appeared to be intensely amusing and interesting to Rube and his friends.

Conversation was interrupted by one of the cabaret singers, and while waiting for her to finish I could see that Rube's mind was not on the music.

"Bill," he said to me when the song had ended, "are you a theatrical guy at heart, or are you a regular fellow like us?"

This sudden query, coming as it did, had me stumped for a minute. Though I couldn't think of a suitable answer, I knew exactly what he meant.

"I mean," he amplified, "do you think a ball player like me is doing the right thing to put that little couple on the bum? Am I doing the square thing to butt into their business?"

"Oh, those things are always occurring on the stage," I explained. "You shouldn't take them to heart. If you don't get the money somebody else will. It's just hard luck for them, that's all."

"I know," he said; "but what'd we fellows think if some outsider should come buttin' into our baseball business like that, knocking good fellows out of a job?"

"Oh, that's all right. After a good night's sleep and you've seen the morning papers things will look different to you."

"What's it all about?" asked one of the baseball writers. "Something happened, Rube?"

Vicks looked at me inquiringly. He was aching to talk, but I cautioned him by a shake of the head.

"No, No! You Take Bread and Butter From Show People. Mamma Said So"

"Oh, it don't amount to nothing," he said to the newspaper men. "I'll tell you sometime. But say," he added with the suddenness of a new thought, "you fellows do me a favor and come to the show to-morrow night, will you? There's a chance for you to help me pull something."

They all agreed to do so. I felt sure that Vicks had made up his mind to do something out of the ordinary, and it caused me a lot of anxiety. Hint as I would, though, I could get nothing out of him.

He talked freely with his newspaper friends, but I had a feeling that he was a little wary of making a confidant of me, because I was in the show business.

The next morning every paper in town had a half-column story about the stage début of Rube Vicks, all of them in a humorous vein, and on one or two of the sporting pages there were cartoons. In the regular theatrical columns the other acts were merely mentioned as having been on the bill. In all the New York press there was not a single word of comment on the work of Burns and La Pearl.

"Regular actors couldn't get that much publicity if they'd put on The Rivals with the original cast," I heard La Pearl saying as we went into the theater the next night.

A booking agent had called on Burns and La Pearl during the afternoon's performance, to return a dozen contracts unsigned. I mentioned this to the Rube as we started to make him up for the night show.

"Huh," he grunted reflectively, "and all that hard luck comes from me and that Sunshine buttin' in, I reckon."

The audience that night was not quite so large as at the opening, but it was a lively crowd and everything on the bill went with a whoop. The Rube read his lines with much more intelligence and, having discovered where the laughs would come, nursed them unusually well for an amateur. Sallie Sunshine was radiant. Her star showed symptoms of being able to get by on merit. He would be her theatrical meal ticket for weeks to come. Then, when he had served her purpose, she could go right on doing her single turn as if there had never been any trouble with the booking office. It had never occurred to Sallie that the Rube might harbor the rather heartless observations she had made the night before. It had never occurred to me either. Otherwise I might have been prepared.

As Vicks neared his turn and was about to go into the waltz he caught sight of Burns, La Pearl and little Noma in the wings. He has told me often since that night that all he could think of, while looking at these people, was that bungalow in the country.

Peeping through a hole in the wings I saw Rube's three newspaper friends seated down front. Apparently they were enjoying immensely the spectacle of Vicks waltzing with a plug hat on.

I gave the signal for dropping the curtain with a feeling of relief, but there was still a chance for him to do something unexpected. He had asked the scribes to come to the theater for some definite purpose, I knew. What it was I could not fathom, but he was about to make his curtain speech and I had not long to wait.

(Continued on Page 45)

The Only Mitigating Circumstance Was That Rube Was Light on Her Feet

GHOST CITIES OF THE WEST

Bad, B-a-d Bodie—By Charles E. Van Loan

I'M A B-A-D man from Bodie!" Nobody knows who said it first or how the sentence found its way into California slang, where it had a great vogue thirty years ago. Variety-hall performers, soon to call themselves vaudeville artists, used it to get a laugh and labeled it "hokum"—sure fire.

Schoolboys about to fight bolstered up their courage by asserting that they were bad men from Bodie. Newspaper paragraphers made much of the catchword and it survives to this day.

Bodie died, but the reputation of her bad man lived, outshining even that other wicked celebrity, the bad man from Bitter Creek, so well and unfavorably known in Wyoming. I have seen Bitter Creek and I have seen Bodie, and on appearance alone the championship belt is unhesitatingly awarded to the latter. Bodie was not only b-a-d, but anyone taking a look at her surroundings would have known that she could not help being bad, and been afraid of her. Even now the appearance of the empty shell bears out her evil reputation. Bodie was bad and still looks it.

The Widest and Wickedest Street in the West—Main Street, Bodie

Imagine a desolate, treeless plain, nearly two miles above the level of the sea, raked daily by strong winds; a plain hot in summer and cold in winter; a plain dotted with sagebrush for five months in the year and blanketed with snow for seven; a plain guarded on three sides by bleak, monotonous hills—and this is Bodie Flat.

Imagine a steep barrier blocking the East, heaving itself upward to a ragged sky line, notched and saw-toothed because of great ore dumps; a mountain made more forbidding than Nature intended it should be, even in dreary Mono County; a mountain seamed and scarred and gashed by human agencies—and this is Bodie Bluff.

Imagine a town in the shade of that bluff, sprawling, dirty, unkempt, huddled on each side of a wide muddy street; a town of frame buildings and shacks, without a single garden or any green thing; a town of sixty-five saloons and gambling hells and dance halls; a riotous, uproarious community, suffering with an itch of the trigger finger; a town of stray dogs and rusty cans and empty bottles—this was Bodie in 1879.

Bodie Flat, Bodie Bluff and Bodie Town—can you wonder that the bad men were bad? If morals are the result of environment the marvel is that the bad men were not worse! In her feverish prime Bodie boasted of the widest street in any Western mining camp, the wickedest men and the worst climate out of doors. She still has the street and the climate, but the bad men have gone. Most of them are in the Bodie graveyard, and where they went from there makes not the slightest difference. After Bodie, the next world could have held no terrors for them.

The Story of Bill Bodie

WE CAME on the camp toward evening, seeing it first from a distance. The sun had gone down, leaving the Bodie Flat flooded with the wonderful half light that comes to plateau countries between sunset and dusk. There was no glaring contrast of sun and shade, and each detail, though softened, was mercilessly revealed. Far ahead, across a brown plain, flecked here and there with snow, was the home of the bad men.

At first glance it seemed smaller than it should have been, but only because it was dwarfed by its tremendous background. The town, which had once housed ten thousand turbulent souls, was all there. Smoke should have been rising from hundreds of chimneys; we searched the sky for a feather of it in vain. Nowhere could we find sign of life of any sort—not even a grazing cow. A live town looks alive even at a distance and some dead ones are deceiving to the eye at close range; but the moment the stranger sees Bodie ahead he knows that, in her case, even the coroner would be a little late.

On the steep slope behind the town loomed the great buildings of the Standard Mine, their tall, cold stacks stiff as sentinels against the sky. As we came nearer we were able to make out other mills and hoisting works on Bodie Bluff—tumble-down affairs for the most part—and all about them the wreck and ruin of mining enterprise, the visible symbols of blasted hopes: rusting machinery, twisted lengths of steel cable, overturned ore cars, wagons without wheels, wooden tanks bursting from their steel bands, and the stark skeletons that had once been trestles.

Soon we were in the town itself and trundling down the wide Main Street. On either side were boarded windows and barred doors and empty houses—cold welcome to a stranger. An old man came out of a saloon to look at us and, after satisfying his curiosity, went back in and slammed the door. I did not blame him. The wind that blows from Bodie Cañon at nightfall has searching qualities and must be trying on old bones. My friend Bill put his foot on the brake and looked about him, shivering.

"We've been hunting for dead towns, haven't we?" said he. "Some of 'em admitted it and some didn't, but here's one that won't have to say a word. B-r-r! Better let the water out of the radiator, eh? It's going to freeze to-night, sure!"

That night we found food, fire and congenial company; and while the Bodie wind howled down Main Street, just as it howled forty years ago, we sat by a red-hot stove and the old men told us the story of bold, bad Bodie before she died. As the Bodie of to-day is nothing but the cold, empty clay from which the spirit has departed, her story must be the story the old men told. Sorted out, arranged in order and verified—alas, one must check up on the old men or be betrayed into weird statements—this is the story of Bodie:

The town took its name from a placer miner who first found gold on the Flat, somewhere between what is now the Standard Mine and the old Red Cloud Shaft. William S. Bodie he called himself; and he must have had a certain amount of force of character and individuality, because he rubber-stamped the entire region of his discovery—Bodie, Bodie Flat, Bodie Bluff and Bodie Cañon. The only thing he missed was a river; but, for all I know, he may have given his name to one of the streams of the region. Why not?

Bodie did not find enough gold to set the country afire, but he found enough to bring him company. In time the placer miners and pocket miners of Tuolumne and Calaveras heard about the strike beyond Bridgeport, and one by one they loaded up their burros and drifted leisurely eastward, prospecting the country as they went. Most of them were oldish men, forty-niners, so long at the gold-mining business that all they hoped for was fair gravel and the equivalent of days' pay. They settled down in the lee of Bodie Bluff and began scratching at the Flat or pecking at the red hillside. They found gold enough to keep them there for years, a small community of peaceable, hard-working men—not the sort to develop the resources of a new country or discover anything very far underground. They were making a living, which was all they asked or expected. There were no bad men in Bodie in those days.

The Old Syndicate Mill in Bodie Cañon

Bill Bodie might have lived to become their patriarch but for an unfortunate trip into the Sonora district. On the return journey a terrific snowstorm caught him four miles from home—a howling gale out of the North. Bodie knew better than to try to reach camp in such weather. He built a rude shelter among the rocks and settled down to outlast the storm; but the storm outlasted him. Next spring the miners found his body and buried it on the spot—four miles from home. Then they went back to their diggings.

The camp drifted along into the seventies without attracting a great deal of attention. High up on the Bluff some men sunk a shaft and took out of it small quantities of gold-bearing quartz, which they crushed, Mexican fashion, in arrastres. The gold thus secured amounted to little more than fair wages; but, as it was better than nothing, the owners of the claim kept at it.

At a depth of two hundred and fifty feet they opened up several stopes—chambers made by the removal of ore. These stopes should have been timbered, but the owners weighed the risk of life and limb against the price of wood and decided to take chances. Wood has always been and will always be the scarcest thing in Bodie. One night the wall came down with a crash; and when the owners went into the shaft to estimate the damage done they found that the cave-in had exposed a large body of ore.

"Now," said they, "is a pretty good time to sell, when we've really got something in sight."

Wages Paid in Mining Stock

IT WOULD have been a better time to find out what they were selling; but they had been digging in that hole in the ground for years, with small profit, and the immediate dollar tempted them, just as it tempted the original locators on the Comstock.

Fearing they were asking too much, they put a price of sixty-five thousand dollars on the property, and Col. John F. Boyd, of Idaho, took one look at the ore in sight and clinched the bargain with a small payment, arranging for the rest in installments. This was the beginning of the Standard Mine.

The old Syndicate Mill, down Bodie Cañon, was pressed into service to run the ore and in no time at all the Standard had produced its purchase price. The next move was to build a mill near the shaft—the one that overlooks the town at present—and the mine paid for this handily.

In 1877 the Standard began to pay monthly dividends, and these continued, without a single interruption, for eight years. The dividends ranged between fifty thousand and two hundred thousand dollars, and at Christmastime it was customary to declare an extra dividend of one hundred thousand dollars, "with the compliments of the season"—a very pretty practice borrowed from the boom days on the Comstock. Millions came out of that hole in the ground; millions were paid in dividends—and all, if you please, at the cost of that first small payment!

One great success in a gold camp invariably breeds a litter of "wildcats," and Bodie had some of the wildest wildcats on record—mines opened up with an eye to stock manipulation and the stripping of the unwary investor. Among these was the Bodie Mine, often spoken of as *the* wildcat.

This mine sank a shaft on the Bluff, and at a depth of two hundred and fifty feet the men began to run crosscuts in the hope of intersecting the vein on which the Standard was at work. They did not find this vein where they expected it would be and the stock dropped to twenty-five cents a share.

The management had almost no ready money—there being no sale for "Bodie"—and creditors were asked to accept stock certificates in lieu of cash—beautifully engraved documents, made to sell but not to keep. In those days the burning question was not how to get stock in the Bodie, but how to keep from getting stuck with too much of it. Often the miners themselves were paid off in stock certificates, and thus the four-dollar-a-day employee received ninety-six shares in the Bodie Mine at the end of the week. Everybody had it—merchants, saloonkeepers,

Chinese laundrymen, for a Chink will gamble on anything, and does. Everybody had Bodie stock and nobody could get rid of it.

In the meantime the men underground continued crosscutting, and at a point beyond where they had expected to find the Standard vein they picked up a tiny stringer of very rich ore as wide as a man's little finger. The officials of the mine—the "insiders," who held most of the stock—did not attach much importance to this discovery, or to the next, which was another stringer of the same kind of ore, perhaps two inches in width. Finally they gave up hope of finding the Standard vein and began to "drift" on the two stringers—that is to say, follow them—in the hope of coming on the main ore body. About this time there was a mysterious rise in Bodie stock. When it reached one dollar a share the insiders saw a chance to unload and they began cautiously easing whole blocks of Bodie into the market. They got rid of their holdings at prices ranging between one and three dollars; and when they had no more stock to sell they were amazed and chagrined to see that Bodie continued to climb.

This inexplicable rise puzzled the officers of the company. They began to suspect that they might have overlooked a bet; so they sent for an eminent mining expert and asked him to make a report on the property. He took some time to the job—particularly an examination of that second stringer, now several inches wide—and turned in a report which made the insiders very sick indeed. He told the officers of the company something that the wise old four-dollar-a-day miners had known for weeks; told them that they were unquestionably on the eve of opening up a fabulously rich body of gold ore. He also advised them to buy back their stock at any price up to ten dollars a share.

The insiders did not find it so easy to buy Bodie as it had been to sell it. The miners had been talking among themselves and to their friends. They, who had been thought to be the despised outsiders, were the insiders after all. They had seen that second stringer widening from day to day without diminishing in richness, and they had taken all the Bodie stock they could get their horny hands on and advised their friends to buy it wherever they could find it. It was the miners themselves who had been responsible for the mysterious rise in the stock; they had faith in the Bodie Mine.

When the big men came back into the market as purchasers they found hard sledding in Bodie Town. The stock was to be picked up in San Francisco and elsewhere; but for the most part the little fellows, the day laborers—the Common People—preferred to hold on to their Bodie certificates.

They had seen the stringer first.

In June, 1878, the wildcat popped out of the bag—a fat, tame feline after all. The slim streak of crumbly, sugary quartz the miners had been following suddenly opened out like a fan, disclosing a vein of ore six feet wide and of such amazing richness in free gold that the vein glittered yellow in the candlelight. They had struck it rich—richer than rich—in the Bodie.

Bill Bodie Comes Into His Own

ONCE more the old Syndicate Mill was pressed into service, and at the end of a month's run of that ore the Bodie Mine declared a dividend of one million dollars.

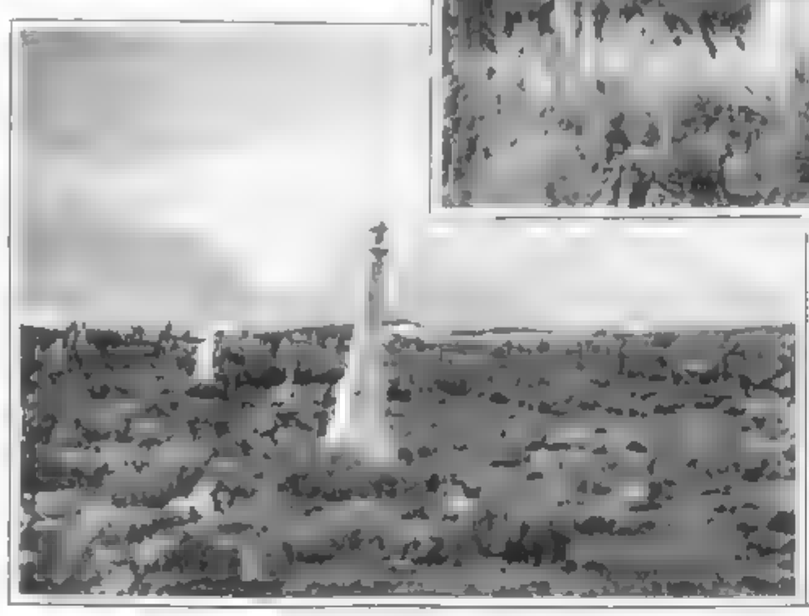
"And then," said a Bodie veteran, "was when hell coughed!"

For once in their lives the Common People were in on a very fat thing—in on the ground floor, with the rent paid in advance. The stock that had gone begging at twenty-five cents took an upward bound to the tune of twenty-two thousand per cent. In other words, the Chinaman who had taken one share of Bodie for washing a shirt found himself in possession of a scrap of paper worth fifty-five dollars. The miner who had worked a week and taken his ninety-six shares was richer by fifty-two hundred and eighty dollars—and it was not paper money either. San Francisco was sitting up and begging for Bodie, anxious and willing to pay the top price for it in gold coin fresh from the Mint on Fifth Street.

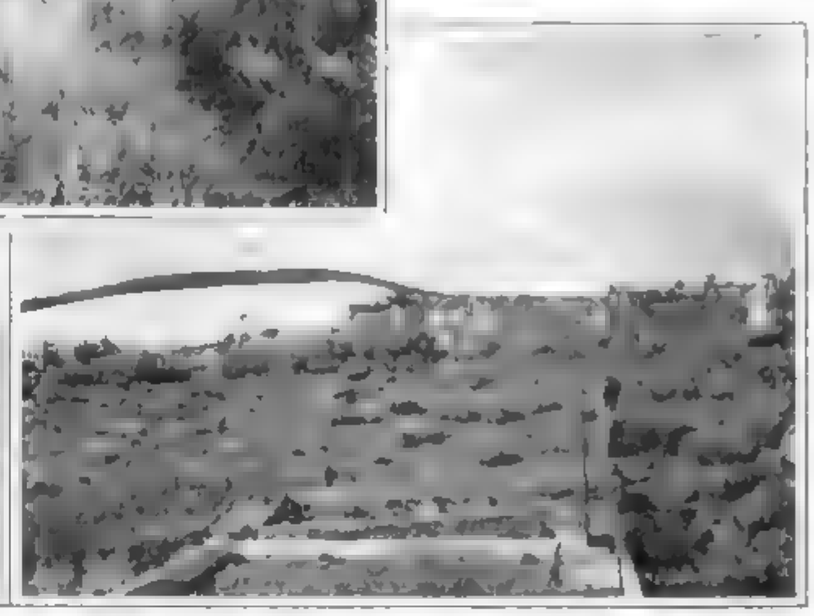
The Common People began to let go—cautiously at first, for they could hardly believe their senses; and the result was an avalanche of twenty-dollar goldpieces poured into the pockets of men who had been used to dimes and quarters.

"They can talk about Virginia," said a Bodie veteran, "and all their other camps; but there never was such a flood of minted gold let loose in a mining community—let loose in the hands of day laborers. If a man had Bodie stock certificates and wanted to turn them into coin, all he had to do was hand them over to the Wells Fargo agent. Major Atlee would forward them to San Francisco and in a few days the shipper would be notified to come and get his money. Men who had been poor all their lives suddenly found themselves rich—rich in real money that jingled and spent—and you can imagine the rest. Often I have seen big Cornish miners come whooping out of Major Atlee's office, carrying their slouch hats level full of new twenties. One yell and they were off down Main Street—to paint the town red.

The Bodie Graveyard



Bill Bodie—His Monument



Where the Bad Men Buried Their Dead

"The spending orgy that hit Bodie in '78 forever clinched the theory that the fool and his money are soon parted. Everything was twenties in those days—the twenty-dollar goldpiece was the standard of value. A five-dollar goldpiece was an insignificant coin, and a silver dollar was like the white chip in the poker game—good only to make change.

"I recall the case of the miner who bought a copy of the Free Press from a newsboy, tendering a dollar in payment and receiving two quarters and four dimes in change. The miner stood still on the sidewalk, gazing down at the small silver in his palm with a comical mixture of amusement and disgust.

"'Oh, hell!' said he. 'What am I going to do with that stuff?'

"He answered his own question by hurling the dimes and quarters into a snowdrift. Literally and actually the people had so much money they did not know what to do with it."

It is safe to presume that the saloons and the gambling houses aided the newly and awkwardly rich to solve the problem the Bodie stock had thrust on them. On Main Street alone sixty-five coin separators worked day and night; they never closed their doors.

At the time of the strike in the Bodie Mine the population of the camp was less than a thousand souls; but it grew miraculously. Between suns the town filled up with every known variety of human parasite of both sexes. Where did they come from? Where do the gulls come from when a sardine school sweeps along the coast? Where do the ants come from when the sugar is spilt? They came from Virginia, from Carson, from Aurora, from San Francisco, Stockton, Sonora and Sacramento—they came as fast as steam and stages could carry them, to demonstrate the great truth that "sucker money" has no permanent abiding place. That which comes easy goes the same way; soft money is good only to spend; and for the time being Bodie was the richest pickings the parasites had ever known.

The dance halls did a terrific business, where men with beer appetites and champagne bank rolls basked in siren smiles and experimented among the bubbles. Every saloon had a gambling annex; faro tables were crowded for twenty-four hours on end, and standing room only was the best to be had in the vicinity of the roulette tables, roulette being notoriously "the sucker's game," even without the aid of electricity. Miners with calluses on their palms the size of tea biscuits posed as gentlemen of elegant leisure, flinging their twenties right and left as long as they lasted.

It was at the apex of this saturnalia of squandering that Bodie woke to the realization that she was not treating the bones of her founder with proper respect. The editor of the Bodie Free Press, a brilliant young crusader, Captain H. Z. Osborne by name, jabbed his quill into the public conscience and made it wince with an editorial or two, pointing out that after all Bill Bodie had done for the town his bones were still four miles from home. Naturally the citizens were in a very mellow frame of mind toward anything bearing the Bodie trade-mark—particularly the Bodie Mine—and the suggestion was received with uproarious enthusiasm.

"A monument for Bill Bodie? You betcher life! Two'r three monuments! Here; lemme get my name on that list!"

So they went after Bill Bodie's bones and disinterred them with great pomp and ceremony. Fourteen years after his lonely death Bill Bodie came home to stay—came home at the head of a great procession and was carried down the shouting street between rows of young pine trees—which shows how much they thought of Bill Bodie, for those pines cost somebody a long, hard trip. Ever since then, when Bodie has wished to be particularly gay her citizens go over into the wooded portion of Mono County and cut down trees, which are then set upright in wooden boxes on each side of Main Street—the outcropping of man's natural hunger for the sight of green growing things.

Altogether, the homecoming of Bill Bodie was a very impressive affair, and the founder of the town was laid to rest in the Bodie graveyard, with appropriate ceremonies and speeches, and music by a choir of Cornish miners—and, oh, how those Cousin Jacks can sing! The Free Press printed a poem entitled Bill Bodie's Bones—a literary gem, rich in sentiment and civic pride. It was a great day for Bodie, and it seems a pity that Bill missed it all by dying fourteen years too early and four miles from home.

It was the flood of twenties that brought the bad men to Bodie. Some of them came with reputations already made; some hoped to make reputations and shoot their way into the most exclusive and touchy society in the camp.

Policeman Black Jack Roberts

THE killer was nowhere a greater man than in Bodie, where he was king for a day or a week, or as long as he lasted. When he started along Main Street he had room to put his feet and swing his elbows, and if he had said that Ben Butler was President of the United States none would have disputed the statement.

It is hoped that the killer enjoyed his sojourn in the spotlight, for his was usually a brief and fading glory. In a town famed for bad men there is always competition for the position of Chief Bad Man, and competition has always meant the elimination of the weak and the triumph of the strong. The man who was King of Main Street held sway only while he could outshoot pretenders to the throne.

Bodie's first killing of note came about through a battle for supremacy in badness. Union Pacific Jack was bad, but so was his bosom friend—name unknown; and, as they could not agree which was the worst, they argued it out with sixshooters at the woodpile of the Standard Mine. The citizens called it a good draw and thankfully buried them side by side.

The officers of the law also helped to populate the graveyards, as frequently happens in a tough community. For instance, there was Black Jack Roberts, a policeman. In the performance of his duty he thought it necessary to down an opium-smoking gambler, and the chief mourner at the funeral was another unfortunate user of the drug, who had been the dead man's best friend.

A few nights later Black Jack strolled into Joe Marshall's saloon to see how the wheat was coming along. It was Marshall's habit to keep a bucket of rich earth standing on the bar, in which a handful of wheat was planted. As Black Jack was resting his eyes with a survey of the fresh green shoots, he spied the chief mourner standing at the other end of the bar and regarding him with open malevolence. For some time the men stared at each other and then, without warning, Black Jack whipped out his gun

(Continued on Page 55)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915

Cracker-Barrel Navy Policies

TO UNDERSTAND how our navy is built, you need hardly go farther than the subjoined statement by a congressman occupying a position of large power and responsibility:

"By spending the price of one battleship on submarines and mines we can make our coasts safe from any foe. The European war is demonstrating the uselessness of battleships and I am going to oppose battleship appropriations in the next Congress."

This congressman obviously has read newspaper accounts of submarine activities and of the sinking of several battleships. Possibly he has read editorial utterances by persons who know no more about the subject than he does and who have drawn conclusions from inconclusive and superficial facts. He may have talked with a dozen acquaintances who attained to their mastery of the subject in the same way he did.

Now it is all very well for tall-grass strategists on the village street corner or in the club grillroom to put their sapient heads together and decide that battleships are obsolete; but to let that sort of cracker-barrel opinion enter at all into the actual shaping of our naval program is absurd.

What the European war is demonstrating as to the relative value of different naval craft is a subject as to which any nonexpert person's opinion is of no more value than old Auntie Jones' prognostication of next winter's weather. Whatever money the next Congress appropriates for battleships or other naval purposes will probably be wasted just about in proportion as Congress relies on this sort of opinion in spending the money.

The Complete Demagogue

PROBABLY the easiest of all trades for a man with a dependable set of vocal organs is that of demagogue. The guiding principles of the trade may be set down in few words, as follows:

1. Nearly everybody in the United States wants more money. Some may complain of this thing and some of that; but on careful analysis it will appear that most of the complaints could be satisfied by more money.

2. There are various large accumulations of money in the United States.

3. Therefore, preach that these accumulations constitute the only national trouble worth mentioning. It is perfectly simple. There are the wants on one side and the money to satisfy them on the other. It is just as though there were a thousand hungry men on one side of the street and a vast delicatessen store on the other. Happiness is to be achieved by simply walking across the street.

4. Never be misled into any trumpery and complicated side issues. For example, New York City banks have over three billion dollars of deposits. Do not bother about who owns that accumulation or how it functions. Just call it a Money Trust and pitch into it with all the adjectives at your command. If anybody mentions railroads, simply point out that they are capitalized for twenty billion dollars. Pronounce it as though you were dragging a dog out of a gopher hole by the tail—this way: "Twent-e-e-e bil-y-o-n dollars!" That is enough to say about railroads.

5. Above everything else, always personify the accumulation you are talking about. At first, while you are green at the trade, you may hesitate to say outright that Morgan and Rockefeller own or control it. You may then credit it to a "small group of men in Wall Street"; but by a little practice Morgan and Rockefeller will come easy. This is so important that you can well afford to practice in the woodshed until you acquire the necessary facility.

Legal Labyrinths

SOMETIME in the forepart of the last century, as we recollect it offhand, judicial procedure in New York had fallen into a shocking state. Dockets were congested. Litigants generally died or forgot what the cause of action was before final judgment was rendered. Then there was an elaborate investigation and an elaborate reform, which consisted mostly in doubling the number of judges and setting up a new court for the special purpose of determining whether the other courts precisely followed all the labyrinthine convolutions of the code.

This immediately made so much new judicial business that dockets were worse congested and farther behind than before. There followed another elaborate investigation and reform, which consisted in doubling the number of judges and establishing another court for the special business of correcting its predecessor when it decided that the first courts either had or had not precisely followed all the labyrinthine convolutions of the code.

This, of course, at once made so much new judicial business that the dockets were worse congested and farther behind than ever; so there was another elaborate investigation and reform, which consisted in doubling the number of judges and setting up an additional court for the purpose of deciding technical appeals in a manner different from either of the other courts of appeal.

It then became a settled habit in the Empire State to have an elaborate investigation of judicial procedure every census year, always resulting in doubling the number of judges and multiplying the facilities for technical appeals. At present, if the judges were of military age, a force sufficient to repel a German invasion could be had by simply mobilizing the judiciary.

Naturally this evil has received the most painstaking consideration in the Constitutional Convention, at Albany. Everybody realizes that it must be remedied. The remedy most in favor at this writing consists in doubling the number of judges and setting up an additional court to decide technical appeals contrary to whatever decisions any other court may have given.

War Zone Travel

IT IS proper to insist on all the rights to travel that international law sanctions. It is proper to insist that Germany must not sink unarmed and unresisting merchant ships without warning, to the peril or loss of American lives.

It is also proper to recognize the extraordinary hazards involved in traveling through the war zone on merchant ships of a belligerent that carry contraband. All we can insist on is due warning from the submarine—which means giving passengers fifteen minutes in which to tumble into lifeboats—perhaps half clad; perhaps a long way from shore. They must take the risk that a reckless merchant captain may try to escape after warning or to ram the submarine; in which case this Government can have nothing to say if their lives are lost. There is the risk that a submarine commander may make a mistake. In that case Germany may apologize and pay damages—which does not do dead people much good.

Germany having conceded the principle for which we contend, the United States should revert to the last German note on the Lusitania and attempt to arrange for enough ships, under its own flag, or easily distinguished and not carrying contrabrand, to accommodate legitimate American travel through the war zone.

Oregon's Experiment

OREGON was one of the first states to adopt a minimum-wage law for women. We suppose employers opposed it from a conviction that it would be disastrous. Employers commonly do oppose such laws from such a conviction. Over a year and a half ago the Oregon commission fixed minimum wages for women in retail stores as follows: For those under eighteen, and those over eighteen having less than one year's experience, six dollars a week; for those over eighteen and having over a year's experience, eight dollars and a quarter a week, except in Portland, where they received nine and a quarter dollars a week.

Those do not sound like very formidable wages. The Bureau of Labor Statistics, at Washington, has investigated results so far and reported. Fewer women were employed in stores at the time of the investigation than before the minimum wage went into effect; but that seems to have been due to general business conditions and to some particular causes unconnected with the wage law. It does not appear that men supplanted women as a result of the law, or very generally that inexperienced and less competent women supplanted experienced ones.

That the law has not resulted in keeping the wages of women down to the legal minimum is clear from the fact that the proportion of women getting more than the legal minimum is greater than it was before the law went into effect. Before the law went into effect, about a quarter of the girls under eighteen got less than six dollars a week; so, on the whole, the law has somewhat increased wages in that department.

Covering but a single industry in a state that is not highly developed industrially, the evidence adduced by this investigation is not very conclusive; but whatever weight it has is favorable to the minimum-wage law.

The Dardanelles

IF ANY nation is to have the Dardanelles Russia ought to have them, for they are virtually the mouth of the rivers that drain the richest territory in the Russian Empire. To get the commercial importance of the Dardanelles to Russia, imagine the Gulf of Mexico bottled up and Mexico sitting at the neck of the bottle, so that not a pound of goods from our gulf ports could reach the sea except by Mexico's permission. Even that falls much short of a true analogy, for Russia has no other good outlet to the ocean.

In the last year, with Western Europe clamoring for wheat at a dollar and a half a bushel, Russia had a large surplus that could not be shipped, because the Dardanelles were closed. At any moment, whoever is master of the Dardanelles can pretty effectually blockade Russia. Rumania, Bulgaria and Serbia have a big stake in the Dardanelles as the virtual mouth of the Danube. Neutralizing the Straits would be the best disposition; but if any nation is to have them Russia has the best claim to them.

Suggestion for the I. C. C.

WHEN a court sits to try a case the supposition is, we believe, that it knows nothing whatever of the subject that is to be brought before it. So far as the fact-contents of that particular case are concerned, its mind is presumed to be a snow-white blank, and all the points in the controversy, from beginning to end, must be unfolded before it by duly marshaled evidence.

When the Interstate Commerce Commission sits down to a rate hearing, the supposition is that it knows a great deal about the subject that is to be brought before it. The commission is supposed to be a body of experts intimately acquainted with all the collateral circumstances surrounding that particular case. It might be expected, therefore, to go straight to the really significant and immediately pertinent facts, thereby reaching a decision with all reasonable expedition.

It does the contrary. The recent Western rate hearing, for example, wandered all over the premises—not only the premise of that particular matter but all contiguous and adjacent premises. The report comprised two hundred pages and contains Commissioner Harlan's protest that some way must be found for arriving at results more promptly.

That is actually necessary if the commission is to escape the unenviable fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii; but we do not understand what is to prevent the commission, without any further legislation, from remedying this situation by simply excluding all except the new and immediately pertinent evidence it requires. Why should not the commission take charge of proceedings instead of handing them over to a lot of outsiders?

Production and Distribution

NOBODY who knows and thinks will dispute the Industrial Relations Commission's statement that wages, on the whole, are too low; but for a long while a remedy for that has been sought almost wholly on the side of distribution rather than on the side of production. Since J. S. Mill's time, and before, it has been pretty generally assumed that production was sufficient to meet everybody's reasonable wants if only the product were better distributed.

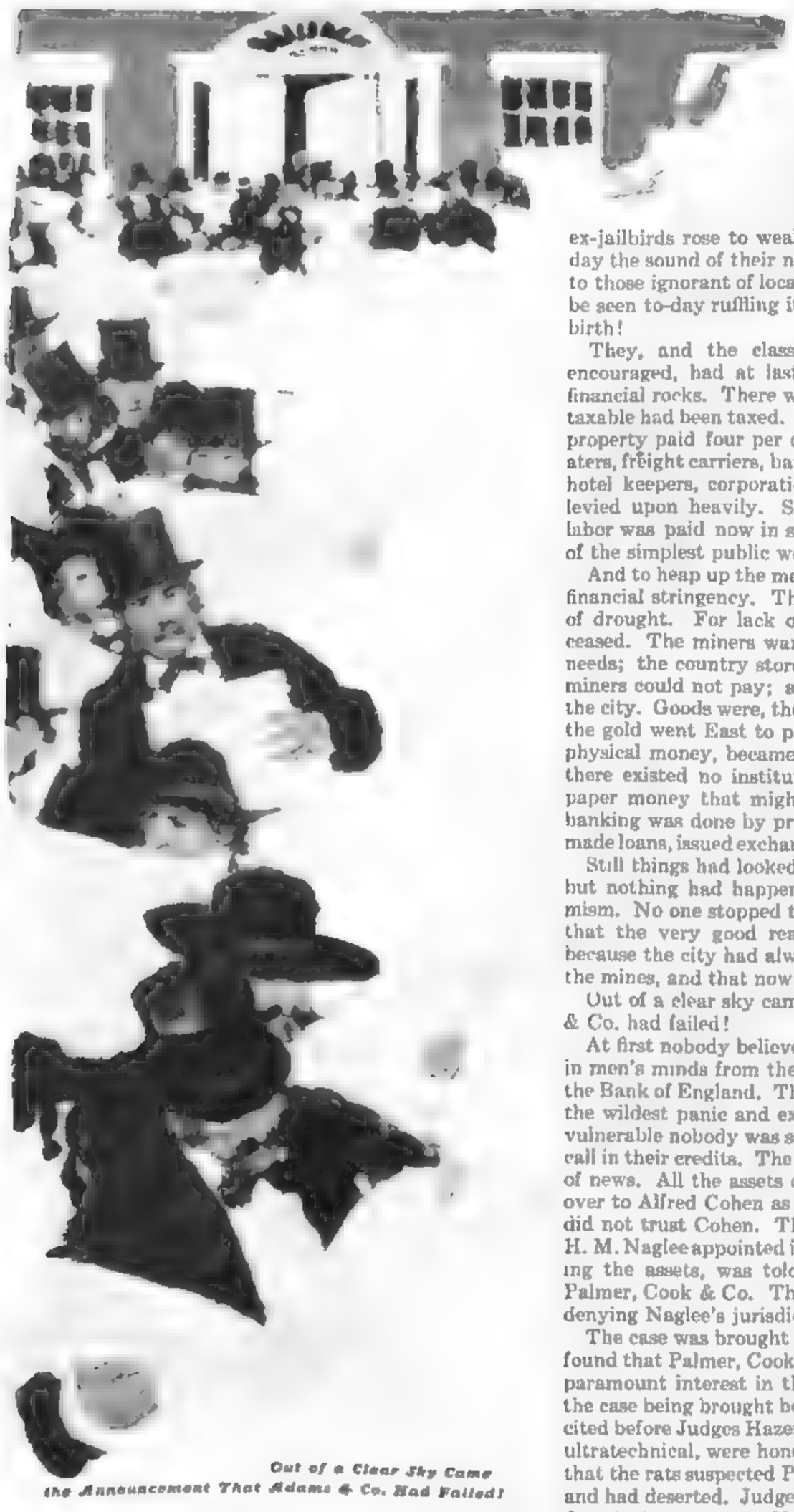
The evidence does not support that view. In spite of its ability to indulge in this huge war debauch, the world is really poor. Greater production ought to be insisted on quite as much as better distribution. Given the present product, no possible system of distribution would meet, for everybody, the wants that everybody ought to have. There would be sufficient food, clothing and shelter for everybody; but what intelligent man would accept sufficient food, clothing and shelter as a satisfaction of his reasonable wants? Everybody ought to want a great deal more than that. To meet the reasonable wants of its inhabitants the world must become richer; it must produce more.

For a rational and promising view, that fact needs emphasizing.

THE GRAY DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN



Out of a Clear Sky Came the Announcement That Adams & Co. Had Failed!

XXXVI

KEITH'S activities as assistant district attorney did not immediately confront him with anything in the nature of a test, however. His superiors confined him to the drawing of briefs and the carrying through of carefully selected cases. It was considered well to work him in a little before putting responsibility on him.

He enjoyed it, for now he had at his call all the civil and police resources of the city. This gave him a pleasant feeling of power. He was at the center of things. And through his office he came into contact with ever-widening circles of people, all of whom were disposed, even anxious, to treat him well, to get in his good graces. Possibly most of these were of what we would call the worst elements; and by that we would mean not only the roughnecks of the police or sheriff's offices, but also the punctilious, smooth-mannered Southerners who practically monopolized the political offices.

These men would have been little considered back home; in fact, in many cases they had left their native states under a cloud or even with prison records. But their natural charm, their audacity, and their great punctilio as to honor deeply impressed the ordinary citizen. As one chronicler of the times puts it, they had "fluency in harangue, vigor in invective, ostentatious courage, absolute confidence about all matters of morals, politics and propriety." Which is an excellent thumb-nail sketch. Many of these ex-jailbirds rose to wealth and influence, so that to this day the sound of their names means aristocracy and birth to those ignorant of local history. Their descendants may be seen to-day ruffling it proudly on the strength of their birth!

They, and the classes they directly and indirectly encouraged, had at last brought the city fairly on the financial rocks. There was no more revenue. Everything taxable had been taxed. The poll tax was out of all reason; property paid four per cent on an actual valuation; theaters, freight carriers, bankers, brokers, miners, merchants, hotel keepers, corporations—every form of industry was levied upon heavily. Still that was not enough. Even labor was paid now in scrip so depreciated that the cost of the simplest public works was terrible.

And to heap up the measure, the year of 1855 was one of financial stringency. The season of '54–'55 had been one of drought. For lack of water most of the mining had ceased. The miners wanted to be trusted for their daily needs; the country stores had to have credit because the miners could not pay; and so on up to the wholesalers in the city. Goods were, therefore, sold cheap at auction, and the gold went East to pay at the source. Money, actual physical money, became scarce. The gold was gone, and there existed no institution legally entitled to issue the paper money that might have taken its place. All the banking was done by private firms. These took deposits, made loans, issued exchange, but could not issue bank notes.

Still things had looked a bit squally many times before, but nothing had happened. Men had the habit of optimism. No one stopped to analyze the situation, to realize that the very good reason nothing had happened was because the city had always had behind it the strength of the mines, and that now the mines had withdrawn.

Out of a clear sky came the announcement that Adams & Co. had failed!

At first nobody believed it. Adams & Co. had occupied in men's minds from the start much the same position as the Bank of England. The confirmation of the news caused the wildest panic and excitement. If Adams & Co. were vulnerable nobody was secure. Small merchants began to call in their credits. The city caught up eagerly every item of news. All the assets of the bankrupt firm were turned over to Alfred Cohen as receiver. Some interested people did not trust Cohen. They made enough of a fuss to get H. M. Naglee appointed in Cohen's place. Naglee, demanding the assets, was told they had been deposited with Palmer, Cook & Co. The latter refused to give them up, denying Naglee's jurisdiction in the matter.

The case was brought into court. Then suddenly it was found that Palmer, Cook & Co. had mysteriously lost their paramount interest in the courts. They had counted on the case being brought before their own judges; but it was cited before Judges Hazen and Park, both of whom, though ultratechnical, were honest. The truth of the matter was that the rats suspected Palmer, Cook & Co. of sinking, too, and had deserted. Judges Hazen and Park called upon the firm to turn over to Naglee the assets of Adams & Co. They still refused. One of the partners, named Jones, and Cohen were imprisoned. Somewhere two hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars was missing. Nobody knew anything about it. The books having to do with the transaction had mysteriously disappeared. Two days later an Irishman found them floating in the bay and brought them to the court. But the crucial pages were missing.

And then suddenly, while both Judge Hazen and Judge Park were out of town, application was made to the Supreme Court—of which Judge Terry was head—for the release of Jones and Cohen. The application was granted.

So an immense sum of money disappeared, nobody was punished, it was all strictly legal, and yet the dullest laborer could see that the whole transaction amounted to robbery under arms. Failures resulted right and left. Another great concern closed its doors, but resumed within a few days. A great many pocketbooks were hit. There was much talk and excitement.

XXXVII

ON AN evening in October, returning home at an early hour, Keith found Nan indignant and excited. She held in her hand a tiny newspaper, not half the usual size, consisting of only a single sheet folded.

"Have you seen this?" she burst out as Keith entered. "Isn't it outrageous!"

Keith was tired, and sank into an easy-chair with a sigh of relaxation.

"No, what is it?" he asked, reaching his hand for the paper. "Oh, the new paper. I saw them selling it on the street yesterday."

It was The Bulletin, Vol. I, No. 2. Like all papers of that day, and like some of the English papers now, its first page was completely covered with small advertisements. A thin driblet of short local items occupied a column on the third and fourth pages. There was a single column of editorial on the second.

"Seems a piffling little sheet," he observed, "to be read in about eight seconds by anyone not interested in advertisements. What is it that agitates you, Nan?"

"Read that." She pointed to the editorial.

The article in question proved to be an attack on Palmer, Cook & Co. It said nothing whatever about the Cohen-Naglee robbery. Its subject was the excessive rentals charged the public by Palmer, Cook & Co. for postal boxes. But it mentioned names, recorded specific instances, avoided generalities, and stated plainly that this was merely beginning at the beginning in an exposure of the methods of these Uriah Heeps.

"Why do they permit such things!" cried Nan, scarcely waiting for Keith to finish his reading. "What is Mr. Palmer going to do about it?"

"Survive, I guess," replied Keith with a grin. "I take back my opinion of the paper; it certainly has life." He turned to the head of the page. "Halloo!" he cried in surprise. "James King of William running this, eh?" He whistled, then laughed. "That promises to be interesting, sure. He was in business with that crowd for some time. He ought to have stuff from the inside!"

"Mrs. Palmer is simply furious," said Nan.

"I'll bet she is. Are we invited out this evening?"

"The Thurstons' musicale. I thought you'd be interested in that."

"Let me off, Nan, that's a good fellow," pleaded Keith, whose weariness had vanished. "I'd be delighted to go at any other time, but this is too rich. I must see what the gang has to say."

"I suppose I could drop Ben Sansome a note," assented Nan doubtfully.

"Do! Send the Chink round with it," urged Keith, rising. "I'll get a bite downtown and not bother you to give me dinner."

The gang, as indeed the whole city, took it as a great joke. Of those Keith met only Jones, the junior partner, failed to see the humor, and he passed the affair off in

"The Man Has Run Amuck. It Might be Well to Meet Him Reasonably and to Expostulate"

cavalier fashion. That did not save him from the obligation of setting up the drinks.

"I'm going to fix this thing up in the morning," he stated confidently. "Between you and me, there's evidently been a slip somewhere. Of course it ought never to have been allowed to go so far. I'll see this man King first thing in the morning and buy him off. Undoubtedly that's about the only reason it exists. Wonder where he got the money to start it. He's busted. It can't last long."

"If it keeps up the present gait it'll last," said Judge Caldwell shrewdly. "Me, I'm going to send in a subscription to-morrow. Wouldn't miss it for anything."

"It'll last as long as he does," growled Terry, "and that'll be about as long as a snowball in hell. What you ought to do, Jones, is what any man of spirit ought to do—call him out!"

"He announces definitely that he won't fight duels," said Calhoun Bennett.

"Then treat him like the cowardly hound he is," flared the uncompromising Terry. "Take the whip to him; and if that isn't effective, shoot him down as you would any other mad dog!"

"Surely that's a little extreme, judge," expostulated Caldwell. "He hasn't done anything worse than stir up Jonesy a little."

"But he will, sir," insisted Terry; "you mark my words. If you give him line he'll not only hang himself, but he'll rope in a lot of bystanders as well."

"I'll bet he sells a lot of papers to-morrow, anyhow," predicted Keith.

"I hope so," bragged Jones. "There'll be the more to read his apology."

Evidently Jones fulfilled his promise, and quite as evidently Keith's prediction was verified. Every man on the street had a copy of next day's Bulletin within twenty minutes of issue. A roar of delight went up. Jones' visit was reported simply as an item of news, faithfully, sarcastically and pompously. There was no comment. Even the most faithful partisans of Palmer, Cook & Co. had to grin at the effectiveness of this new way of meeting the impact of such a visit.

"It's clever journalism," Terry admitted, "but it's blackguardly; and I blame Jones for passing it over."

The fourth number, eagerly purchased, proved more interesting because of its hints of future disclosures rather than for its actual information. Broderick was mentioned by name. The attention of the city marshal was succinctly called to the disorderly houses and the statutes concerning them; and it was added, for his information, that at a certain address a structure was actually building, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, for improper purposes. Then followed a list of personal bonds and sureties for which Palmer, Cook & Co. were standing vouchers, amounting to over two millions.

The expectations of disclosures thus aroused were not immediately gratified, except in the case of Broderick. His swindles in the matters of the Jenny Lind Theater and the city hall were traced out in detail. Everyone knew these things were done, but nobody knew just how; so these disclosures made interesting reading, if only as food for natural curiosity. However, the tension somewhat relaxed. It was generally considered that the coarse fiber of the ex-stonecutter, the old Tammany heeler, and the thick skins of his political adherents could stand this sort of thing. Nobody with a sensitive honor to protect was assailed.

The position of the new paper was by now firmly established. It had a large subscription list; it was eagerly bought on the streets; and its advertising was increasing. King again turned his attention to Palmer, Cook & Co. Each day he treated succinctly, clearly, without rhetoric, some branch of their business. By the time he had finished with them he had not only exposed their iniquities, he had educated the public to an understanding of the financial methods of the times. His tilting at this banking firm had inevitably led him to criticism of certain of their subterfuges to avoid or take advantage of the law; and that as inevitably brought him to the analysis and condemnation of the firm's legal advisers, James, Doyle, Barber & Boyd, a concern which had theretofore enjoyed a good reputation. Incidentally he called attention to dueling, venal newspapers, city sales, gambling, Billy Mulligan, Wooley Kearney, Casey, Cora, Yankee Sullivan, Martin Gallagher, Tom Cunningham, Ned McGowan, Charles Duane, and many other worthies of both high and low degree. Never did he fear to name names and cite specific instances plainly. James King of William dealt in no innuendoes. He had found in himself the editor he had wished for, the man who would call a spade a spade.

"Do That and You Will Regret it to the Last Day of Your Life!"

The Bulletin twice enlarged its form. It sold by the thousand. Its weapon of defense was the same as its weapon of offense—pitiless and complete publicity. Measures of reprisal, either direct or underhand, undertaken against him, King published, often without comment.

At the first some of the cooler heads thought it might be well to reason with him.

"The man has run amuck," said old Judge Girvin; "and though I am far from denying that in many—perhaps in most—cases his facts are correct, still his methods make for lawlessness among the masses. It might be well to meet him reasonably and to expostulate."

"I'd expostulate with a blacksnake," growled Terry.

A number waited on King. Keith was among them. They found his office in a small, ramshackle frame building, situated in the middle instead of alongside one of the back streets. It had probably been one of the early small dwelling houses, marooned by a resurvey of the streets and never since moved. King sat in his shirt sleeves before a small flat table. He looked up at them uncompromisingly from his wide-apart, steady eyes.

"Gentlemen!" he greeted them tentatively.

Judge Girvin seated himself impressively, his fat legs well apart, his beaver hat and cane poised in his left hand. The others grouped themselves back of him. The judge stated the moderate case well.

"We do not deny any man the right to his opinion," he concluded, "but have you reflected on the effect such an expression often has on the minds of those not trained to control?"

King listened to him in silence.

"It seems to me, sir," he answered, when Judge Girvin had quite finished, "that if abuses exist they should be exposed until they are remedied, and that the remedy should come from the law."

"What is your impelling motive?" asked the judge. "Why have you so suddenly taken up this form of activity? Do you feel aggrieved in any way personally?"

"My motive in starting a newspaper, if that is what you mean, is the plain one of making an honest if modest living. And incidentally, while doing so, I have some small idea of being of public use. I have no personal grievance; but I am aggrieved, as every decent man must be, at the way the lawyers, the big financial operators and the other blackguards have robbed the city," stated King plainly.

Judge Girvin, flushing, arose with dignity.

"I wish you good day, sir," he said coldly, and at once withdrew.

Keith had been watching King with the keenly critical, detached, analytical speculation of the lawyer. He carried away with him the impression of a man inspired.

At the engine house, to which the discomfited delegation withdrew, there was more discussion.

"The man is within his legal rights so far," stated Judge Girvin. "If any of his statements are libelous, it is the duty of the man so libeled to institute action in the courts."

"He's too smooth for that," growled Jones.

"He'll bite off more than he can chew, if he keeps on," said Dick Blatchford comfortably. "He's stirring up hornets' nests when he monkeys with men like Yankee Sullivan. He's about due for an awful scare one of these days, and then he'll be good."

"Do you know, I don't believe he'll scare," said Keith suddenly with conviction.

XXXVIII

AS KEITH surmised intimidation had no effect. In such a city of fire eaters it was speedily tried. A dozen men publicly announced that they thirsted for his blood and intended to have it; and the records of the dozen were of determination and courage in such matters. In the gambling resorts and on the streets bets were made and pools formed on the probable duration of King's life. He took prompt notice of this fact. Said the Bulletin:

> Bets are now being offered, we are told, that the editor of the Bulletin will not be in existence twenty days longer, and the case of Doctor Hogan, of the Vicksburg paper, who was murdered by gamblers of that place, is cited as a warning. Pah! War, then, is the cry, is it? War between the prostitutes and gamblers on one side, and the virtuous and respectable on the other! Be it so, then! Gamblers of San Francisco, you have made your election, and we are ready on our side for the issue!

Keith read this over John Sherwood's shoulder at the Monumental. The ex-gambler, his famous, benign spectacles atop his nose, chuckled over it.

"He doesn't scare for a cent, does he?" was his comment. "Strikes me I got out of the ranks of the ungodly just in time. If I were still gambling I believe I'd take some of those bets he speaks of. He won't last—in this town. But I like his pluck, kind of; only he's damn bad for business!"

Saying which John Sherwood, late gambler but now sincerely believing himself a sound and conservative business man, passed the sheet over to Keith.

From vague threats the situation developed rapidly to the personal. One Selover sent a challenge to King, which was refused. Selover then announced his intention of killing King on sight. The Bulletin published this:

> Mr. Selover, it is said, carries a knife. We carry a pistol. We hope neither will be required, but if this *rencontre* cannot be avoided, why will Mr. Selover insist on imperiling the lives of others? We pass every afternoon, about half-past four to five o'clock, along Market Street from Fourth to Fifth Streets. The road is wide and not so much frequented as those streets farther in town. If we are to be shot or cut to pieces, let it be done there. Others will not be injured, and in case we fall, our house is but a few hundred yards beyond and the cemetery not much farther.

These detailed attacks and bold defiances had the effect of greatly angering those who were the specific objects of attention; of making very uneasy the class to which these victims belonged; of focusing on public matters a public sentiment that was just becoming conscious of itself because of the pinch of hard times; and of rendering contemptuously indignant all of "higher" society.

To this latter category Keith would undoubtedly have belonged—as did his wife and practically all his friends—had it not been for his association with Kraft. Through him the young lawyer came into intimate personal touch with a large class of people who would otherwise have been remote from him. He heard of their difficulties and problems at first hand; saw the actual effect of abuses that, looked at from above, were abstract or academic. Police brutality as a phrase carried little significance; police brutality as a clubbing of Malachi Hogan, who was brought

in with his skull crushed, and whose blood stained Keith's new coat, meant something. Waste of public funds translated before his eyes into eviction for nonpayment of taxes took on a new significance. Keith saw plainly that a reform was needed.

He was not, on that account, in the least sympathetic with King's methods. Like Judge Girvin, he felt them revolutionary and subversive. But he could not share the contempt of his class; rather he respected the editor as a sincere but mistaken man. When his name came up for discussion or bitter vituperation Keith was silent. He read the Bulletin editorials; and though he in no way indorsed their conclusions or recommendations, he could not but acknowledge their general accuracy. Without his knowing it he was being educated. He came to realize the need for better administration by the city's officers and a better enforcement of the laws. Very quietly, deep down within himself, he made up his mind that in the assistant district attorney's office, at least, the old order of things should cease.

XXXIX

ONE afternoon Keith walked down Kearney Street deep in discussion of an important Federal case with his friend Billy Richardson, the United States marshal. Although both just and an official, Richardson was popular with all classes save those with whom his duty brought him into conflict. The two men found their way deliberately blocked; and came out of the absorption of their discussion to recognize before them Charles Cora, an Italian gambler of considerable prominence and wealth. Cora was a small dark man, nervously built, dressed neatly and carefully in the height of gambler fashion. He seemed to be terribly excited, and at once launched a stream of oaths at Richardson.

"What's the matter with you, Charley?" asked the latter as soon as he had recovered from his surprise.

Cora, evidently too incoherent to speak, leaped at the marshal, his fist drawn back. Keith seized him round the body, holding his arms to his sides.

"Hold on! Take it easy!" he panted. "What's up, anyway?"

Cora, struggling violently, gritted out:

"He knows damn well what's up."

"I'll swear I don't!" denied Richardson.

"Then what do you mean telling everyone that my Belle insulted your wife last night at the opera house!" demanded Cora, ceasing to struggle.

"Belle?" repeated Richardson equably. "I don't know what you're talking about. Be reasonable. Explain yourself."

"Yes, I got it straight," insisted the Italian. "Your wife says it insults her to sit next to my Belle, and you go everywhere telling it. What right you got to do that? Answer me that!"

"Now look here," said Richardson, "I was with Jim Scott all last evening. My wife wasn't with me. If you don't believe me go ask Scotty."

Cora had apparently cooled off, so Keith released him. The Italian shook his head, grumbling, only half convinced. After a moment he moved away. The two men watched him go, half vexed, half amused.

"He's crazy as a pup about that woman," observed Richardson.

"Who is she?" inquired Keith.

"Why, Belle—you know Belle, the one who keeps that crib up your way."

"That woman!" marveled Keith.

He spent the afternoon in court and in his office. About half-past six, on his way home, he saw Cora and Richardson come out of the Blue Wing saloon together. They were talking earnestly and stopped in the square of light from the window. Richardson was explaining and Cora was listening sullenly. As Keith passed them he heard the marshal say: "Well, is it all right?" And Cora replied "Yes." Something caused him to look back after he had gone a dozen yards. He saw Cora suddenly seize Richardson's collar with his left hand, at the same time drawing a derringer with his right.

"What are you going to do?" cried Richardson loudly and steadily, without struggling. "Don't shoot. I am unarmed!"

Without reply Cora fired into his breast. The marshal wilted, but with iron strength Cora continued for several moments to hold up his victim by the collar. Then he let the body drop and moved away at a fast walk, the derringer still in his right hand.

Keith ran to his friend, and with others carried him into a near-by drug store. The sound of the shot almost immediately brought out a crowd. Keith, bending over the body of the murdered man, could see them pressing about the windows outside, their faces showing white from the lamps in the drug-store window or fading into the darkness beyond. They pressed through the doorway until driven out again by some of the cooler heads. Conjectures and inquiries flew thick. All sorts of reports of the details were current, but the crowd had the main facts—Cora had shot Richardson; Richardson was dead; Cora had been taken to jail.

"Then he's safe!" they sneered savagely.

Men had been shot on the streets before, many men, some of them as well known and liked as Richardson; but never before after public sentiment had been aroused as the Bulletin had aroused it. The crowds continued to gather. Several men made violent street-corner speeches. There was some talk of lynching. A storm of "Yes" and "No" burst forth when the question was put. Bells rang. A great mob surged to the jail, as firmly met by a strong-armed guard, and fell back muttering. "Who will be the next victim?" men asked. "What a farce!" cried some in deep disgust. "Why, the jailer is Cora's special crony!" stated others, who seemed to know. "If the jury is packed hang the jury," advised certain farseeing ones. A grim, quiet, black-bearded man expressed the undercurrent of opinion.

"Mark my words," said he, "if Charles Cora is left for trial he will be let loose on the community to assassinate his third victim!" It seemed that Cora had been involved in a previous shooting scrape.

But to swing a mob to action there must be determined men at its head, and this mob had no leaders. Sam Brannan started to say something in his coarse, roaring voice, and was promptly arrested for inciting a riot. Nobody cared enough seriously for the redoubtable Sam to object to this. The situation was ticklish, but the police handled it tactfully for once, offering only a passive opposition, leaving the crowd to fritter its energies in purposeless cursing, surging to and fro, and in harmless threats.

Keith did not join the throngs on the streets. Having determined that Richardson was dead, he accompanied the body home. He was deeply stirred, not only by the circumstances of the murder, but also by the scene at which he had to assist when the news must be broken to Mrs. Richardson. From the house he went directly to King's residence, where he was told that the editor had gone downtown. After considerable search and inquiry he at last got sight of his man standing atop a wooden awning overlooking the plaza in front of the jail. King nodded to him as he climbed out of the second-story window to take his position at the newspaper man's side.

The square was a wild sight, filled, packed with men, a crowd of men tossed in constant motion. A mumbling growl came from them continuously, and occasionally a shout. Many hands were upraised, and in some of them were weapons. Opposite was the blank front of the jail.

King's eyes were shining with interest and a certain quiet exultation, but he seemed not at all excited.

"Will they storm the jail?" asked Keith.

King shook his head.

"No, these people will do nothing. But they show the spirit of the time. All it needs now is organization—cool, deliberate organization—to-morrow."

"That's just what I've hunted you out to talk about," said Keith earnestly. "There is much talk of a Vigilance Committee. As you say, all it needs is the call. That means lawlessness, bloodshed."

"Conditions at present are intolerable," said King briefly.

"I agree with you," replied Keith. King stared. "But in this case I assure you the law will do its duty. It is an absolutely open-and-shut case. Acquittal is impossible. Why, I myself was witness of the affair."

King looked skeptical.

"Hundreds of such cases have been acquitted or the indictments quashed."

"But this is entirely different. In the first place, the case will come before Judge Norton and Judge Hazen, both of whom you will acknowledge are honest. In the second place, this case will be in my hands as assistant district attorney. I *myself* shall do the prosecuting; and I promise you on my honor that every effort will be made for a deserved and speedy conviction. I acknowledge justice has sometimes gone wrong in the past; but that has not been the fault of the law, but of the administration of the law. If you have the least confidence in Judge Norton and Judge Hazen, and if you can be brought to believe me, you will see that this one case of all cases should not be taken from the constituted authorities or made the basis for a movement outside the law."

"Well?" said King, half convinced.

"The Bulletin has the greatest influence with these people. Use it. Give the law, the honest law, a chance. Do not get back of any Vigilante movement. In that way, I am convinced, you will be of the greatest public service."

Next day the Bulletin came out vigorously counseling dependence on the law, expressing confidence in the integrity of Judges Hazen and Norton, and enunciating a personal belief that the day had passed when it would be necessary to resort to arbitrary measures. The mob's anger had possessed vitality enough to keep it up all night; but this attitude on the part of the Bulletin, backed by responsible men like Ward, Coleman, Hossfross, Bluxome, and others, averted a crisis. Nevertheless, King added a paragraph of warning:

Hang Billy Mulligan! That's the word! If Mr. Sheriff Scannell does not remove Billy Mulligan from his present

(Continued on Page 37)

Without Reply Cora Fired Into His Breast

Barrett Specification Roofs

Tampa's New City Hall—Covered with a Barrett Specification Roof

TAMPA is building this fine, new city hall at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. The plans were open to competition and this interesting design was the winner. The size and nature of the contract naturally attracted the ablest architects, and as the first-class architects of the country appreciate the superiority of Barrett Specification Roofs this type was selected to cover the Tampa City Hall.

This is a cycle of reasoning which has become increasingly familiar during the last few years. If it is a large or first-class building it attracts first-class architects and engineers, and the preference of such men is almost always for Barrett Specification Roofs.

That is why you can select at random any large, important public or commercial building anywhere in the United States that has been built within the past ten years and find, almost invariably, that it has a Barrett Specification Roof.

Such a roof is the lowest priced of all permanent roofs. It requires no care or maintenance expense and is good for upwards of twenty years without repairs. It takes the base rate of fire insurance and is approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

You can have a roof exactly like that on the Tampa City Hall by writing The Barrett Specification in full into your building plans.

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BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirements.

YOU HADN'T OUGHT TO

(Continued from Page 8)

and squeezed her shoulders a little closer together.

"I think I got the idea," he said.

"What is it? Tell me!" she cried.

"Ain't got time," he answered. "It might not work out. I'm goin' to do my best though."

"But tell me, tell me!"

"Ain't got time. If you should happen to be settin' up that late, have a lamp burnin' in your window, and I'll come by and let you know."

He hurried away, leaving her frantic.

VI

BRUCE IMRIE was waiting on the curb. When the hack with the horses pranced up Hod Clum himself was on the box. Imrie had his watch in his hands:

"Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Yep."

"You're late," Imrie growled as he threw in a suit-case.

"Did the best I could."

"Are those the best horses you've got?"

"Fastest team in Carthage. The nigh horse is old Quinine and the off one is one I just bought, a Jim dandy. Her name is Fan."

"What do I care what their names are? You get me to that train or I'll break your neck."

Bruce bent his high head and crept into the coach. And Hod laughed, though ordinarily he did not encourage familiarities from his fares. Imrie had his head out in a moment to say:

"Stop at the corner of Third and Washington for—for another passenger."

"Yep. G'ap!"

At the corner, in the dense shadow of maple trees, stood a woman in a heavy black veil. The disguise identified her. Hod felt a sinking of the heart as Bruce Imrie stepped out and helped her in with a caressing solicitude that sickened the driver.

Not that Hod was opposed to caresses. He envied other people their gifts in amorous gesture and regretted his own paralysis whenever the occasion arrived where an embrace would be appropriate. He was fond of his horses, but he was ashamed to give them sugar.

An important source of his revenue was the purveying of horses and buggies to young men of a mating disposition. Hod knew that the purpose of a horse-an'-buggy is to convey a pair of lovers away from the crowds into an outer dualitude, where the business of wooing can be transacted.

In spite of appearances Hod Clum was the most active local agent of Cupid, Hymen & Co. He had driven many an eloping couple out of the reach of obstinate parents and under the sheltering palms of the parson. He had driven numberless bridal couples more overtly to churches and to trains. It was the irony of his fate that he who drove such a trade in the transfer of lovers should have been denied the privilege of one of his own horse-an'-buggies.

But he had never knowingly assisted in the wrecking of a home or an elopement of illicit lovers. And he hated his task now. He consented to it only with an ulterior motive of benevolent dishonesty.

Bruce Imrie kept popping his head out to urge him to greater speed, but Hod would answer back: "Plenty o' time, Mister Imrie. Plenty o' time."

He was as considerate of his beasts as a livery man could be. He knew that keeping horses and humans to their paces, with some variety and relaxation, was better for them than a relentless monotony of jog.

He could hear nothing from the carriage but the rumble of wheels, though he thought for a while that Coralie was weeping and Imrie impatiently consoling her.

A mile or two outside Wayland Junction he drew up the horses near a watering trough and got down from the box.

Bruce Imrie's head came out at once.

"What's the matter now? Break something?"

"Nope," said Hod. "Don't worry. I'm away ahead of time, so I thought I'd feed the hosses a little."

"Stop here to feed horses? Who ever heard of such a thing! You get back up there and drive on."

"Nope. I guess I'll give 'em a snack out of their nosebags," said Hod. "Fan come in from a drive late and didn't get her supper. They's qu te a long hill ahead, and she'd like her supper."

"She can have her supper after we get to Wayland Junction," Imrie raged. "You drive on or I'll take the lines myself."

"Say, young feller, whose rig you think this is?" Hod demanded with truculence. "A mussiful man is mussiful to his hosses, and Fan gits her supper. If you don't like it git out and walk and it won't cost you nothin'. I'll throw in what ride you've had."

Imrie was furious, but Hod could see other arms restraining him and he could hear Coralie's voice pleading: "Don't anger him, Bruce, please, for my sake."

"That's right, Miz - Miz Whoever-You-Are," said Hod; "don't let him lose his head."

He set the nosebags before the puffing steeds and they were soon crunching sonorously. Fan's nosebag had far the larger provender. Hod paced up and down, watching the moon and opening and shutting his watch, while Imrie gnashed his teeth and imagined vain things. When the banquet was finished Hod took off the nosebags, flung them under the seat and led the horses forward to where a primitive trough carried a runnel of water from a hillside spring down to an old tub. The moonshine gave the trickling stream the glimmer of fluid silver, and it thumped into the tub with as chiming a laughter as if it were the very pool where the Hours watered their mystic steeds. It was a wayside altar of a sort, and on hot days and nights thirsty horses bowed their heads there and went thence blessed.

But the mare, Fan, took no benefit from there. Hod was outchuckling the spring. He knew that while, in the heavens, night brings out the stars, among horses a full meal with a plenty of cold water brings out the heaves; especially if the meal includes clover hay. And Hod had selected for Fan a *bonne bouche* of clover hay.

He let Fan drink till even she lifted her dripping muzzle from the cold water and shouldered her pole-mate aside. She seemed content completely, but Hod gave her an uncharacteristic pat on the nose and mumbled with aching conscience:

"Poor Fan, I hated to do it, but I had to."

Then he climbed to the box and urged the team against the long ridge that shelters Wayland Junction from the pleasant south winds. Ordinarily Hod nursed his horses up and down a hill, but now with voice and whip he caricatured Ben Hur.

Artists think in the mediums they are used to. Michelangelo saw things in terms of marble and chopped it away with savagery. Cellini dreamed in spouting streams of molten bronze. Shakspere's thoughts fell naturally into scenes and dialogue. Hod Clum's form of expression was horses, and he used his medium as relentlessly as the other geniuses dealt with theirs. He was cruel, but with a structural purpose.

The snap of the lash and the rataplan of the hoofs sounded good to Bruce Imrie and his heart galloped with more hope; but presently he heard another sound that disquieted even his untutored ears, a sound of gigantic breathing, a windy expiration of forced breath. Fan stopped to cough, but Hod ruthlessly drove her on with menace of lash and voice. She barked her way to the top of the hill and then her legs refused to carry her farther.

The hack stopped with a jolt.

After a time Bruce Imrie stepped out to the ground and watched the throes of the equine Camille.

Fan was panting with the utmost violence. She drew in her breath peaceably enough, but she expelled it with immense noise. She was working with a leaky bellows, and the great muscles of flank and belly were lashing and straining to expel the air from the incompetent lungs.

Man or beast in a spasm of coughing is a hard sight for the hardest heart to watch. Some huge invisible Gargantuan baby seemed to be satisfying an infantile malice by snapping and twisting and flapping the big jumping jack.

The emotional Coralie was overcome with pity for the wretched horse. She forgot her own discontents before the vision of that dumb sufferer.

Hod's soul was ugly with remorse; he began to believe that the homes and lives of all the Imries and Crofoots in the world were not worth one moment's torment for that mare.

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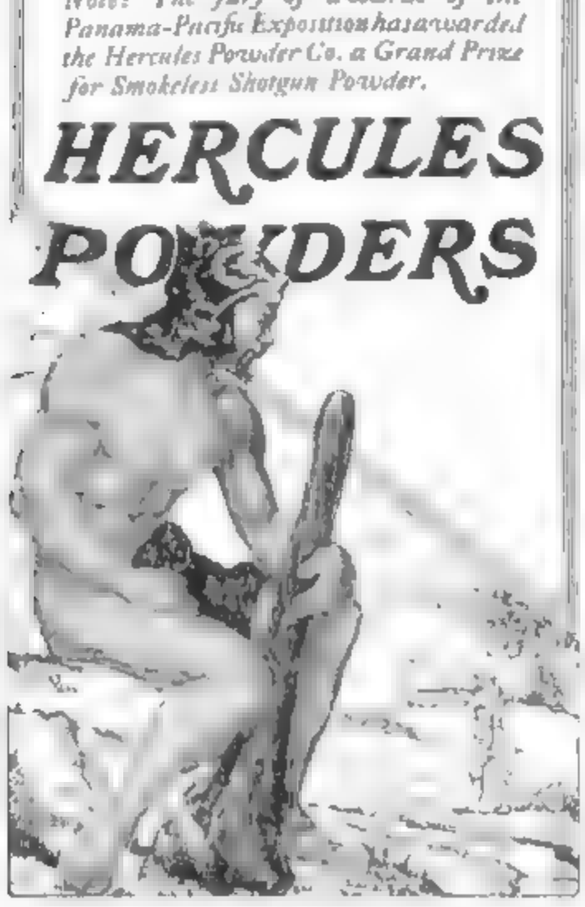


Even Bruce Imrie, who was too sentimental for his own prosperity, would have felt more pity for Fan if he had felt less for himself. Catching that train was all-important. From the height where they stood he could look across a valley to the little town of Wayland Junction. So nearly all of the lights were out that the few illuminated windows aroused suspicions; one wondered what those miscreants were up to who dwelt behind them.

Imrie looked at his watch. There was little time to waste.

"How long is that old fool going to cough?"

"Ask her," said Hod.

"How long does she usually act like this?"

"I ain't had her but a short while," said Hod. "First time she was attacked it lasted quite a spell. Second time it wa'n't so long."

"How long is quite a spell?" Imrie snarled.

"That depends," said Hod.

"Why in hell pardon me, Coralie - did you have to wish the old hatrack on me?"

"She ain't no hatrack. She's a mighty strong hoss. Otherwise she couldn't stand the wear and tear she's gettin' now. Look at her. Ain't she strong? You asked for the fastest team I had, and them two can make better time than any other pair I got. Fan don't often disappoint me."

"But you promised to get me to the train."

"Well, I got you within footin' distance of it. If you light out now you can make it." He opened and closed the clam shell of his watch.

Imrie seemed to be gargling his throat, but it was with curses. Then he turned to Coralie.

"Do you think we can do it, dear?"

"How far is it?" Coralie faltered. "It looks terribly far."

Hod answered:

"It's a good two mile, or mebbe more. And it would take right smart of running to make it."

"Great heavens! I never was able to run or walk very far, and I have on high-heeled shoes and my heart is acting funny."

Hod spoke with assumed surprise:

"Why, if it ain't Miz Crofoot. Just ridin' over to the deepo with Mr. Imrie, eh? Well, since you'd be goin' back anyway, no use runnin' all that distance. Tell him good-by here and leave him hike. Fan'll be calming down before long and I'll get you back home safe and sound as a new dollar."

Coralie was thrown into utter confusion by Hod's recognition and by his apparent unconsciousness of her guilty plans. She could not answer him.

Hod walked away and devoted himself to stroking Fan and talking to her. Even his slow brain imagined what was being said by the whisperers in the gloom. There were groans and sobs, and repeated embraces and outcries against their lot, and promises of reunion later.

Then Imrie darted from Coralie's arms and ran down the hill; he ran awkwardly, his heavy suitcase knocking against shin and calf and throwing him off his stride. In the dim light the local Apollo looked grotesque and poltroon and fugitive. He had forgotten to pay for the ride, but Hod did not add his voice to the pitiful wails that Coralie was sending out into the dark after him. "Good-by!" and "Good-by!" and "Good-by!"

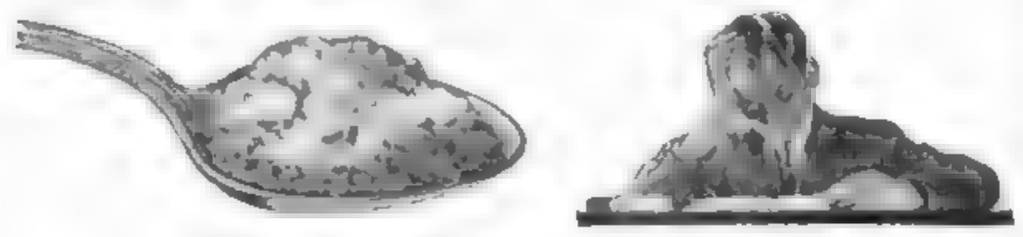
Once or twice Imrie's voice came back choked and breathless. Then he was lost. All was shadow and silence. Even the worn-out horse ceased to cough and drooped dejected.

Coralie—alone, dismayed, abandoned—was silent, too, staring off into the sea of moonlight that drowned her lover and staring back into the sea of moonlight that swallowed her home, her children and her husband. Her past was to be her future, and she was afraid of it. Suddenly she buried her face in her hands, and sobs bent and racked her delicate frame, as if the Gargantuan baby had flung the toy horse aside and had taken the doll for the next plaything to torture.

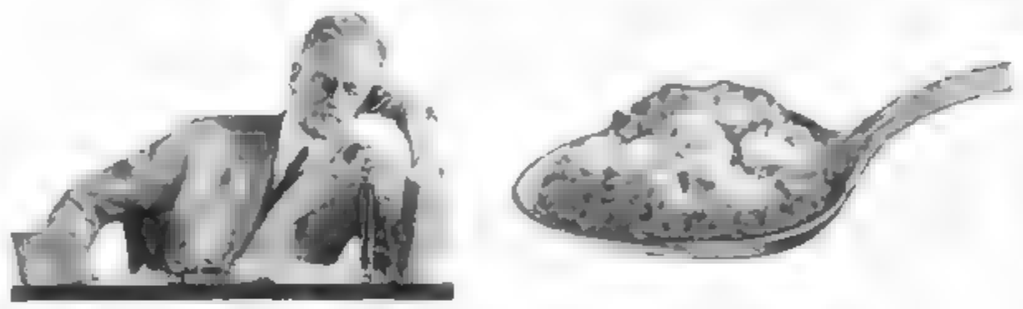
Coralie stumbled and staggered in her blind frenzy. Hod longed to comfort her, but did not know how. At length she fell against him. His arms went round her to support her and stayed there. He patted her back, as if she were a sick horse.

The tormentor tired also of Coralie at last and flung her down. She was as calm

That Much Plays a Game of Tennis



That Much Gets a Latin Lesson



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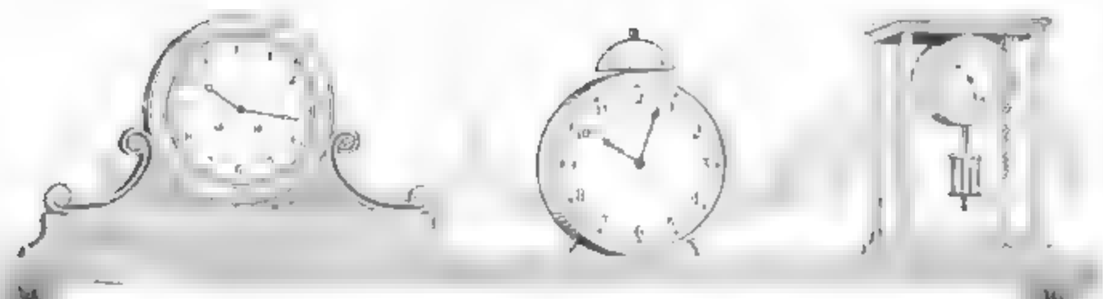

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and unresisting as a broken toy. She could cry no more. She faced her life clear-eyed and resigned, but without resource. She felt in her heart that she would never see Bruce Imrie again. She dreaded to go back to her deserted home, but she had no other shelter.

"Better git in now," said Hod.

He opened the carriage door for her, but she shrank from entering the black cell alone. A few minutes before it had been a sedan of romance. Now it was an empty grave.

Hod had one of the few inspirations of his life:

"Maybe you'd ruther ride up there with me, seeing it's such a fine night."

Coralie stared at him in amazement at the suggestion.

He added:

"Nobody ain't goin' to see you."

That made its usual all-important difference. Riding on the seat of a hack with a driver was ridiculous, but riding alone in that dark and bouncing closet was intolerable. Hod helped her up. She was prettily awkward and timid and he enjoyed his superiority. Perhaps if Clarastella had cried on his breast and been helpless she would have won him long before in spite of his mother.

Hod clambered to his place, turned the carriage round, and set out with all the exultance of a shepherd bringing back a ewe lamb he has torn from a wolf.

Hod's heart was full of moral lectures and common sense, but his tongue could not express them. That was to be Clarastella's share in the rescue.

By and by they heard the faint hoot of the midnight express drawing into Wayland Junction. There was a pause, then the train started up again and rattled off into oblivion with the peculiar clatter of distant trains purring through spacious country midnights.

Both Coralie and Hod wondered if Bruce Imrie had caught the train. They had a feeling that he had. They seemed to see him swing aboard the last platform, breathless but secure.

At length the hack reached the outskirts of Carthage, its lamp-posts like watchmen fallen asleep with lanterns held up. Now and then a vague pedestrian moved belatedly abroad. Coralie thought that she would better get down and ride inside. As Hod was handing her in she was attacked with a new onset of fear. She forgot Hod's fiction of her errand and whispered:

"I—I'm afraid—afraid to go ho-home, Mr. Clum. My hus-husband will have missed me. He may—may have told the police, or he may have locked the door—the door against me."

Hod had not thought of old Alex Crofoot in the rôle of the belligerent husband. He had hardly thought of him at all. He stood nonplused. Then he bethought him of Clarastella, waiting up doubtless to hear the news. This was a woman's business. He said:

"You come right along over to Miss Posey's house."

"But I can't wake her up!"

"I got a notion she'll be awake. We can drive past anyway and see if there's a light."

Coralie's poverty of wits consented and she stepped in. Hod mounted the box, and the hoofs of the team troubled the somnolent streets. To Hod's relief Clarastella's light was burning. He threw to the ground the weight that held the horses, climbed down, opened the door for Coralie and whispered:

"Miss Posey's up."

Miss Posey was not up. She was asleep by her lamp, and when she heard the stealthy knocking on the door she woke with a start, stared about, shivered, looked at the clock, accused it of having stopped the afternoon before; then decided that burglars were knocking for admittance.

At length she remembered, and hurried to the door. To her amazement Hod was not alone. He brought with him the forlorn Coralie, the pretty little employer who was now her suppliant. It was Coralie's first call on Miss Posey.

But the Coralie whom Hod had put into his carriage at the outskirts of the town was not the Coralie he took out. The few minutes in the dark had set her back in the spell of Bruce Imrie, whose ghost was there. Hod mumbled to Clarastella:

"Mizz Crofoot is afraid Mr. Crofoot has locked her out at home and she wants you to advise her how to git back."

But Coralie said:

"No, no, I don't want to go back to him. I won't! I want Miss Posey to keep me

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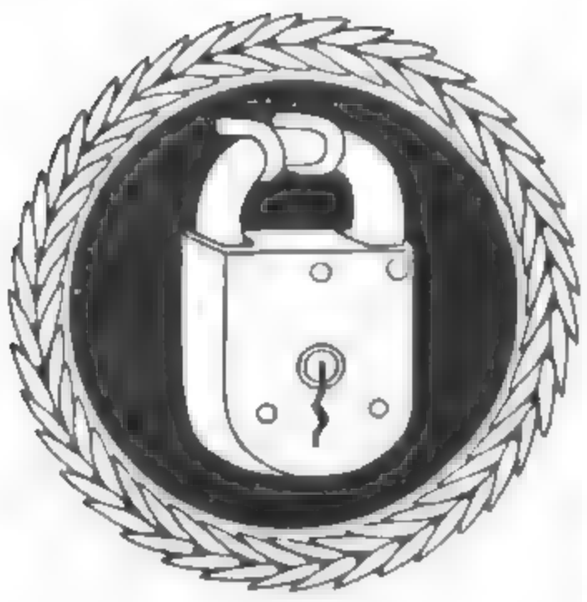

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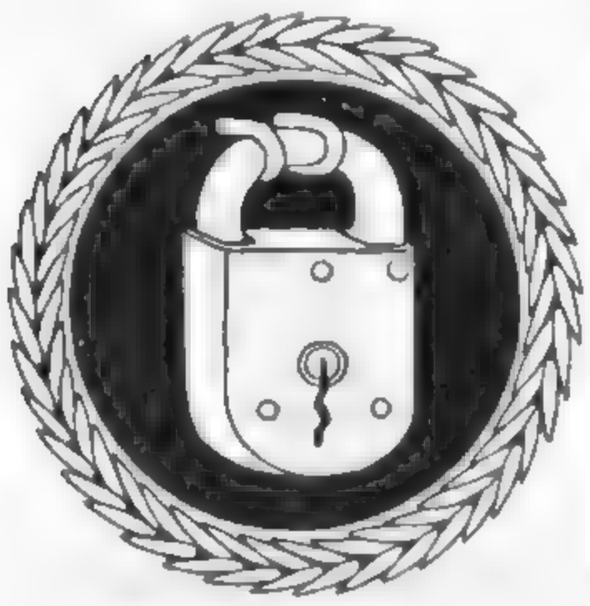

here till the first train for Chicago, and I want Mr. Clum to come for me with a closed carriage and take me to the train."

She had a plan now, and she was again the exigent, imperious Coralie. She added

"Also I'd like to borrow some money. I'll send it back as soon as I see Mr. Imrie."

Hod and Clarastella both sat down and left her standing, like an unsolvable riddle.

VII

IT WAS strange that the business of such a woman should have to be transacted with such a couple. Hod's mind went first to the money question. He grinned at the thought of Bruce Imrie giving Coralie money to send back to pay a loan. Bruce Imrie did not believe in paying money back; he believed in paying it forward. He owed nearly everybody in town. There was an old yellow account against him in Clum's books. He had not paid for his last ride. He had not remembered to give Coralie the money to pay for it.

With money as tight as it was, there was small inducement to use it for financing the wrecking of Coralie's life. Hod spoke first. He said:

"It ain't likely, Mizz Crofoot, we're goin' to pay your expenses for any such foolishness."

"You won't lend me the money?" Coralie demanded in amazement.

"Not so's you could notice it," said Hod.

"Why not?"

"I ain't sure of your s'curity."

"Take these two rings then." She pulled from her fingers an ornate jewel and a wedding ring and said: "Mr. Crofoot gave them to me. I don't want them any more."

Clarastella had found such difficulties in achieving a plain gold band that she marveled at the ease with which wedding rings slid off and on the fingers of Coralie. Hod rejected the pledges.

"I'm afraid those there belong to Mr. Crofoot as soon as you're through with 'em."

Coralie turned from him in disgust to Clarastella:

"Miss Posey, will you lend me the money? You must have saved a good deal!"

The notorious ant was greatly flattered by the appeal of the beautiful locust, but she dared not grant it. It was not stinginess but conscience that forbade. It cost Clarastella a great pang to deny herself the splendor of tossing money to the aristocrat.

Instead, Clarastella said to the indignant Clum:

"Hod, you better run along home now. Your maw will be worryin'. I'll take care of Mizz Crofoot."

Hod beckoned her to come to the door and whispered:

"Don't you give her one cent; you'll never get it back!"

"Go on home," said Clarastella. "You've done your share."

Hod took the horses back to the stable and found that his mother had been sending messages for him with increasing urgency. Miss Gormley had been to the stable three times.

He stopped the stable man who was about to unharness the horses, and drove out home at all the speed he could lash from the weary team.

Meanwhile Clarastella and Coralie had worked their way into sufficient familiarity for the conference to develop into a bitter wrangle. Clarastella insisted on Coralie's going home. Coralie was driven at length to the bluntness of saying:

"Miss Posey, you're getting impudent to me. Please mind your own business and let me mind mine."

Clarastella answered her, as if she were sticking needles into Coralie:

"Mind my own business, you say? Do you mean I'm to turn you out into the street and go to bed? Let you mind your business? Well, why don't you? It's just about time you was quittin' this foolishness and settlin' down to your business. Your business is your husband, and you better mind him."

"But I don't want to go back to my husband; I do want to go to Mr. Imrie. How many times do I have to tell you?"

"You don't have to tell me once; but there's one thing I wisht you'd tell me."

"What's that?"

"That's where did you get the notion that what you want to do is what you'd ought to do. Most of the time it's the exact opposite. You take my advice and suspicion everything you want. You leave out that 'I want' business and pay a little attention to 'I hadn't ought to.' Look what you've had, Coralie. You've been

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Bevans and Braisted and Crofoot, and you want to be Imrie—and I'm still old Miss Posey. You got childern and looks and money. And what have I got? O' course you'll say a homely old thing like me's got no right to those things, but it's not fair that you should have all the good looks and all the husbands in the world. You got childern and they've grown past bein' toys for you to play with. They got rights and it's high time you was teachin' them their hadn't-ought-tos and their I-wants. They'll keep you busy if you'll tend to 'em instead of gallivantin' all over the country with that swindlin', lyin', sneakin' Bruce Imrie.

"It won't be long before he'll see some other woman that's pirtier than you are, because they keep makin' the pirty ones fresh every day. Then he'll say 'I want it,' and throw you into the ash barrel. And what right'll you have to complain, for you'll find in that same barrel the children and the husband you threw there yourself."

For the first time Coralie compared herself with Clarastella, as a human being equally eager for the riches of experience. She had assumed that Clarastella had not lived because she lacked the will and the enthusiasm. She had known, as everybody in town had known, that Hod Clum's mother had kept him from marrying Clarastella. She had seen that they took the matter with outward calm. Therefore she rated their martyrdom as indifference. Their elopement and marriage would have been so easy and lawful an adventure that their failure to take it seemed mere cowardice.

Now she realized that they had not let I-ought-not wait upon I-want, because they had accepted the demands of another as their own duty. That was the true altruism.

And now Coralie saw also herself otherwise, no longer as one whom life had used cruelly and denied much, but as a glutton whom nothing could appease. Her romantic tears and wails for Bruce Imrie became the contemptible whining of a greedy feeder calling "More! More!" and never "Enough!"

She had always spilled the sweets she had, in clutching at those that were beautiful because they were at the other side of the table.

She compared her gormandizing with the husks that Clarastella had chosen. Coralie decided that it was time to push back from the feast and get to work.

"I'll go home," she sighed, and Clarastella caught her in her arms with sudden love. Coralie added:

"But how can I get back? My husband is an awful strict man."

Now that they were on this lofty moral plateau, it seemed impossible to deal otherwise than honestly. So Clarastella urged:

"Go to your husband and tell him the truth and ask him to forgive you."

She felt Coralie's lithe body turn to marble in her embrace, and she heard the old accent again in Coralie's voice:

"I wouldn't ask that old miser for forgiveness if it was the last act of my life! I'd rather die. And if I did ask him he'd turn me out; or else all my life he'd treat me like dirt."

Clarastella groaned. Folks were hard to manage. Angels are not made out of folks all at once and angels have to be among angels to shine. Clarastella felt that Coralie was right about old Alex. The erring wife was not yet saint enough to drop to her knees, and if she did the husband was not saint enough to lift her up.

A trick would have to be played. It would take time to work one out. She looked at the wax-wan beauty and said:

"You'd ought to lay down, Coralie. You're just naturally wore out. Get off your shoes and corsets and stretch out on my bed!"

Coralie was reformed enough to murmur:

"But what'll you do?"

"Oh, I'll take the sofa. It's fine. I always use it when I take a nap."

The much-married Coralie crept into the old maid's bed and fell asleep. Clarastella always hated the horse-hair sofa and it hated her. It was a slippery perch that seemed to be always trying to slide her to the floor. But she kept herself aboard, and somehow resumed her sleep. When she woke her plan lay all ready made in the back of her head.

She washed her face and hands and tidied up her hair. She took a peek at Coralie and found her as pretty and innocent as any dreaming child—as perhaps she was.

A Servant for Every Home

Handy Oil Can filled with good 3-in-One Oil is a willing worker that can do 1000 tasks.

This ideal Handy Oil Can is flat and fits into any man's hip pocket, into any woman's sewing machine or typewriter drawer. It can't break because it's tin—can't leak because its patent soft metal spout is leakproof.

If you wish to lubricate a sewing machine, a lawn mower, a door hinge or whatever it may be, 3-in-One does it instantly and right.

If you wish to clean and polish furniture, hard wood floors or many other things, 3-in-One does it without fuss or muss.

Or maybe you want to prevent rust from forming on a metal surface. 3-in-One again quickly performs the task.

3-in-One in the Handy Oil Can is truly a most versatile servant and once employed you will employ it always.

You can buy Handy Oil Can from your Grocer, Hardware, Drug, Housefurnishing or General Store. Containing 3½ ozs. of 3-in-One, 25c. 3-in-One also comes in bottles: 1 oz., 10c; 3 ozs., 25c; and 8 ozs. (½ pint), 50c.

If you would rather try before you buy, send for

FREE Sample

of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses. A post card will do.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
42 EUC. BROADWAY NEW YORK

Leave Them as *Nature* Made Them

NATURE never intended the delicate bones of your feet to be bent and twisted in narrow fancy shoes; never intended the corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, etc., which come from those bent bones.

Save yourself all those tortures. Natural roomy Educator shoes are made in the shape of *normal natural feet*—hence they never bend bones or cause foot agonies. Made for all ages of men, women and children. Prices $1.35 up to $5.50.

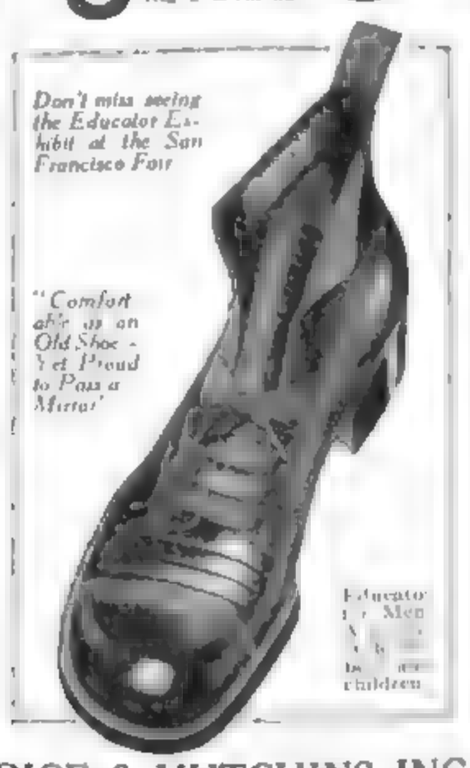
But don't let anyone sell you a shoe that has not EDUCATOR stamped into the sole, for you have not the genuine orthopaedically correct Educator shape which *"lets the feet grow as they should."*

Does your shoe man keep Educators? If not, write for address of dealer near you who does. We will also mail you an unusual book, "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"; advice of eminent foot experts on How to Walk; How to Have Healthy, Straight-Boned Feet, etc. Free. Send postcard today.

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers also of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

Clarastella went to her mother and found her just groaning out of bed. Clarastella pushed her back:

"Don't get up, maw! Stay right there!"

"Why?"

"Maw, you're awful sick."

"I am not."

"You got to be."

"Why?"

"I ain't got time to explain till later. But you been awful sick all night and Coralie Crofoot has nursed you."

"I haven't laid eyes on her."

"She's in my bed now, all fagged out from nursin' you. You do as I tell you, and tell anybody that asks what I told you."

Then Clarastella walked out.

She left her mother convinced that one or the other was insane. Then she stole out of the door to invade the awful presence of Alex Crofoot. She saw him coming along the street. He was haggard and ashen and his step was feeble.

Alexander the Close had had a bad night. The beauty that he prized in his way, with all the soul he had, had been absent from his home. Suspicions and dark plans of divorce had given him no comfort. He did not want an ugly revenge; he wanted his pretty wife. He cherished her as miserly as his gold, and now she was gone. The town would laugh at him. He felt wrecked and abandoned.

Clarastella hailed him as he passed her gate. She took her lies with a rush.

"'Mornin', Mr. Crofoot, I was just on my way to your house. I'm afraid you been worryin' about your wife. Fact is, my mother was taken awful bad all of a sudden last night, and I run over to your house to ask Coralie to let me telephone for a doctor, and she insisted on comin' right over. She didn't think to leave word, and we kep' workin' over mother all night."

Alex muttered:

"I saw the lights goin' in your house, but I never thought ——"

"This morning Coralie was so dead beat I just put her to bed in my bed. I hope you and the children haven't worried, but she's certainly been our salvation. And maw's consid'able better."

Old Alex Crofoot was clinging to the palings and wavering for a fall. His heartless, sinful, runaway wife was to be restored to him in the guise of a ministering nun. If he had known how he would have sent up three cheers and wept. As it was, his hard old eyes minted two or three tears. They fell from the slots like nickels.

Nothing would do but that he should come in to verify Clarastella's fairy story. He followed so closely that he caught Mrs. Posey out in her nightgown.

Clarastella screamed:

"Maw, how dare you be out of your bed. I declare you're demented."

Mrs. Posey had the presence of mind to limp out rheumatically and to cough with appalling ardor.

Clarastella gave Alex a stout chair and went to wake Coralie. She held her hand over Coralie's mouth while she told the situation. Then she made Coralie get up and dress. By the time Coralie was ready, old Alex was as impatient as a Romeo, and he embraced her with an ardor hitherto unknown. He wept a little better now, and Clarastella was rejoiced to see Coralie's face softened with a hint of pity. She could not expect love, but it is much if a woman will have a little mercy for her husband.

Coralie was now in haste to get home and comfort her terrified children, and Clarastella was further encouraged. Two emotions and a comfortable house ought to make a marriage last a while.

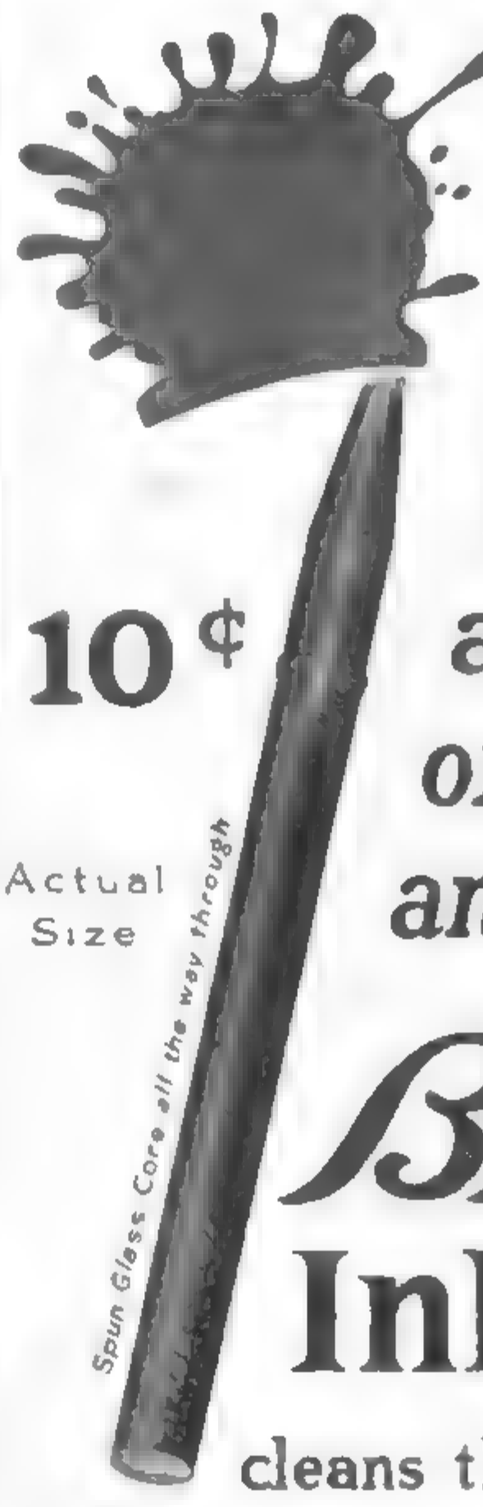
She invited the Crofoots to stay to breakfast, but they declined with thanks, and she watched them scurrying home as if they were two of her own children setting out for school—a hard school, but a school.

VIII

CLARASTELLA was frantic now to tell Hod Clum of her triumph as a match-mender. She wondered why he did not drop round to inquire. There was no telephone in her house or she would have called him up. When she could stand the strain no longer she resolved to walk past the livery stable on a chance of seeing him. If he were not there she might venture on to the dreadful realm of the deepo.

As she passed the stable, Hod's man, old Bud Shorthouse, who always looked as if the horses used him for target practice with their hoofs, was washing a buggy.

(Continued on Page 32)



A brand new ink eraser that lasts three times as long as the ordinary eraser and costs only 10¢

10¢

Blaisdell Ink Eraser

cleans the paper white as snow and smooth as glass

At last a *real* ink eraser! An eraser that erases! An eraser that is kind both to the paper and your temper! An eraser that lasts long and costs little! An eraser that you really *like! More* eraser and *better* eraser at a price actually less.

If you ever took a pen in hand, you know how much this means. The ink eraser has always been a cantankerous item—the general nuisance of the office and "home" desk. Everything that would scratch, from a file to a pen-knife, has been used to erase ink, and each way seemed worse than the last. But now comes the Blaisdell—handy as a lead-pencil, clean as a whistle, a splendid doer, a long laster, and priced at only a dime!

The very form of this unique eraser will instantly excite your interest and admiration. In looks and construction it is precisely the same as the famous Blaisdell Paper Pencil, except that in place of the lead there is a "cable" of thousands of fibers of fine-spun glass extending the whole length of the eraser. At the apex is a neat metal cap which prevents the glass "cable" from fraying and holds it to a fine, firm, small point. After slipping off the metal cap, the eraser is sharpened exactly like the Blaisdell Paper Pencil—by cutting the outside paper layer and slipping off a paper cone. None of the bother of "refilling" and you can use the Blaisdell right down to the end.

Fine-spun glass is the latest, most efficient, most scientific abrasive for fine work. The myriads of tiny glass "teeth" in the Blaisdell Ink Eraser "bite" effectively, but not too deeply. With only slight pressure this eraser will remove the ink, *but not the paper.* It removes old blots as well as new. The fineness of the point enables you to erase in the narrowest places and erase what you want to, *and no more.* The comfort, efficiency, and neatness of this eraser will be a genuine revelation and pleasure to you. Every stenographer who tries this eraser immediately forsakes the old-style awkward and clumsy round eraser.

In *quantity* as well as quality, you get more. In actual amount of eraser the Blaisdell gives you three times as much as any other eraser of the kind—and costs only 10c. Its peculiar, patented construction—the fact that it is made exactly like the Blaisdell Paper Pencil—enables us to give three times as much glass (eraser) at a price which is actually lower!

Everyone who writes will find the Blaisdell a "lucky discovery." Especially those who write a great deal—clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, will welcome it. For erasing typewriting, it is a positive delight! In fact, wherever a fine abrasive is wanted, the Blaisdell is the "answer." The manicure, the silversmith, the man who cleans jewelry, etc., etc.—all have their "best weapon" in this Blaisdell.

A dime at the nearest stationer's will bring you the Blaisdell Ink Eraser today. Everyone who *tries* it cheers for it, and we predict that you will not be the exception.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company

PHILADELPHIA

Touring Cars "Sixes" New Series $785

A big touring car for five people

SAX
Strength-Econ

New Fea
"Six"

- Two unit electric starting and lighting system
- Timken Axles, Timken Bearings throughout the chassis
- Silent helical bevel drive gears
- Roomier rear seat
- Linoleum covered running boards and floor boards
- Improved body finish
- Garnish strip around top of body
- —and 17 other improvements

"Six" Touring Car	$785
"Six" Roadster	785
"Six" Touring Car with detachable limousine top	935

The New Series Saxon "Six" —*distinctly a fine quality car*

Every feature attests its record excellence. Every detail is typical of the class car. Twice its present price could not have purchased such a car but a short time past.

You men who keep pace with advances in motor car building should see this new series Saxon "Six" at once. It will surprise you with its finished perfection.

New Standards Set by Saxon "Six"

First—*in lightness*. But it is not the lightness of lost strength. Skillful design and the use of top grade materials alone account for this reduction in weight.

Then—*in power*. This Saxon high speed motor—on less gas—develops more power than far larger motors used to give. We doubt if any car of like price can measure power, speed, flexibility, acceleration, hill climbing, quietness, smoothness, and coolness with this Saxon "Six."

Next—*in beauty*. Here again Saxon "Six" scores. Its beautiful yacht line body is the latest development of motor car fashion.

Next—*in size*. Saxon "Six" is a big car. The wheelbase is 112 inches. Five people find ample space to ride in comfort.

Next—*in economy*. In this respect Saxon "Six" truly triumphs. Fuel and tire cost it brings far below most standards. It will revise your ideas of operative cost.

Further Refinements That Mark Its Quality

Here are developments that mean much to you. Saxon "Six" has a two-unit electric starting and lighting system—reliable, efficient, silent.

It has Timken Axles, with full Timken Bearings throughout the chassis. No car at any price has better axles.

It is driven with helical bevel gears. These eliminate all noise and friction. It has an improved body finish of lasting newness. It has linoleum covered running boards and floor boards. A garnish strip around the top of the body adds to its trim smartness.

We urge you to see the new series Saxon "Six" at $785. We believe it to be the best car sold at anywhere near its price—and we think you'll agree.

Saxon Records Pr

Just recently 105 Saxon "Sixes" were driven by dealers from Detroit to their home towns. The distance driven averaged 252 miles per car—gasoline consumption averaged 21 miles per gallon, some making as high as 26 miles per gallon (and the roads were heavy with mud)—and the oil consumption averaged 152 miles per quart.

A short time ago a stock model Saxon "Six" sped 490 miles, from Los Angeles to San Francisco, in 13 hours, beating the "Lark"—the Southern Pacific's fastest train—by 15 minutes.

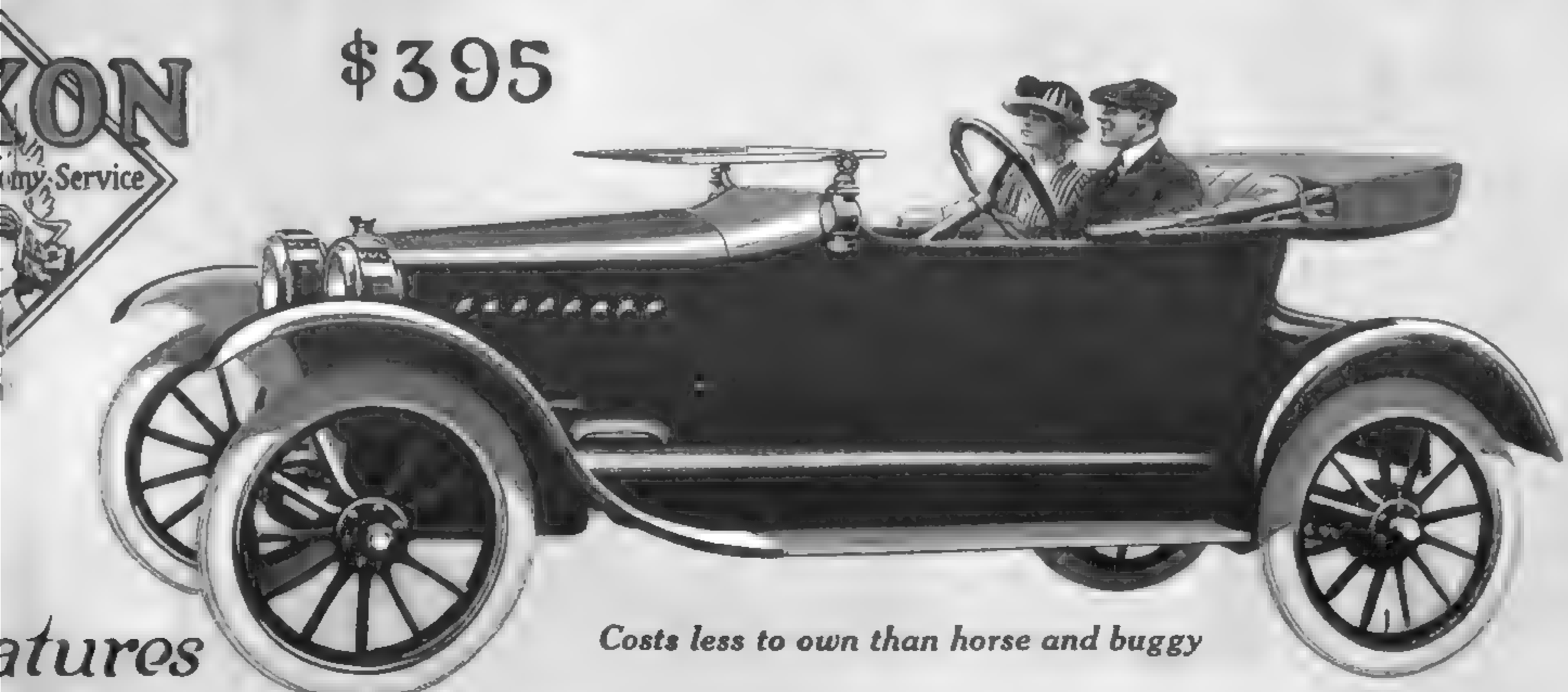
The Saxon "Six" won premier honors against five other cars in the hill climb at Stamford, Conn., making this hill—a mile long, with a

Saxon Motor Co

SAXON Cars

Roadsters "Fours"

$395



Costs less to own than horse and buggy

atures Roadster

Three speed transmission

Timken Axles

New body—handsomer, roomier

Improved high speed motor

Signal lamps at side

Ventilating windshield

Adjustable pedals

—and 15 further refinements

Standard Roadster - - - - - - $395
(Electric starting and lighting, $50.
Delivery Car - - - - - - - - 395
Standard Roadster with detachable coupe top—see dealer for samples and price

ove Saxon Worth

15 to 18 per cent grade—in the time of one minute and 2 seconds.

100 Saxon Roadsters in 100 different towns, in all parts of the country, averaged 34.5 miles per gallon of gasoline in a 200 mile non-stop run.

The faith that Saxon Roadster owners have in their cars is strikingly evidenced by the many long trips they take. H. L. Kriner and B. A. Yingling drove from Du Bois, Pa., to San Francisco in a Saxon Roadster in exactly 21 days of continuous driving. Their total mileage amounted to 3600 miles, yet they used only 158 gallons of gasoline and 10 gallons of oil, at a total cost of $34.96. This economy showing—we believe—established a world's record.

npany, Detroit

New Series Saxon Roadster

—today's choice among two-passenger cars

To those Saxon Roadster attractions which earned its present prestige among 30,000 owners we now add over a score of further improvements. They mark the best practices in roadster construction.

Judge the field of low-priced two-passenger cars by any gauge you like. In the end you'll agree that this new series Saxon Roadster stands out clearly—the pick of its class.

Feature Innovations You Now Find

Three Speed Transmission. This provides greater flexibility. Only the new series Saxon Roadster—among cars selling for less than $400—has a three speed transmission.

Saxon high speed motor. This motor won widespread praise—when first brought out—for its power, smoothness, flexibility, ability to cool under all conditions and operative economy. It has been still further refined and developed.

Timken Axles. No better can be bought. *Ventilating Windshield, Signal Lamps* at side, *Adjustable Pedals*—all equipment of unmistakable desirability.

A body of greater beauty. No one—we believe—will question the supremacy of the Saxon Roadster in the matter of handsome appearance. Its body is a perfect streamline. You are proud to own it—to be seen in it.

More room. Plenty of leg length. Spacious comfort for two large people when seated.

"Most Economical Car to Own"

And not only that, but Saxon Roadster—all things considered—costs less to keep up than a good horse and buggy. Against every sort of test—under hardest possible conditions—it has maintained an average operating cost of one-fourth cent per mile per passenger—30 miles to the gallon of gasoline—100 to 150 miles on a pint of oil—3500 to 5000 miles on a $7.95 tire.

Women find it easy to drive the Saxon because of its simple operation — its lightness — and short turning radius. City salesmen find it a wonderfully convenient and economical method of transportation.

So ruggedly is it built—so reliable is the Saxon Roadster—that it will carry you comfortably, quietly and quickly anywhere larger cars will—even across the continent.

Sliding gear transmission; and resilient vanadium steel cantilever springs; are additional features. Go see this new series Saxon Roadster at the nearest Saxon dealer's.

(136)

"It's lucky your daddy let me paint that wall with Sherwin-Williams Flat-Tone
"Get me a damp cloth and I'll make it look like new in a minute"

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
Flat-Tone

walls not only clean as easily as woodwork but sunlight does not fade them. They are restful to the eyes, satisfying to every sense of beauty and fitness and ideal from a sanitary standpoint.

Do not decorate your new home or redecorate any old room until you have investigated this modern method of wall beautifying. If you will tell us what room or rooms you wish to decorate we will send you color schemes and specifications without charge.

Send 10 cents for a clever new game and get a useful book with it free of charge

The ABC of Home Painting
A practical, experienced painter tells you in simple words just how to paint, varnish, stain or enamel every surface in and around your home. Send for a copy

Going to Market
is a mighty interesting game for both young folks and grown-ups. It's good training, too, for anyone who buys or sells in the markets. Sent for 10 cents in stamps

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.
Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Bldg.; San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere

(Continued from Page 29)

He gave an indication of touching his hat and stared at her very solemnly.

After a fierce battle, Clarastella spoke to him in a most un-old-maidenly manner:

"Mr. Clum ain't round?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. He's not be'n down 's mornin'!"

"He's not sick?"

"No'm."

"Is his mother?"

"No."

"What's the matter of him then?"

"His mother's dead, ma'm."

"Dead!"

"Yes'm. She was right poorly all evenin' and he was late gitting home. When he got there she brightened up right smart, they tell me. But she begun to weaken. Heart failure it was, the doctor was tellin' me."

"Did she suffer much?"

"No'm. Doctor said she was holdin' on to Hod's hand and then she wanted to breathe and he helped her to set up and put the pillers back of her, and all of a sudden she says, 'Holt on to me tight, honey,' and Hod put his arms round her, and she says, 'You been a good boy, honey,' and she smiled and—then just naturally died. Yes'm, so the doctor was tellin' me."

He returned to his buggy washing, his eyes dripping like sponges; and he was cursing them under his breath.

There is no loneliness like the loneliness when a strong enemy has left the field. Clarastella felt as if all the people and houses and trees had been removed from the earth and she was left. Old Mrs. Clum was no longer against her.

Her first thought was one of pity for the poor old soul wrenched from the world. Then she smiled to think that Hod had been with her and had won the rare accolade of her blessing for his fidelity. And then the tears came pattering, as she thought of his grief.

She wondered what to do. Impulse said: "Go to him, help him." Habit said: "Keep away. Mrs. Clum don't want you round."

She went back home. She tried to write. Her fingers kept forgetting that the pen was not a needle. What was the use? Hod knew as well as she did what she felt. When he wanted to see her or hear her voice he knew well enough where to find her.

And so, as almost always for herself, Clarastella chose the negative, the self-denying alternative.

She did not see Hod Clum for weeks. The old lady had her way more than ever now. Clarastella did not miss Hod so much on ordinary evenings, but on Thursday and Sunday evenings it was—she admitted it to Coralie—it was kind of lonesome round the house. Worst was the feeling that Hod must be most as lonesome as what she was. But he would feel that he hadn't ought to go calling so soon after the funeral, and him taking the funeral so hard, his horses still all wearing little black ribbons.

One lonely, lonely Thursday evening, when the plang of the church bell was sorrowful beyond the bearing, Clarastella heard a familiar footfall on the boardwalk outside. She dared not look, lest it be only imagination.

The next Sunday evening she heard it again. She peeked through the blinds and saw Hod pacing up and down. She dared not step out on the porch lest he go away. She watched him from behind the curtain, and her tears dropped one by one as slowly as his footfalls.

The next Thursday evening she was on the porch when he went by. He waved his hand at her, but did not come back. But the second Thursday he could not help but turn in.

His words were:

"I don't guess maw would mind, seeing as it's prayer-meeting evenin'."

"I don't guess she would," Clarastella murmured meekly. "Set down, won't you, Hod?"

He sat down. After a silence he began to talk, to talk about the forbidden subject—his mother, to tell how good she had been, how anxious for him, how jealous, how interesting a talker, and what a sense of humor she had had.

Clarastella felt a great tenderness welling in her heart for the poor gone soul that had loved too well and wanted love too much, and had only had the one love to draw on.

"I'm glad we let her have her way," she said, and meant it.

And now the old lady seemed to be satisfied. Her opposition melted impalpably away. She came as it were to call on the

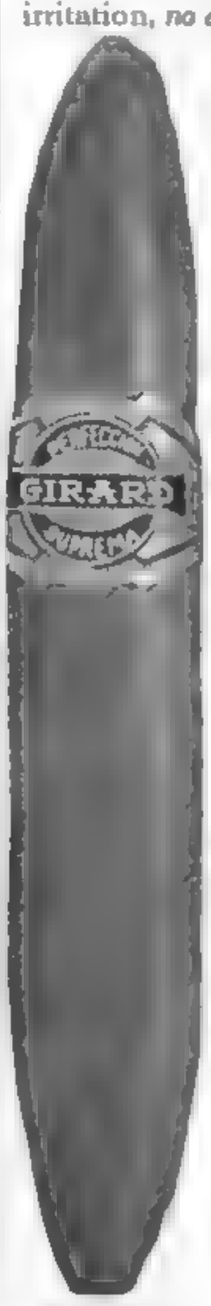
"The Girard saved my nervous system!

"That sounds funny; but it's a fact! I was all on edge half the time until I switched to the Girard. Now I smoke all I want to and never turn a hair!"

And this is a common experience.

The Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

It is a fine satisfying *real*-Havana smoke, *mellowed by age alone;* and so mild that you feel not the slightest unpleasant effects. No depression, no "heavy" sensations, no irritation, *no anything* but genuine enjoyment down to the last fragrant puff. And it leaves you a hundred per cent keen and efficient.



The "Broker"
Actual size. 10c

Girard dealers know that this is a remarkable cigar. They know that it is made of genuine Cuban-grown tobacco, matured *thoroughly* in the honest old Cuban way; and *big value for your money*

If your dealer hasn't the *Girard*, he should be glad to put it in for you. Urge him to do this. He risks nothing

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase. We authorize him to do the same by you.

14 sizes. 10c straight, and up.

Our trial offer

Simply mail us
$1 00 for 10—10c Girards
$2 50 for 25—10c Girards
$5 00 for 50—10c Girards
(If your dealer can't supply you.)

Smoke five of these Girard cigars, and if you are not satisfied return the remainder and we will refund all your money.

Don't be satisfied until you give the *Girard* a trial.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Right here you can pin your check or bill
Check shape you prefer.

"Broker" 5¼ inch Perfecto
"Mariner" 5¾ inch Panetela
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Check color you prefer
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Name
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Elgin Wonder Tales

Busting a Bronc with an Elgin

"I CAN'T say too much for my Elgin. The way it keeps perfect time in spite of the bumps and jolts we have been through is wonderful. My Elgin is twenty years old and for three years has been my constant companion in exhibition riding with Buffalo Bill and Wirth Bros. Enclosed is a picture of me and my Elgin aboard 'Moving Picture,' one of the most famous bucking horses in the United States."

(ORIGINAL LETTER ON FILE AT ELGIN HEADQUARTERS.)

Durability plus accuracy plus beauty are the built-in features of every Elgin Watch. As a practical or sentimental gift no watch can have greater value, finer workmanship, or more accurate timekeeping qualities.

Ask Your Elgineer

Write for Elgin book of Wonder Tales. Send stamped and addressed envelope for set of Elgin Poster Stamps.

ELGIN *Watches* KEEP TIME

LORD ELGIN (Extra thin model) $100 to $115

LADY ELGIN A wide range of prices

B. W. RAYMOND (R. R. Watch) $35 to $75

G. M. WHEELER $45 to $75

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Illinois

Poseys, to sit and beam upon her son and on the woman who should look after his comfort, for she loved her son too well to want him homeless now.

With a very gradual progress the marriage plans of Clarastella and Hod began to return to their thoughts, then to their speech.

Of course they had to wait the year out, and it was a long year—one of the longest of recent years—but at last it was gone.

At last Clarastella could be seen waist-deep sewing on a wedding dress of her very own. It was not white satin. She did not want to look as foolish as all that came to.

Coralie Crofoot wanted to buy her white satin, but Clarastella was wise. The wedding, she knew, would be joke enough to the town.

And it was. It was a huge joke. Everybody went to the church, invited or not. People said that Hod was a bridegroom, with the accent on the "groom." In his "Prince Albert" he certainly looked every inch the livery-stable keeper. And the poor little old maid at his side looked more an old maid than ever.

Two or three of the women in the pews were purple with amusement, and several of the youngsters giggled so that they had to run out of church. As the newly hitched team walked down the aisle and out of the inferno of embarrassment there was an audible snicker back of them. But Coralie Crofoot said:

"I envy Clarastella."

Breaking it Gently

SPEAKING of breaking the news gently, the story is told of a well-shooter who operated in the oil fields in Southeast Kansas ten or twelve years ago. While he was going from one well to another with a load of nitroglycerin the wagon fell over the side of a bridge and landed on the rocks fifteen feet below. The well-shooter, his wagon and his team were immediately distributed over the surrounding country.

A friend, who happened to see the accident, felt that he ought to notify the unfortunate well-shooter's wife, but he wanted to break the news as gently as possible. He called her up over the telephone and said:

"My opinion is, Mrs. Loop, that your husband won't get back home in time for supper, and I reckon you might as well not wait for him."

"Which way did he go?" asked Mrs. Loop.

"Well, ma'am," said the tool-sharpener who was breaking the news, "he was goin' purty nigh straight up when I last saw him, though I think he was headin' a trifle to the northeast, and I should say at the rate he was travelin' that it won't be possible for him to make it back by supper time."

Divided by the Red Sea

IMMEDIATELY following the close of the Civil War, J. G. Butler, then a young man living in Youngstown, Ohio, and destined to become notable as a steel magnate, left home to go South on a visit to his brother, who had been a Union soldier and who, after the close of hostilities, had settled among the mountains, in a remote section of East Tennessee.

Part of the journey was made upon horseback. One night the traveler secured accommodations at the only dwelling in sight—the log cabin of an old negro.

"When bedtime came," said Mr. Butler, "the old darky asked me to join in the family prayers. So I knelt down with the members of his household upon the hard puncheon floor, and he closed his eyes and threw his head back and opened his mouth and began.

"He began with Genesis and worked gradually downward. When he had prayed for twenty minutes without a pause, and my knees were hurting me like the toothache, I got desperate. I nudged the person nearest to me—a twelve-year-old boy, who had his head on a chair seat and was peacefully dozing through the ordeal.

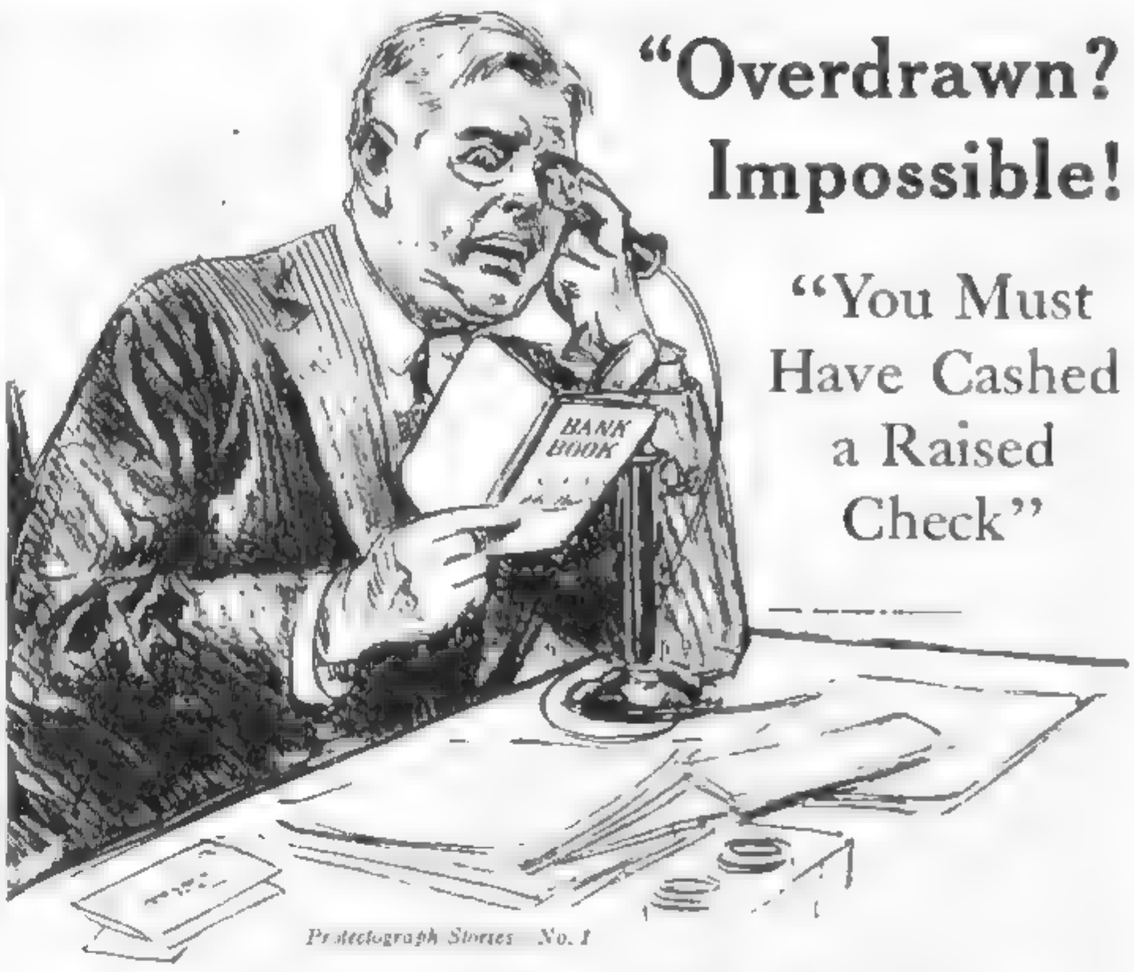
"'Whut is it, Boss?' whispered the pickaninny, waking with a start.

"'How long is this prayer goin' to last?' I whispered back.

"'Has Daddy done tuck de Chillen of Israel 'crosst de Red Sea yit?' he asked me under his breath.

"'Not yet,' I said.

"'Well, den, w'en he git to de Red Sea he's jest half done.'"



"Overdrawn? Impossible!

"You Must Have Cashed a Raised Check"

Protectograph Stories No. 1

"You say there's one of our checks there at the bank for several hundred dollars?

"I tell you we've drawn no such check. If it's our signature the amount must have been raised.

"Haven't you any description of the man who got the money?"

This little business tragedy is taking place, somewhere, every day. Bills to pay, maybe a note to meet at the bank to-morrow, pay roll staring him in the face—and his bank balance suddenly overdrawn—all because he signed a check for a few dollars without protecting it like this—

★★★ FIFTEEN DOLLARS TWENTY SEVEN CENTS

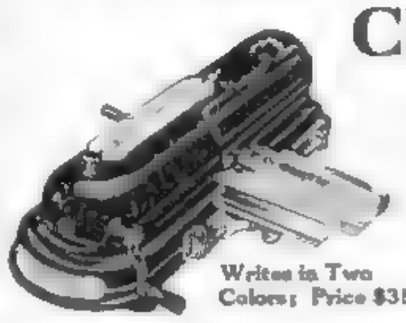
with the Protectograph Check Writer (Todd Patents), the beautiful instrument that writes the full amount in two colors and protects it—all at one speedy operation.

Protection means "shredding" each character into the paper, forcing two colors of insoluble ink (Todd Patents) through and through each shred—the original basic principle of real check protection.

The two colors (amounts red, denominations black) give the check a handsome, business-like appearance. Vividly separating the dollars and cents by colors prevents misreading the amount.

The Todd "word-to-a-stroke" system is much faster than writing amounts by hand.

The Protectograph Check Writer (Todd Patents)



Writes in Two Colors; Price $35

insures thorough protection, and bears the famous Todd guarantee of lasting satisfaction to the owner.

The Protectograph Check Writer is positive and unvarying in its action because of the patented paper-feed mechanism. Nothing is left to the operator's judgment, except to keep the machine well inked—and that's done in a moment.

The beautiful 1916 model has everlasting bronze type; folding check shelf (compact, with extension slide for large vouchers); removable handle (locks machine); "silencer," making operation practically noiseless; tandem feed rolls (perfect alignment); perfected inking mechanism. Built with the precision of a watch to last a business lifetime. Beautifully finished in black enamel with heavily nickeled brass trimmings.

The Todd System is the cheapest form of insurance known. Todd machines have protected the biggest bank accounts in the world for fifteen years (375,000 in use), and no user has ever lost a dollar on any check bearing Todd protection.

NOT OVER TEN DOLLARS 10

This is the famous limiting line of the standard Model K Protectograph (two color). Price, $30.

One raised check may wipe out the largest bank account. Why take a chance? Let us send the interesting book on "Check Frauds" by Detective Wm. J. Burns. It gives inside facts about check raising by the man who knows most about this common form of fraud. The book is naturally confidential, sent only to business men who enclose their letterhead as evidence of responsibility.

PROTOD CHECKS AND DRAFTS—Something new. Handsome checks designed for your individual business, on Protod Chemical Fibre Protective Paper, each check registered and safeguarded like U. S. Bank Notes. Prevent forgery.

FREE COUPON

G.W. Todd & Co. Rochester, N.Y.

Send to address shown on my letterhead Detective Burns' Book on Check Raising, and samples of Protectograph Check Writing.

Name _____

G. W. TODD & CO.

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World's Largest Makers of Check Protecting Devices

Welcome Home!

Maybe "home" to you is a mansion, maybe it's a cottage, but it's some spot full of ole time memories made sweeter by the passin' years.

Velvet Joe

NO place is "home," really "home," until *time* has made it so.

No tobacco is the really comforting smoke it should be until *time* has brought out the best that is in it.

And VELVET is *the* tobacco that Nature and time have brought to full, mellow smoking perfection.

That's why VELVET is given not less than two years for ageing. There is no way we know of to cut down that time. The VELVET way is the *Natural* way of *bringing out* every trace of flavor and fragrance tobacco possesses, and of *taking out* every trace of rawness or "bite."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Panama-Pacific Exposition's highest award—The Grand Prix—has been awarded to VELVET "for its superior quality."

OUR MARITIME BUGABOO

(Continued from Page 5)

to the surveyor of the port, in order that this official may satisfy himself the law has been complied with. This blow will fall heaviest on writers of sea tales. Personally I hate to see the crimp relegated to the lumbo of forgotten things, because in fiction he was a most useful person. However, we must bow to the march of progress.

Under this provision allotments of seamen's wages to creditors for board and lodging are also unlawful. The reason? A sailor once wanted two dollars from a skipper in order that he might go ashore and spend the same. The skipper refused the advance, fearing the sailor might hell round and come back soused, or else buy himself a transcontinental ticket and flee to other ports. Consequently the sailor told the skipper, when the latter wanted to know why he needed two dollars, that he desired a new pair of trousers—and the skipper forthwith gave him an order on a waterfront tailor for the trousers! The sailor went to the tailor, signed a receipt for a pair of four-dollar trousers, received two dollars in cash and departed without the trousers. Four dollars was deducted from his wages, however. Of this four dollars the sailor got two, the tailor one and the skipper one!

Section 4536 of the Revised Statutes is repealed. The new law provides against attachment of a seaman's wages from any court, as heretofore; but it does not exempt him from attachment of his wages for the support and maintenance of his wife and minor children.

The next section of the Seamen's Bill is number thirteen, under which heading war has been duly declared. It is the opening gun in the campaign for safety at sea; in fact, it is worse than an opening gun—it is a volley. The remainder of the bill is just intermittent firing and has to do with lifeboats, liferafts and other appliances for promoting the safety of life at sea. As these latter sections of the bill—I shall not enumerate them—stand, they are not satisfactory to the International Seamen's Union; but they are a vast improvement on the old order of things, under which, in the event of accident on a passenger steamer with a full list, fully fifty per cent of the passengers would have to swim. Not more than thirty per cent, according to Furuseth, will have to swim now. However, that's enough.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Name of—	Post-Office Address.
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Business Manager, None	
Publisher, Curtis Publishing Company	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Home Insurance Building, Chicago
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Grribel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Metropolitan Tower, New York
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George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Ethel S. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Fredrick F. Meyer, Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., New York
E. W. Spaulding, The Peter Stuyvesant Apartments, New York

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities:

None.

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this second day of September, 1915.

WILLIAM M. ROCKEY
Notary Public

(SEAL)

(My commission expires June 10, 1917.)

In razors you want safety, but not safety first. Efficiency must come before safety.

Of what use is safety if a razor will not shave?

A razor blade must be kept in condition.

A new blade, unstropped, is not so good as an old blade that has been passed back and forth a few times upon properly prepared leather. Every barber knows this.

The

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

automatically sharpens itself. It is a complete shaving device.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
345 Fifth Ave., New York
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Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco

Now-The National Sale of HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

HOOSIER
BEAUTY
"ROLL DOOR"
HOOSIER
HOOSIER
WONDER
$1 Is all the cash you pay for any HOOSIER you buy today
We deliver at once at the low national price, no interest we feel, balance on a few weekly payments of
$1 NOW, saves you steps, time worry and money
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Go See This Hoosier Window in Your Town
Save Many Dollars — Save Miles of Steps

This National Hoosier Sale is to celebrate our latest triumph—the new Hoosier WONDER—at $9.00 less than standard price.

There never before was a kitchen cabinet like it for the money. Yet our prices are low. And the reason is this:

World Leaders

Hoosier leads the world in kitchen cabinets. No five makers combined can equal our sales. Nearly a million delighted women now own Hoosiers.

An output like that brings down our factory cost per cabinet. So we pass on this saving to Hoosier users in the form of betterments and lower prices.

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The Hoosier WONDER is like them in wood, in workmanship and finish. Yet the very low price will be the biggest surprise in years. Ask the Hoosier agent in your town when you call to see these cabinets.

Delivered for $1

5000 Hoosier agents are authorized during this sale to deliver a Hoosier to every woman who pays $1 on the purchase price. Then to accept $1 weekly for the balance of our low fixed price.

We give you this absolute warrant—**"Your money back if you are not delighted."**

So why not try the Hoosier when you take no risk? Go to this sale at once, and see how the Hoosier saves hours of time and toil and miles of steps.

Mrs. Frederick's Book FREE

If you don't see this Hoosier window in your town, send us your name and address. Then we'll mail you Mrs. Christine Frederick's book, "You and Your Kitchen." It discloses many valuable household helps, tells all about the Hoosier Step Savers and how and where to get one. Write for this book today.

To Dealers—

Our 5000 Hoosier agents have the majority of the kitchen cabinet business in their towns. 65 per cent of them have sold Hoosiers exclusively for more than ten years. Last spring they sold $1,750,000 worth of Hoosiers. Dealers say this is the result of our sixteen years' policy to build **the best cabinet at the lowest possible price.**

We sell through only one agent in a town. Other dealers constantly besiege us for the Hoosier agency, but we already have active agents in most towns. Your town may be an exception. If this window doesn't appear in your town, there may be a vacancy — an opportunity for you. Write us.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 159 Sidney Street, NEW CASTLE, IND.

BRANCH: Pacific Building, San Francisco

Tuxedo Time is All the Time

—night-time or day-time, work-time or play-time, every minute of the day, every day of the year, Tuxedo brings good-cheer, comfort and contentment to many thousands of healthy, happy Americans.

Tuxedo is the great American tobacco, for all men to smoke with thorough enjoyment at all times and places—it is the one absolutely right tobacco for *you*.

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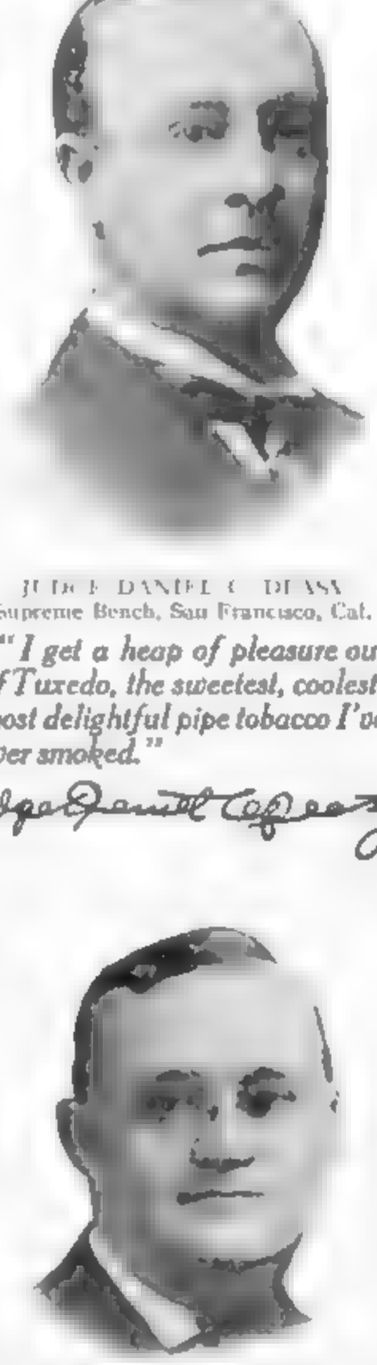
Supreme Bench, San Francisco, Cal.

"I get a heap of pleasure out of Tuxedo, the sweetest, coolest, most delightful pipe tobacco I've ever smoked."

Judge Daniel C. Deasy



JOHN H. ROTHERMEL
Congressman from Pennsylvania

"Tuxedo is the best tobacco that can be bought. I always find it a mild, fragrant, wholesome smoke."

John H. Rothermel

HUGHIE MACK
Famous moving picture Star

"Tuxedo, I've found, is the one tobacco made that I can smoke without tongue-bite. Load a good pipe with Tuxedo, and it's a treat you get. Other tobaccos simply aren't in it with Tuxedo for satisfying flavor and fragrance, and its extreme mildness keeps one fit and contented."

Hughie Mack

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

You never grow tired of smoking Tuxedo, because you get all the mellow fragrance and flavor of the ripest, finest Kentucky Burley leaf.

You can enjoy pipeful after pipeful all day long, the year 'round, without any tongue-hurt—because the exclusive "Tuxedo Process" makes Tuxedo absolutely *non-biting*, delightfully *throat-soothing*—the coolest, mildest, pleasantest tobacco in the world.

There is no other tobacco like Tuxedo, because Tuxedo is the *original* processed Burley tobacco—and no imitation *ever* equals the original.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c *In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c*

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

JOSEPH W. STEVENS
Mayor of Albany, N. Y.

"Good, wholesome tobacco like Tuxedo is a help to body, brain and nerves—I never fail to find a pipeful of this mild, fragrant tobacco enjoyable, comforting and an aid to mental concentration."

Joseph W. Stevens

MARCUS J. WRIGHT
Famous ex-Confederate General
Confederate Army

"Owing to its mild, sweet flavor, Tuxedo is superior to all other tobaccos. I enjoy smoking it immensely and recommend it to all smokers."

Marcus J. Wright

CAPT. JOHN J. A. CLARK
Of the Philippine Scouts, U. S. Army

"Nothing gives one who smokes more enjoyment than the fragrance of pure, mild tobacco. Tuxedo is all that could be desired. I have used it for years in the United States, in the Philippines, China and Japan, and can only advise the man who likes his pipe to 'go to it.'"

Geo. J. A. Clark

THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 23)

post as keeper of the county jail, and Mulligan lets Cora escape, hang Billy Mulligan, and if necessary to get rid of the sheriff, hang him—hang the sheriff!"

XL

THE popular excitement gradually died. It had no leaders. Coleman and men of his stamp, who had taken command of similar crises in former times, counseled moderation.

They were influenced partly by King's report of Keith's sincerity in the prosecution, and partly by the fact that Richardson had been a public official and a popular one. Conviction seemed certain.

Keith applied himself heart and soul to the case. Its preparation seemed to him at first an easy matter. It was open and shut. Although at the moment of the murder the street had not been crowded, half a dozen eyewitnesses of the actual shooting were easily found willing to testify to the essential facts. No defense seemed possible; but Cora remained undisturbed. He had retained one of the most brilliant lawyers of the time, James A. McDougall.

This fact in itself might have warned Keith, for McDougall had the reputation of avoiding lost causes and empty purses. The lawyer promptly took as counsel the most brilliant of the younger men, Jimmy Ware, Allyn Lane and Keith's friend, Calhoun Bennett. This meant money, and plenty of it, for all of these were expensive men. The exact source of the money was uncertain; but it was known that Belle was advancing liberally for Cora, and that James Casey, bound by some mysterious obligation, was active in taking up collections. Cora lived in great luxury at the jail. He had long been a personal friend of Sheriff Webb and his first deputy, Billy Mulligan.

Several months passed before the case could be forced to trial. All sorts of legal and technical expedients were used to defer action. McDougall and his legal assistants were skillful players at the game; and each point they advanced had to be fought out according to the rules, each a separate little case with plenty of its own technicalities. Some of Keith's witnesses were difficult to hold. They had business elsewhere, and naturally resented being compelled, through no fault of their own, to remain. Keith had always looked on this play of legal rapiers as a part—an interesting part—of the game; but theretofore he had always been on the obstructing side. He worried a great deal. At length by superhuman efforts he broke through the thicket of technicalities and brought the matter to an issue. The day was set. He returned home so relieved in spirit that Nan could not but remark on his buoyancy.

"Yes," he responded, "I've managed to drive that old rascal, McDougall, into the open at last."

Nan caught at the epithet.

"But you don't mean that—quite—do you?" she asked. "The McDougalls are such delightful people."

"No, of course not; just law talk," said Keith quite sincerely. "He's handled his case well up to now. I'm just exasperated on that account, that's all."

But setting the day irrevocably was only a beginning. The jury had to be selected. Sheriff Webb had in his hands the calling of the venue. While it was true that the old-time professional jurymen—men who hung round the courthouse for no other purpose—were no longer in existence, it can be readily seen that Webb was able, if it were worth while, to exercise a judicious eye in the selection of "amenables." The early exhaustion of Keith's quota of peremptory challenges was significant, for McDougall rarely found it desirable to challenge at all. Keith displayed tremendous resource in last-moment detective work concerning the records of the panel. In this way he was enabled to challenge several for cause, after all his peremptory challenges had been used. At first he had great difficulty in getting results, for the police detectives proved supine. It was only after he had hired private agents, paying for them from his own pocket, that he obtained information on which he could act. The final result was a jury better than he had dared hope for, but worse than he desired. He had gone through a tremendous labor, and realized fully the difference between being for or against the powers.

The case came to trial. Keith presented six witnesses, all respectable, one of them well known. These all testified to the same simple facts, and their testimony remained unshaken under cross-examination. McDougall opposed the plea of self-defense. He brought a cloud of witnesses to testify that Cora had drawn his weapon only after Richardson had produced and cocked a pistol. By skillful technical delays Keith gained time for his detectives, and succeeded in showing that two of these witnesses had been elsewhere at the time of the killing, and, therefore, had perjured themselves. He recalled his own witnesses, and found two willing to swear that Richardson's hands had been empty and hanging at his sides. The defense did not trouble to cross-examine this statement.

At last, with a perfunctory judicial charge, the case went to the jury. Keith, weary to the bone, sat back in grateful relaxation. He had worked hard against odds, and had done a good job. He was willing now to spare a little professional admiration for McDougall's skillful legal maneuvering. There could be no earthly doubt of the result. He idly watched the big, bland-faced clock, with its long second hand moving forward by spaced jerks. The jury was out a very long time for so simple a verdict; but that was a habit of California juries. It did not worry Keith. He was glad to rest. The judge stared at the ceiling, his hands clasped over his stomach. Cora's lawyers talked together in a low voice. Flies buzzed against dusty window-panes. The spectators watched apathetically. Belle, in a ravishing toilet, was there.

The opening of the door broke the spell almost rudely. Keith sat up, listening to the formal questions and answers. The jury had disagreed!

For a moment the import of this did not penetrate to Keith's understanding. Then he half rose, shouted "What!" and sank back stunned. His brain was in confusion. Only dimly did he hear the judges dismissing the jury, remanding Cora for retrial, adjourning court. Instantly Cora was surrounded by a congratulatory crowd. Keith sat alone.

McDougall, gathering up his papers from the table assigned to counsel, made some facetious remark. Keith did not reply. McDougall looked at him sharply; and as he went out he remarked to Casey:

"Keith takes this hard."

"He does?" cried Casey, genuinely astonished. "They were trying to tell me he was altogether too active in this matter; but I told them he was young and had his way to make, and was playing to the gallery."

He crossed at once to Keith.

"Well, Mult," he cried in a jovial voice, but watching the young lawyer narrowly, "the Lord's on the side of true virtue as usual."

Keith came to himself, scowled, started to say something, but refrained with an obvious effort.

Casey wandered back to McDougall.

"You're right, Mac," he said. "I guess he's got the swelled head. We'll have to call him off gently, or he'll make a nuisance of himself at the next trial. He makes altogether too much trouble."

But McDougall was tolerant:

"Oh, let him alone, Jim; he's got his way to make. Let him alone. We can handle the situation."

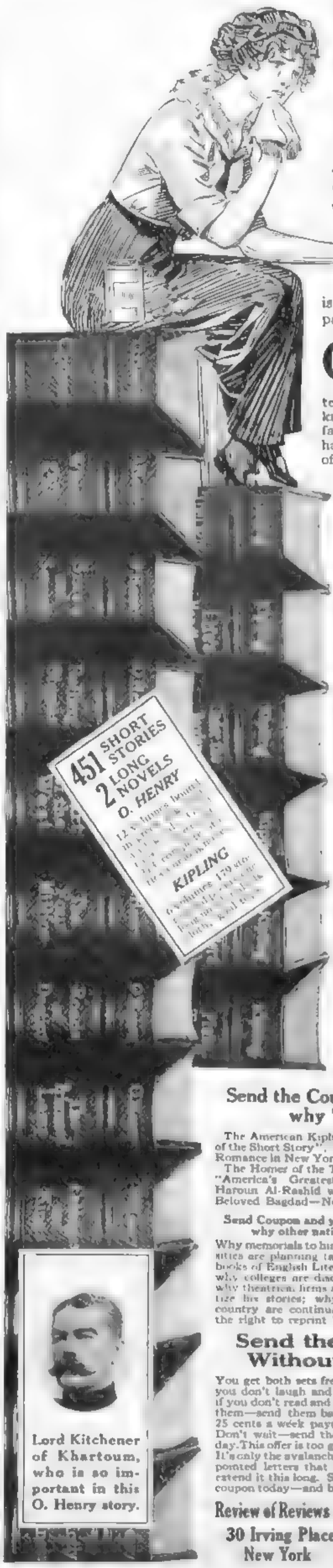
XLI

KEITH left the court room in a daze of incredulity. This was his first serious defeat, and he could not understand it. The case was absolutely open and shut, a mere question of fact to which there were sufficient and competent witnesses. For the moment he was completely routed.

As he emerged to the busy crowds on Kearney Street a sudden repugnance to meeting acquaintances overcame him. He turned off toward the bay, making his way by the back streets, alleys and slums of that unsavory quarter. But even here he was not to escape. He had not gone two blocks before he descried Kraft's slight and elegant figure sauntering toward him. Keith braced himself for the inevitable question.

"Well," it came, "how goes the trial?"

The words released Keith's pent flood of bitterness. Here was an outlet; Kraft was safe. He poured out his disappointment, his suspicion, his indignation. The little man listened to him in silence, a slight smile



Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, who is so important in this O. Henry story.

Finish This Story for Yourself—

The girl got $6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing (Lord Kitchener, who is so great a figure in the Allies' Campaign). But another night?

O. HENRY

tells about it in this story, with that full knowledge of women, with that frank facing of sex, and that clean mind that have endeared him to the men and women of the land.

This is but one of the 274 stories, in 12 big volumes, you get for 25 cents a week, if you send the coupon.

From the few who snapped up the first edition at $125 a set before it was off the press, to the 50,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him with love and pride—our greatest writer of stories.

To Those Who Are Quick

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(8 Volumes)

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Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 178 short stories and poems and his long novel—without paying a cent. In these 6 volumes are those stories of the British army—of that same Tommy who is fighting and dying in France today. You get 18 volumes, packed with love and hate and laughter—a big shelf full of handsome books.

Send the Coupon and you will understand why "O. Henry" is hailed as

The American Kipling", "The Y M C A Boccaccio", "Master of the Short Story", "Creator of a New Literature". Discoverer of Romance in New York's Streets", "The American de Maupassant", The Homer of the Tenderloin"; "Founder of a New Style"; "America's Greatest Story-Teller"; "The 20th Century Haroun Al-Rashid who takes you to every corner of his Beloved Bagdad—New York."

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You get both sets free on approval. If you don't laugh and cry over them—if you don't read and re-read and love them—send them back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them all. Don't wait—send the coupon today. This offer is too good to last. It's only the avalanche of disappointed letters that made us extend it this long. Send the coupon today—and be glad.

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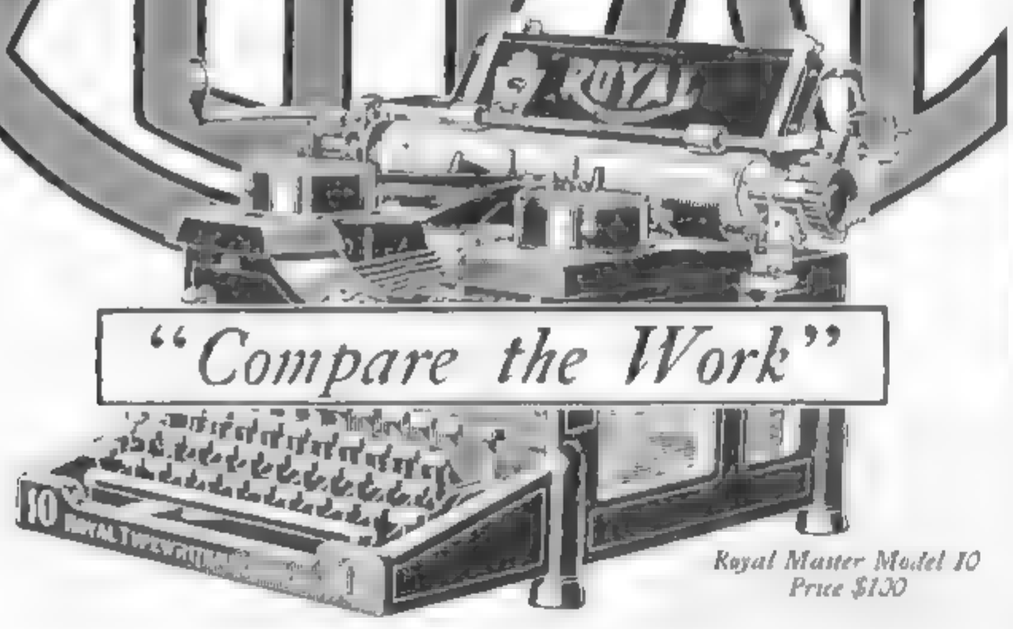
Occupation

The beautiful ¼ leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding, under above to $1.50 a mo. for 13 mos.

ROYAL



"Compare the Work"

Royal Master Model 10
Price $100

The Royal is built for you to keep—not to "trade-out"

Until the Royal came into existence the great evil of the typewriter business was "*trading-out.*"

"Trading-out" is just as bad for the manufacturer as for the buyer.

The system is as absurd as though you bought shoes on an agreement to trade them back in two months.

It means that you buy a typewriter which is *expected* to be practically *worn out* in one or two years.

Who *loses?* Not the manufacturer. Who *pays?* Answer it yourself.

The answer tells why big business chooses and uses the Royal.

The reason for that is built in the Royal.

Look at the picture. Better still, *see* the Royal. Study its simple construction. See how it is designed and built for just one purpose—*to be a visible writing machine.*

Look at the compact, strong frame—which could not be adapted to any other style of typewriter than a "visible."

Look at the *balance* and poise of its mechanical construction—the natural support of the keyboard, the sturdy support of the platen, the straight-line-action between key and typebar.

See how this *basically correct* design does away with all unnecessary parts. Touch the keys and observe the accurate, easy response.

Look it over with the eye of a master mechanic. You will see why the Royal ends the two evils of the typewriter business—*excessive repairs* and "*trading-out*"

Custom is hard to change. We are not missionaries. We are practical typewriter makers, building for the future. Right now you are bound by the chains of the "trade-out" custom. But you will see the day when people will buy all typewriters as they are buying the Royal now—buying it to use and not to "trade-out"—buying it for the *service* it gives the user *continuously.*

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The Royal is a hundred-dollar typewriter that is an *investment*—not an *expense.*

Get the facts. Know the Royal. Find out how it cuts the cost of typewritten letters, how it is instantly adjusted to the personal touch of the operator, why it stands up under the most strenuous service, why your stenographer can do more work and better work with less effort on it. Write or telephone our nearest branch or agency for a demonstration.

Write for "Facts About the 'Trade-Out'"

—a little book which doesn't mince words in telling the story of the typewriter. Every typewriter owner or user should have it. We want to place a copy in your hands.

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curving his full red lips. When Keith had somewhat run down, Kraft without a word took him by the arm and led him by devious ways to the water-front portion of the city. There he planted him near the entrance of a dark alley.

"Now you wait here," Keith was told.

Keith obeyed. The interval was long, but he had much to occupy his mind. After a time Kraft returned in company with a slouching, drink-sodden bummer of powerful build and lowering mien, the remains of a forceful personality. This individual shambled along in the wake of the dapper little Kraft, quite meekly and submissively.

"Here you are," said the latter briskly, and with a sort of nonchalant authority. "Come now, Bull, tell Mr. Keith what you know about the Cora trial. Go on!" he urged as the man hesitated. "He's not going to 'use' you—he doesn't even know who you are or where you're to be found, and I'm not going to tell him. Speak up, Bull! I tell you I want him to know how things stand."

Keith by now was acquainted with many of Kraft's protégés, but he had never before met the delectable Bull. Evidently the latter had long known Kraft, however, for he acknowledged his authority.

"It's like this, boss," he began in a hoarse voice. "You don't know me, like Mr. Kraft says, but there's plenty that do. I got a lot of influence down here, and when anybody wants anything they know where to come to get it, which is right to headquarters—here." He slapped his great chest.

"Get on," interrupted Kraft impatiently; "we'll take if for granted that you are a great man."

Bull looked at him reproachfully, but went on:

"About this Cora trial; they come to me for good reliable witnesses, and I got 'em and drilled 'em. There ain't nobody in it with me for making any witness watertight."

"How many witnesses?"

"Eight," replied Bull promptly.

"How much?"

"Well, they give me five thousand fer to git the job done," admitted Bull with some reluctance.

"Hope they got some of it," commented Kraft.

"Who gave you the money?" demanded Keith.

But Kraft interposed.

"Hold on, my son, that isn't ethics at all! You mustn't ask questions like that, must he, Bull! Very bad form!" He turned to Keith with a crisp air of decision. "That's what was the matter with your trial. I just thought I'd show you. Go on, Bull, get out," he commanded that individual good-humoredly. "I'm not particularly proud of you, but I suppose I've got to stand you. Only remember this—Mr. Keith is my friend. Swear him out of the high seats of heaven—if you can—because that's the nature of you; but let him walk safely. In other words, no strong-arm work, do you understand?"

The man mumbled something.

"Nonsense, Bull," interrupted Kraft sharply. "Do as I say!"

"It's a matter of a tidy sum," blurted out Bull at last.

Kraft laughed.

"You see, you were already marked for the slaughter," he told Keith; then to Bull: "Well, you let him alone"

"All right, if you say so," growled the man.

"You're safe, as far as Bull and all his people are concerned," said Kraft to Keith. "Our word is always good when given to a friend, isn't it, Bull?"

The man nodded awkwardly and slouched away.

Keith's depression had given place to anger. He had been beaten by unfair means. His opponent had cheated at the game, and his opponent enjoyed the respect of the community as a high-minded, able, dignified member of the bar. It was unthinkable! A man caught cheating at cards would most certainly be expelled from any decent club.

"I'll disbar that man if it's the last act of my life!" he cried. "He's not fit to practice among decent men!"

He left Kraft standing on the corner smiling quietly, and hurried back to his office.

XLII

IT WAS unfortunate for everybody that Morrell should have chosen that particular afternoon to pay one of his periodical calls. Morrell had been tactful and

(Continued on Page 41)

Do You Need More Money

to help your husband?

to help your children?

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Then wouldn't you like us to tell you how *you* can make

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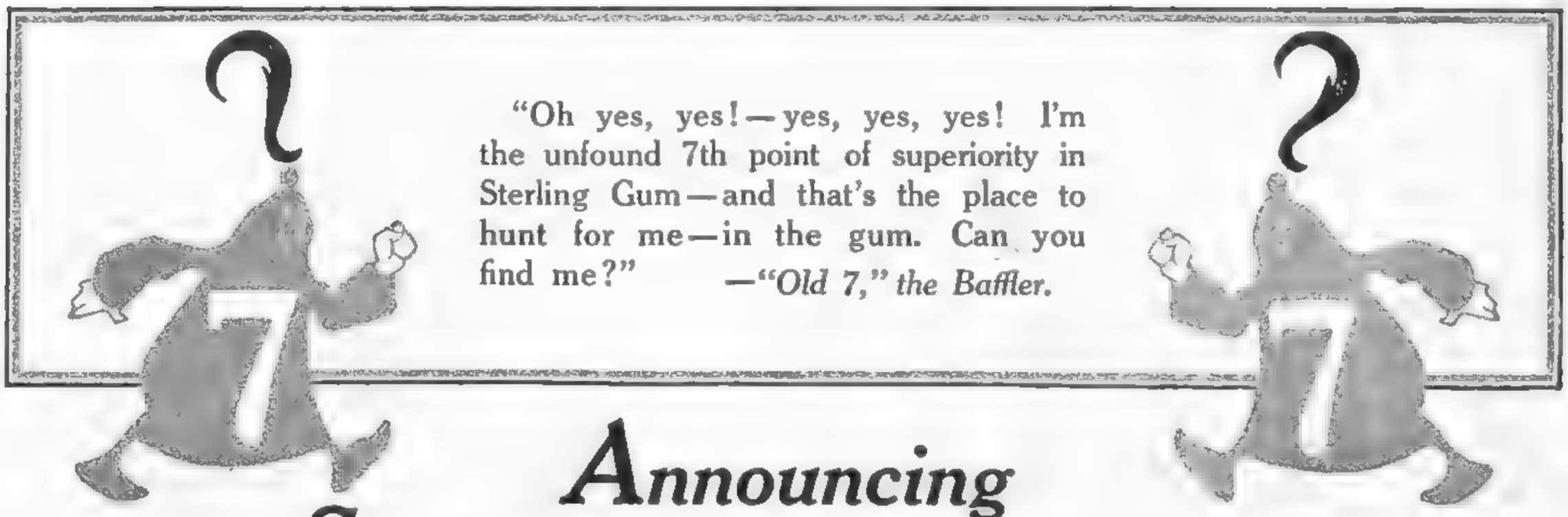
"Oh yes, yes!—yes, yes, yes! I'm the unfound 7th point of superiority in Sterling Gum—and that's the place to hunt for me—in the gum. Can you find me?" —"Old 7," the Baffler.

Announcing Sterling—the 7-point Gum

The most modern factory of its kind—backed by the resources of a six-million dollar corporation—has produced a new brand of chewing gum for you. You will find Sterling Gum from coast to coast—sold by leading confectioners, druggists and cigar stores.

This is how Sterling came to be called "The 7-point gum":

POINT 1 Crowded with Flavor

An exclusive process makes the Sterling Flavor permeate each stick of Sterling Gum—makes the gum, in short, "crowded with flavor."

And you have your choice of two flavors—cool, refreshing peppermint or cinnamon—cinnamon that is fascinating in its delicious spiciness.

Sterling *Peppermint* Gum comes in a *red* package, while *Cinnamon* is clad in a jacket of *blue*.

POINT 2 Velvety Body —NO GRIT

Next we set out to produce a gum that was absolutely free from grit.

This was a matter of refining and re-refining the chicle.

So Sterling Gum has a Velvety Body—NO GRIT. That is Point 2.

POINT 3 Crumble-Proof

Heat, cold and humidity do their best to make gum crumbly.

After long experiment we finally made Sterling Gum so that no matter when or where you buy it, you will find it "crumble-proof."

POINT 4 Sterling Purity

Sterling Purity means extreme purity of all ingredients—extreme cleanliness of plant and employés.

Just one incident to explain our ideas on the subject:

We buy our sugar in granulated form and do our own pulverizing. The difference is not apparent to the eye, but nevertheless it is there.

Hence Point 4, "Sterling Purity."

POINT 5 From a Daylight Factory

A frivolous friend who visited the Sterling Factory the other day remarked, "It's a wonder you wouldn't make your gum in a greenhouse!"

During every working hour the daylight streams through the broad, high windows on all four sides of our factory. No dingy corners. Cleanliness everywhere.

POINT 6 Untouched by Hands

But Sterling purity and a daylight factory need this Sterling 6th point to provide a genuine hygienic safeguard.

A company rule makes every employé wear a spick-and-span uniform and cap—and white gloves fresh-laundered every morning.

That insures Sterling Gum Point 6, "Untouched by Hands."

POINT 7 What?

The 7th point of Sterling excellence we are keeping in reserve. We will not make it public for the present.

But that 7th point is there for a very good reason. It is perhaps the most important of all 7 points of Sterling excellence.

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You're all sympathy with them, too—playing, resting, or eating.

Like them, too, you've perhaps found how delicious Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is. And since you've noticed its unusual delicacy, Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is the only kind you'll like.

Beech-Nut delicacy is due to Beech-Nut care.

Selected whole-kernel Virginia and Spanish nuts, acrid hearts *completely* removed, roasted, crushed to a creamy spread, sealed in *vacuum jars*—at your grocer's, 10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents (in the extreme West, a little more).

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Look over the different kinds of protection listed below. Check those you wish to know more about, mail the coupon to us and we will send you full information.

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Please send information on the kind of insurance checked to the name and address written on margin of coupon.

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"No need to long for violet time—it's every day in the year, every time you bathe with Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

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You can try it for a 2c stamp—send today!

It will come to you like a little box of fresh-cut violets [illegible] The Andrew Jergens Co., the makers of Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Scarboro Junction, St., Perth, Ontario.

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Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

(Continued from Page 38)

judicious in his demands. Keith was not particularly afraid of his story, or the effect of it if told, but he disliked intensely the fuss and bother of explanations and readjustments. It had seemed easier to let things drift along. The transactions were skillfully veiled, notes were always given, Morrell was shrewd enough to take care that it did not cost too much. There existed not the slightest pretense between the men, only a tacit assumption of civil relations.

But this afternoon the sight of Morrell, seated with what seemed to Keith a smug, superior, supercilious confidence in the best of the office chairs, was more than Keith could stand. He was bursting with anger at the world in general.

"You here!" he barked at Morrell without waiting for a greeting. "Well, I'm sick of you! Get out!"

Morrell stared at him, dumfounded.

"I don't believe I understand," he objected.

"Get out! Get out! Get out! Is that plain enough?" shouted Keith.

Morrell arose with cold dignity.

"I cannot permit ——" he began.

Keith turned on him abruptly.

"Look here, don't try to come that rot. I said 'Get out,' and I mean it!"

So menacing was his aspect that Morrell drew back toward the door.

"I suppose you know what this means," he threatened, an ugly note in his quiet voice.

"I don't give a damn what it means," rejoined Keith with deadly earnestness; "and if you don't get out of here I'll throw you out!"

Morrell went out hastily.

Keith slammed his papers into a drawer, locked it and his office door, and went directly to the office of the Bulletin. There, seated in all the chairs, perched on the tables and window ledges, he found a representative group. He recognized most of them, including James King of William, Coleman, Hossfross, Isaac Bluxome, Talbot Ward, and others. A dead silence greeted his appearance. He stopped by the door.

"You have, of course, heard the news," he said. "I have come here to state unequivocally, and for publication, that the Cora trial will be pushed as rapidly and as strongly as is in the power of the district attorney's office. And if legal evidence of corruption can be obtained, proceedings will at once be inaugurated to indict the bribe givers."

A short silence followed this speech. Several men looked toward one another. The tension appeared to relax a trifle.

"I am glad to hear this, sir, from your own lips," at last said Coleman formally, "and I wish you every success."

Another short and rather embarrassed silence fell.

"I should like to state privately to you gentlemen, and not for publication" Keith paused and glanced toward King, who nodded reassuringly—"that I have evidence, but unfortunately not legal, that James McDougall has been guilty, either personally or through agents, of bribery and corruption; and it is my intention to undertake his disbarment if I can possibly get proper evidence."

"Whether he bribed or didn't bribe, he knew perfectly well that Cora was guilty," stated King positively, "and he had no right to take the case."

At that period this was an extreme view, as it still is in the legal mind.

"I suppose every man has a moral right to a defense," said Coleman doubtfully. "If every lawyer should refuse to take Cora's case, as you say McDougall should have refused, the man would have gone undefended."

"That's all right," returned King, undaunted. "He ought to have a lawyer—appointed by the court—to see merely that he gets a fair trial; not a lawyer hired, prostituted, at a great price, to try by every technical means to get him off."

"A lawyer must, by the ethics of his profession, take every case brought him, I suppose," said someone, enunciating the ancient doctrine.

"Well, if that is the case," rejoined King hotly, "the law warps the thinking and the morals of any man who professes it. And if I had a son to place in life I most certainly should not put him in a calling that deliberately trains his mind to see things that way."

"I am sorry you have so low an opinion of the law," spoke up Keith from the doorway. "I am afraid I must hold the contrary as to the nobility of my chosen profession. It can be disgraced, I admit. That it has been disgraced, I agree. That it can be redeemed, I am going to prove."

He bowed and left the office.

XLIII

MORRELL went directly from Keith's office to Keith's house. He was not particularly angry, for he had expected just this result for some time; but since he had threatened he intended to accomplish. Finding Nan Keith at home he plunged directly at the subject in his most direct and English fashion. She listened to him steadily until he had finished.

"Is that all?" she then asked him quietly.

"That's all," he acknowledged.

She arose

"Then I will say, Mr. Morrell, that I do not believe you. I know my husband thoroughly, and I am beginning to know you. I believe that is my only comment. Good afternoon."

He made a half attempt to point to her the way to corroborative evidence, but she swept this superbly aside. Finally he took his correct leave, half angry, half amused, wholly cynical, for to his mind the reason for her indifference to the news he brought lay in what he supposed to be her interest in Ben Sansome.

"Bally ass!" he apostrophized himself. "Might have known how she'd take it."

His reading of Nan's motives was, of course, incorrect. Her first feeling was merely a white heat of anger against Morrell, whom she had never liked. Perhaps after a little this emotion might have carried over into, not distrust, but an uneasiness as to the main issue; but before she had arrived at this point Keith came in to deliver an ill-timed warning. As ill luck would have it, and as such coincidences often come about in the most perverse fashions, Keith had met some malicious fool down the street who had dropped a laughing remark about Sansome. It was nothing in itself, and ordinarily Keith would have paid no attention to it, but to-day it clashed with his mood. Even now his jealousy was not stirred in the least, but his sense of appearances was irritated. By the time he had reached home he had worked up a proper indignation.

"Look here, Nan," he blurted out as soon as he had closed the door behind him; "you're seeing too much of Sansome. Everybody's talking."

"Who is 'everybody'?" she asked.

"Of course I know it's all right," he blundered ahead tactlessly. The gleam in her eye should have warned him that he might have omitted that reassurance. "But it's just the looks of the thing. And he's such a weak and washy-washy little nonentity!"

Her sense of justice aroused by this, she sprang to the defense of Sansome.

"You are quite mistaken there," she said with dignity. "Men of that type are never understood by men of yours. He is my friend—and yours, and he has been very kind to both of us."

"Well, just the same, you ought not to get yourself talked about," repeated Keith stubbornly.

"Do you distrust me?" she demanded.

"Heavens, no! But you don't realize how it looks to others. He's coming here morning, noon and night."

"It seems to me I may be the best judge of my own conduct."

"Well," said Keith deliberately, "I don't know that you are. You must remember that you are my wife and that you bear my name. I have something to say about it, I'm telling you; but if you cannot manage the matter properly I'll just have to drop a hint to Sansome."

At that she blazed out.

"Do that and you will regret it to the last day of your life!" she flared. "If you'd be as careful with the name of Keith as I am it would not suffer!"

"What do you mean by that?" he asked after a blank pause.

She had not intended to use that weapon, but now she persisted pluckily:

"I mean that if our name has been talked about it has not been because of any action of mine."

His heart was beating wildly. In the multiplicity of fighting interests he had actually forgotten all about his office visitor for the moment. But he, too, had pluck.

"I see you have had a call from our friend Morrell," he ventured.

"Well!" she challenged.

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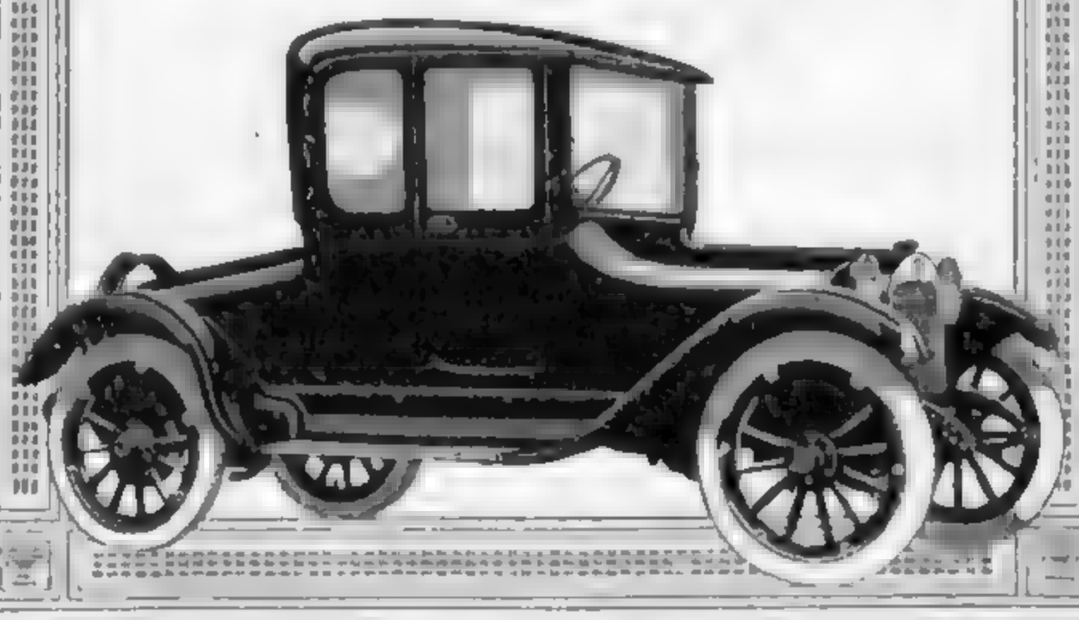

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Her head was back and her breath was short. This crisis had come upon them swiftly, unexpectedly, unwanted by either. Now it loomed over them in a terrible, because unknown, portent. Each realized that a misstep might mean irreparable consequences; but each felt constrained to go on. The situation must now be developed. Keith, faced with this new problem, lost his heat and became cool, careful, wary, as though when in court his faculties marshaled themselves. Nan, on the other hand, though well in control of her mind, poised on a brink.

"I don't know what he told you," said Keith, the blood suffusing his face and spreading over his ears and neck, "but I'm going to tell you everything he would be justified in telling you."

Her heart gave a leap of pride as he made his confession, his face very red, but his head back. She knew he spoke the truth, the whole truth.

"Do you believe me?"

"Of course I believe you," she said, trying to speak naturally, but with a mad impulse to laugh or cry. She swallowed, gripped her nerves and went on: "But naturally," she told him, "I consider myself as good a custodian of the family reputation as yourself."

There the matter rested. By mutual but tacit consent they withdrew cautiously from the debated ground, each curiously haunted by a feeling that catastrophe had been fortunately and narrowly avoided.

XLIV

KEITH immediately moved for a retrial, and began anew his heartbreaking labors in forcing a way through the thorn thicket of technicalities to definite action. At the same time, on his own account and very secretly, he commenced a search for evidence against the attorneys for the defense. By now he possessed certain private agents of his own whom he considered trustworthy.

Early in his investigations he abandoned hope of getting direct evidence against McDougall himself. That astute lawyer had been careful to have nothing whatever to do with actual bribery or corruption, and he was crafty enough to dissociate himself from direct dealing with agents. Indeed, so well did he order his conduct that Keith himself was in some slight doubt as to whether McDougall had any actual detailed knowledge of the underground workings at all. But McDougall's associates were a different matter. Here little by little real evidence began to accumulate, until Keith felt that he could, with reasonable excuse, move for an official investigation.

To his genuine grief Calhoun Bennett seemed to be heavily involved. He could not forget that the young Southerner had been one of his earliest friends in the city, nor had he ever tried to forget the real liking he had felt for him. It was not difficult to recognize that according to his code Cal Bennett had merely played the game as the game was played, carrying out zealously the intentions of his superiors, availing himself of time-honored methods, wholeheartedly fighting for his own side. Yet there could be no doubt that he had made himself criminally liable. Keith brooded much over the situation, but got nowhere, and so he resolutely pushed it into the back of his mind in favor of the need of the moment. Quietly as he conducted his investigations, some rumor of them escaped. One afternoon he received a call from Bennett. The young man was evidently a little embarrassed, but intent on getting at the matter.

"Look here, Keith," he began, dropping into a chair and leaning both arms on the table opposite Keith, "I don't want to say anything offensive or make any disagreeable implications, but there are various persistent rumors about, and I thought I'd better come to you direct."

"Fire away, Cal," said Keith.

"Well, it's just this—they say yo're tryin' to fasten a criminal charge of bribery on me. You and I have been friends—and still are, I hope—but if yo're goin' gunnin' for me I want to know it."

His face was slightly flushed, but his fine dark eyes looked hopefully to his friend for denial. Keith was genuinely distressed. He moved an inkwell to and fro and did not look up, but his voice was steady and determined as he replied:

"I'm not gunning for you, Cal, and I wish to heaven you weren't mixed up in this mess." He looked up. "But I am gunning for crooked work in this Cora case!"

Bennett took his arms from the table and sat erect.

"Do you mean to imply, suh, that I am guilty of crooked work?" he inquired, a new edge of formality in his voice.

"No, no, of course not!" hastened Keith; "I hadn't thought of you in that connection! I am just looking into the matter."

"Well, suh, I strongly advise you to drop it," interrupted Bennett curtly.

"But why?"

"It isn't ethical. You will find great resentment among yo'r colleagues of the bar at the implication conveyed by yo'r so-called investigation, suh."

Calhoun Bennett had become stiff and formal. Keith still tried desperately to be reasonable and conciliatory.

"But if there proves to be nothing out of the way," he urged, "surely no one could have anything to fear or object to."

"Nobody has anything to fear in any case," said Bennett. "But any gentleman—and I most decidedly—would object to the implication."

At this Keith stiffened a little in his turn: "I am sorry we differ on that point. I have good reason to believe there has been crooked work somewhere in this Cora trial. I do not know who has done it. I accuse nobody. But in the public office I hold it seems my plain duty to investigate."

"Yo'r public duty is to prosecute, that is all," argued Bennett. "It is the duty of the grand jury to investigate or to order investigations."

Here spoke the spirit of the law, for technically Bennett was correct.

"Whatever the rigid interpretation"—Keith found himself uttering heresy—"I still feel it my duty to deal personally with whatever seems to me unjustly to interfere with proper convictions." Then he stopped, aghast at the tremendous step he had taken. For to a man trained as was Keith, in a time when all men were created for the law, and not the law for men, in a society where the lawyer was considered the greatest citizen and subtle technicality paramount to justice or common sense, this was indeed a tremendous step. At that moment, and by that spontaneous and unconsidered statement, Keith, unknown to himself, passed from one side to the other in the great social struggle that was impending.

"I warn you, suh," Bennett was repeating, "yo'r course will not meet with the approval of the members of the bar."

"I am sorry, Cal," said Keith sadly.

Bennett rose, bowed stiffly and turned to the door. But suddenly he whirled back, his face alight with feeling.

"Oh, see here, Milt, be sensible!" he cried. "I know just how yo're feelin' now. Yo're sore and I don't blame you. You put up a hard fight; and though you got licked, I don't mind tellin' you that the whole bar appreciates yo'r brilliant work. You must remember you had to play a lone hand against pretty big men—the biggest we've got. We all appreciate the odds. Cora has lots of friends. You'll never convert him, Milt, but go in again for another trial, if it will do yo'r feelin's any good, with our best wishes. Only don't let gettin' licked make you so sore. Don't go buttin' yo'r head at yo'r friends. Be a sport!"

Half an hour ago this appeal might have gained a response, if not a practical effect, but the spiritual transformation in Keith was complete.

"I'm sorry," he replied simply, "but I must go ahead in my own way."

Calhoun Bennett's face lost its glow and his tall figure stiffened.

"I must warn you not to bring my name into this," said he. "I do not intend to have my reputation sacrificed to yo'r strait-laced Yankee conscience. If my name is ever mentioned I shall hold you responsible, personally responsible. You understand, suh?"

He stood stiff and straight, staring at Keith. Keith did not stir. After a moment Calhoun Bennett went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE DIFFICULT TRUTH ABOUT SERBIA

(Continued from Page 14)

flight back across the Danube; so nobody was ever hurt and one's blood did not curdle at all.

Whole sections of the city lie in scattered ghastly ruins, while few houses can be found that show no signs of the Austrian bombardment. Grass is growing in most of the streets and all but obliterating the lines of the long-unused car tracks, and in all the gardens of the boarded-up homes of the city's opulent exiles the weeds have climbed fence-high.

Once in a while a company of ragged soldiers march through the empty echoing avenue to the music only of the rhythm of their own shuffling footsteps; and once—as sad a sight as I ever saw—a small detachment went by, stepping, more briskly than is the Serbian soldier's habit, to a martial air played on a single violin. That was the only music I heard at the front, except the occasional, curious, wild-sounding songs of the soldiers on the hills behind the trenches of an evening—the terrible trenches where the men live month in and month out, watching the enemy across the hundred yards of the river's width, sniping and being sniped as opportunities offer. They take a humorous kind of interest in showing the great holes dug in the earth by Austrian shells just far enough from their gun positions to reveal the fact that they were discovered and that it was time for them to move.

Belgrade is not supposed to be under bombardment now; but, just to keep their hands in or to show that they are not asleep, the Austrians drop an occasional shell into the city, and the aëroplanes hardly ever go up without aiming a bomb at some important spot.

In spite of the thousand evidences, I could not believe in it all; and I found it very difficult indeed to take seriously the order that along the trench lines and on the outer ramparts of the ancient Roman fortress I should keep myself carefully concealed, because visible heads in those particular localities are almost sure to draw fire from the guns in the opposite trenches. There does not seem to be any romance left in it all—not a bit; no romance, no pennant-flutter thrill, no swashbuckling jingle, no color, no tinsel, no jubilant sound. It is a new kind of war, a grim struggle in a smileless silence that gets on normal nerves and plays unwholesome tricks with healthy mental attitudes.

The only cheerful place in all Belgrade is the big hospital in charge of Doctor Ryan, the American, where even in the quietest times there are always from five to six hundred soldier patients luxuriating in cleanliness and comfort, and winning the hearts of their American doctors and nurses by their kindliness, their simple faith and affection. In Doctor Ryan's hospital there are clean odors and happy faces, a place to go for mental relief and stimulation.

The Awfulness of Nish

But to get back to Nish: Nish is the most awful place that heaven's sun shines on, and if I could think of any stronger language I would use it without fear of having anybody who knows accuse me of exaggeration.

Never shall I forget my first entrance into Nish, and nothing that I have seen in all Serbia has made any subsequent entrances more pleasing. I thought I had seen enough frightful places and unsightly things on my way up from Saloniki, through notorious Jhevjheli, through Veles and Escoplje. I had been looking forward to the capital, even though it were only a temporary capital, as to a desirable destination. The seat of government—the place where all the foreign representatives lived? Why, of course it would be a wholly livable town and probably most attractive. I am an optimist. At least it would be picturesque and interesting—one of the oldest towns in the whole wide world, right on the great ancient route from the Occident to the Orient, over which the Crusaders marched on the way to Constantinople and Jerusalem! Think of setting your modern feet on such a highway! But in Nish you dare not, without watching your step.

It was raining the morning I arrived, a slow, soaking, hot midsummer rain which brought out all the strength of the prevailing odors and added bedragglement to dilapidation and misery. Opposite the station I saw a great stone building, with a red-tiled roof, which looked most imposing and quite encouraging to my optimism until I got close enough to see its unkemptness and its surrounding garden, high-grown in weeds and littered with rubbish. It was the inevitable military hospital, and one saw bandaged heads and pyjama-clad forms at many windows—sick and wounded soldiers watching the train come in.

The vehicle we took at the station did not look safe to me. Perhaps its entire lack of paint added to its rickety appearance, but the finest black gloss in the world could not have concealed the fact that its wheels skewed out at all angles and that its body was mostly tin patches, put on with carpet tacks. The two horses were small and sorrel and sad, leaning against each other in sympathetic dejection—a typical Nish public conveyance.

What I saw in the beginning I did not believe was Nish. Such streets could belong only to the more awful, near-railroad quarters of any town, and such dilapidation was characteristic of nothing but the lowest slums. I kept looking happily forward to seeing the main streets, the city's civic center, the real Nish. We came into a wide, cobbled square in the middle of which stands a crumbling, ugly old pedestal, minus its monument; we drove past endless lines of bull carts, rolling creakily along into a narrow street and up to a high iron gateway between two dark little, cobwebby, empty-looking shops; we were at home, by all things unbelievable, and I was assured that I had seen as good as Nish had to offer!

The Diplomats' Club

There is life enough of its kind, goodness knows! The city is crowded to its housetops with its normal population, augmented threefold by government officials, Austrian prisoners, many foreigners, and thousands of refugees and exiles from Belgrade and the other border towns; stuffed with humanity it is, yet containing not a single one of the nicer necessities to which civilized man has become accustomed. It is a place where one walks warily and finds comfort nowhere. Incidentally it is a place that cannot accurately be described in what is known as the language of restraint.

The hotel, besides having no kind of sanitary arrangements—arrangements, but not sanitary—is vermin-infested and therefore dangerous. Fortunately for me I did not have to wade into this. I came to a friend who had obtained proud possession of three rooms in one of the few clean houses in Nish, and one of these rooms became mine. True, its floors are bare and its furniture uncomfortable; it had to be kerosene-oiled and insect-powdered for my benefit after one night's experience; and out of my window hangs one of the thousands of ghastly black flags proclaiming a recent death on the premises from typhus; but, in comparison with most places I have seen, it is a room fit for anybody.

In the foul little open restaurants, with their overflow of tables into the streets, were such swarms of flies as I never saw before—flies in an environment suggestive of unthinkable things dispute with the customers their right to every mouthful of food they eat. The streets, with their invariable paving of round cobbles, as old as time and full of great holes and ruts, have not been really cleaned since the passing of the last Crusade; and once in a while a terrific dust storm blows up, which fills the air to the point of darkness with clouds of unspeakable filth. At such times doors and windows are closed and cracks stopped up, while those who are not used to it and cannot stand it sit, with eyes and mouth tight shut, breathing as lightly as possible through the folds of a handkerchief. These dust storms are as much like desert simooms as anything I can imagine.

There is just one place in all Nish to dine. One may eat with the flies and other insects—to say nothing of a disgusting teeth-picking rabble—at any number of reeking small restaurants; but there is only one place to dine, and that is the Diplomats' Club. A Diplomats' Club in such a

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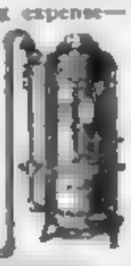

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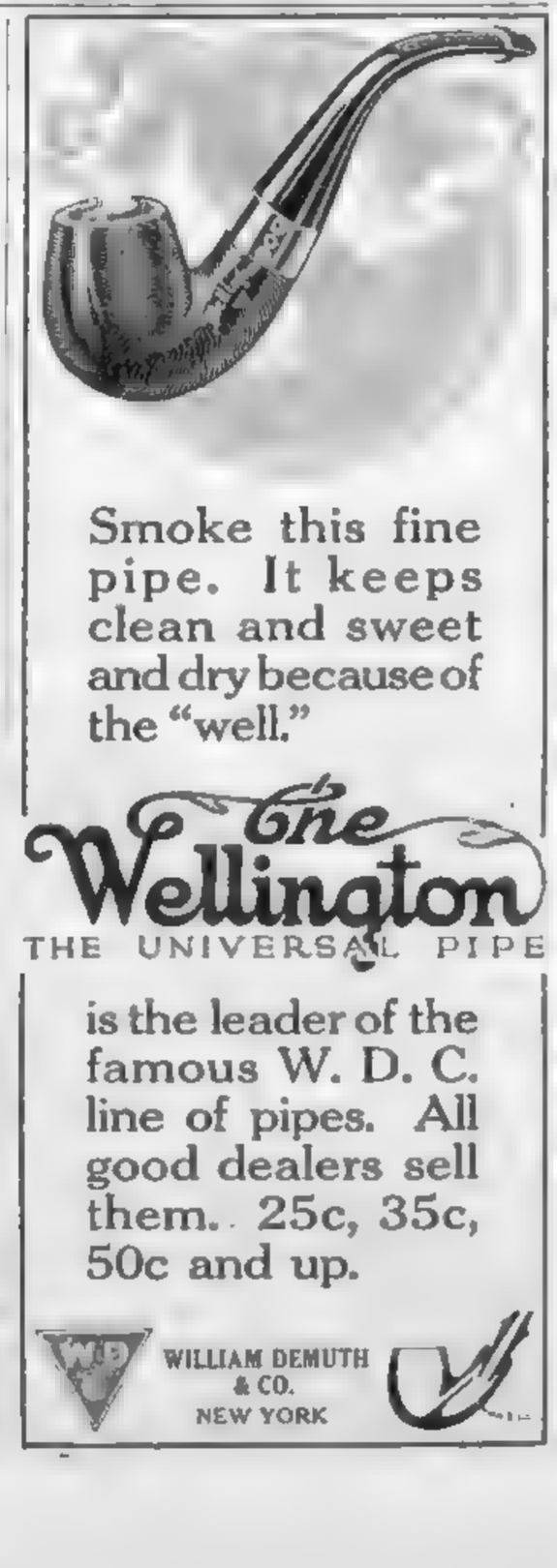
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place sounds more or less like a joke; but it is not. The foreign representatives who followed the government to Nish were compelled to organize on the food question in order to live at all. I do not know how the high-class Serbians live. Nobody does. The oldest foreign resident will tell you he has never been invited into a Serbian home, and the only one I have been in was the temporary apartment of a Belgrade lady in Escoplje, the wife of a commanding officer. She made quite a point of contrasting her present inconvenience with the luxury she had left behind her in the capital.

The Diplomats' Club is tremendously exclusive—not because it is selfish or proud, but because its quarters are too restricted and its food supplies too limited to permit indulgence in a too expansive generosity. The quarters consist of two rooms over the best restaurant, the like of which would disgrace the lowest and the uncleanest town in the whole United States; and these rooms, which are merely clean and private, and not luxurious or specially inviting in any way, are reached either through the restaurant, where everybody glares at your unsociable privilege, or by a back entrance through a malodorous passage skirting the kitchen and other unsanitary arrangements. This description may appeal more strongly to your nostrils if you will note the fact that among the members of this club are lords and counts, sirs, right honorables, distinguished misters, and all manner of speckless gentlemen.

The men of the staff are all Austrian prisoners. The cook is a real cook, the waiters experts. Franz, the big one, was once head waiter at the Carlton, in London, and worked at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, for years. His flawless manners and immaculate get-up make one at times almost forget the horrors of Nish, while his frequent exhibitions of exaggerated neutrality provide the only diversion the city affords. He will not listen even to criticism of the thin, vinegary Serbian wine, which ordinarily is the only beverage to be had at any price; and, as for diatribes against conditions in general, he resolutely refuses to invade the privacy that permits a free and allied indulgence in them. If you want to be waited on you must stop railing. The only time I ever saw Franz even quietly grin in sympathy with the general discontent was one evening when a young Britisher was moved to exclaim: "Good Lord! And to think Austria wanted to annex this place!"

Sprightly Movies Wanted

In Nish when the day's work is done there is nothing to do but go to bed. And in this Nish is not peculiar. I have yet to see in all Serbia a single place of entertainment, except in Escoplje—Uskub—where, in the little garden of the one and only possible restaurant, there is a moving-picture screen, on which a few outworn films are thrown while dinner is in progress. Vision, if you can, the gloom of a country in its fourth consecutive year of war, its people apathetic at best in their attitude toward ordinary comforts, and without a diversion of any description!

If some intelligent American philanthropist would send a moving-picture outfit over here, with a lot of good, sensible, plain sanitary stuff, mixed up with some foolishness and fun—an outfit that could be taken all over the country by an American operator, accompanied by a Serbian lecturer—he could do more good in one month than a corps of physicians could do in a year. In the farthest reaches of darkest Africa there is no denser ignorance than exists in some sections of Serbia, and I positively know there are whole populations who have never seen a moving picture. Those young American doctors and nurses and general workers who came over here on their missions of mercy, in this settled depression face a much more awful thing than the typhus or cholera danger. Under its sinister influence a healthy-minded foreigner is quite apt to go "off his head." I heard an Englishman say to an American:

"How long do you think you can stick it out?"

And an American say to an Englishman:

"What are you doing this for, anyhow?"

"Oh," said the Englishman with a curly smile, "we have to; we are Allies!"

Picturesque General Joubert, of South African fame, came down from Paris to look into the possibilities of doing something to alleviate the condition of women and children in Serbia—especially orphan children. At a luncheon at Sir Ralph Paget's, after he had outlined a most stupendous plan—a plan based wholly on conjectural statistics, but which, being carried out, would result in inestimable benefits to the whole kingdom, and would demand the better part of his or somebody's life—I said to him:

"How long do you expect to remain in Serbia, general?"

He drew himself bravely up, thrust a hand with appealing intensity through his fine shock of rumpled white hair, and said:

"Oh-h-h! I don't know. I shall stay until I have done—my—duty! It may be two weeks."

Bless his old heart! He "seen his duty and he done it," and now he has gone; but it did not take him quite two weeks.

The English have done their ample share of work for Serbia—more than we have yet had time to do; but expressions of Serbian gratitude seem to be largely reserved for us—reserved for delivery along with lists of additional requirements, most of which are connected with nothing but possible future needs. Additional requirements are freely enumerated to the English, too, but with the difference that they are not flattered with any suggestion that they are doing more than the situation actually demands of them.

The Magazine of Europe

Before I left the United States the people of the country were indulging in a form of hysteria over Serbia; but in those days Serbia's condition was too horrible to inspire anything but hysteria. I wonder whether the wave has yet subsided. I want America's friendship for Serbia, but I want it right. I hate pretense and deception, and there is enough here to make a genuine appeal without the exercise of either. The Serbian people are not poor as we understand abject poverty. With them, I am firmly convinced, it is more a case of being without pride in outer semblance.

I know all about Serbia's pluck and her valiant conduct. I just cannot make that Serbia jibe with the Serbia we live in. Reach for eulogies as I will, I cannot escape the fact that in all the length and breadth of the land there is not a place of public entertainment or a single peasant's cottage into which even the moderately careful may venture without fear of consequences—not a single peasant habitation into which an idea of personal hygiene or decent sanitary principles has ever penetrated.

"The Peasant Kingdom"—that is what they call it; and so it is—a peasant kingdom, with a peasant king, and a peasant army officered by peasants.

Serbia is in an internal sense a nation in the making. She has not yet reconciled her own warring clans; and until she can detach her thoughts and aspirations from territorial aggrandizement and center them for a while on the necessary things she so conspicuously lacks, she will not deserve the honor, conferred on her by a too emotional world, of having her name coupled in praise and pity with the name of Belgium.

Just now—perhaps perforce—she shifts the responsibility for the more immediate of these things to the shoulders of foreign philanthropy; but, instead of concentrating on or even glancing at the possibility of being able to assume that responsibility for herself in the future, she continues to glare wrathfully at her too restricted map, to talk of "the great Serbian block," of Bulgaria's false borders and false claims, of Italy's menacing ambitions, of Russia's galling political interference, and Albania's ultimate fate.

One wonders what she will have to say one day about England. But the great peace negotiations are not yet; and meantime, as a mere precautionary measure, no doubt, or to befriend a friendless neighbor, she marches a division of her "army of defense" across the mountains into Albania and surrounds the coveted port of Durazzo, while her not too complacent and trustful ally, Montenegro, comes down and occupies Scutari.

Among a great many quotable things, the Balkan Peninsula has been called the powder magazine of Europe, with Serbia as a percussion cap in its midst; and to a casual onlooker at close range it does not appear that absolute quiet will enter on a very long reign with the establishment of peace in Europe unless some way is found to explode everything in that magazine and have done with it.

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A PINCH HIT IN VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from Page 17)

"Ladies and gentlemen," Vicks began perfunctorily, "I'm going to make a speech, but not right now. Not being a regular actor, I guess I am a joke at saying these things—but say," he interjected in a natural way of talking, "do me a favor and wait till this next act is over and I'll have a speech that's a bird."

The audience laughed good-naturedly and urged him to go ahead. "No," he said, "wait! And, say, this next one is some act too!"

Miss Sunshine, from the edge of the wings where she was waiting to take a bow with him, made violent gestures of disapproval, but the Rube paid no attention. Her worry changed to rage.

Burns and La Pearl were so dumfounded they had difficulty in starting their act.

"You are the biggest boob in forty states," Miss Sunshine almost screamed at the baseball star. "They always told me that left-handers were crazy and now I know it. Where do you come in to boost for other acts? I'm running this thing, and I want you to keep your mouth out of it and do what you are told."

"Why, I thought it would be a nice thing. Why, I ——"

"You attend to your own business," she interrupted. "You are paid to do what I tell you. Yes, and you are getting a thousand dollars a week for your end."

Sallie flirted off to her dressing room, leaving Vicks in the wings, his mouth opening and closing like the gills of a fish out of water.

"Well, that's a hot one," he finally blurted, and turned to watch Burns and La Pearl. He had missed their reception, but I hadn't. Catching the spirit of the Rube's generous—if crude—introduction, the audience gave the little couple the biggest hand they ever got in their lives. And act? You ought to have seen those two artists go to it, once they'd got over their surprise. It was not only a hit, but, as we describe those things in show business, it was a riot.

Vicks watched them studiously until they came to the baseball pantomime. In the two previous performances the imaginary ball was thrown by an imaginary pitcher. They started the same way this time.

"Here's where I cut in and give that Sunshine a real one to talk about," the Rube whispered to me over his shoulder. Before I could stop him he walked right out on the stage, attired in his evening clothes, and began to hurl a real ball at Burns. The actor, taken by surprise, missed the first throw, the audience howling with delight at his clumsy effort. None but artists like Burns and La Pearl could have picked up an "ad lib." stunt like this and got away with it. Quick to grasp the opportunity, however, they urged Vicks to continue and, when it was over, the three of them were forced to take curtain calls for fully a minute. And, believe me, a minute is a long time on the stage!

"Speech! Speech!"

The cry came from all parts of the house and, remembering his promise, the baseball star responded.

"Folks," he said happily, "didn't I tell you that would be some act?" His embarrassment was gone this time and the Rube Vicks of the stage became the Rube Vicks of the diamond. "Them folks can act," he went on, "and if I hadn't tipped you off you wouldn't have waited. That's a better act than mine and you all know it. Acting is their business; and it got my goat last night when the crowd waited to see a big boob like me and walked out on them folks who are artists. Are you satisfied?"

They were. It was perhaps the most remarkable curtain speech ever delivered from a stage, and as a consequence Rube Vicks got the most remarkable ovation.

The freak theatrical stunt of Rube Vicks turned the little theatrical world round Broadway upside down. It was quite a story for the dramatic writers. The baseball scribes made it better by helping it along on their sporting pages. The Rube was a hero, and Burns and La Pearl became famous overnight.

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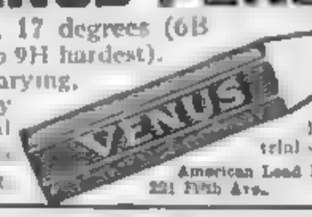

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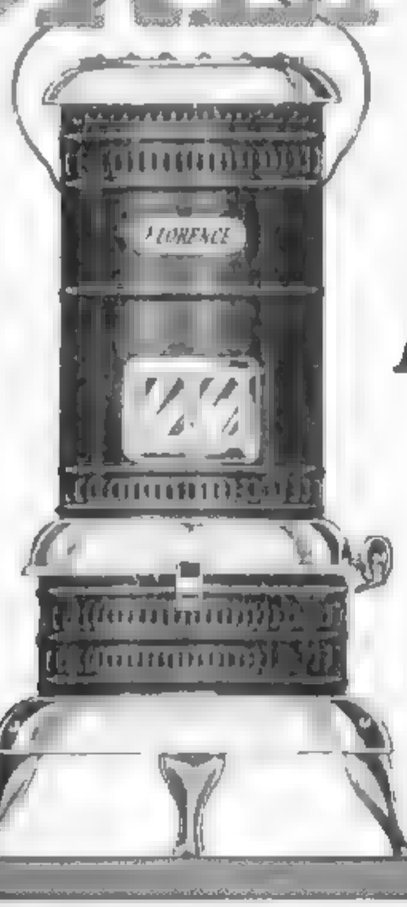
Oil  Heaters

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, PHILADELPHIA

into a tantrum, tore up contracts, threw cold-cream jars and make-up boxes all over the place, and finally demanded that the house manager be sent to her at once.

It having been the biggest night in the history of the Garrick Theater, the manager could not be as angry over this terrible mix-up as he tried to appear in the presence of Sallie. He knew her reputation for temperamental outbursts, however, and feared that which happened.

The next day Miss Sunshine sent Rube Vicks a telegram, notifying him that she had canceled all contracts, had withdrawn from the act and had instructed the management to substitute another turn. To emphasize further her indignation she had a copy of this note printed in the advertising columns of two of the dramatic newspapers.

With the act broken up and my job gone, I went to the theater to get my things. To my surprise I found Rube Vicks seated on a trunk, chuckling. He had just read the note, and apparently was having the biggest time of his life recounting his stunt of the night before.

"I didn't think she'd go that far," he said, handing me the note. "Looks like we are done. But say," he added, "it was some night, wasn't it?"

Burns and La Pearl came in, loaded down with newspapers, and rushed to the Rube, thanking him profusely. But for the appearance of the house manager, accompanied by the head of the booking office, I believe La Pearl would have shown signs of being able to do emotional stuff.

Vicks knew the head of the booking office—not as a theatrical man but as a fan.

"Looks like I've kicked one, doesn't it?" he announced cheerily. "But I guess I can do without the dough."

"That isn't the question, Rube," the head of the booking office replied. "If you drop out this house will be ruined. There have been advance sales for the week and you are three-sheeted all over town. This Sallie Sunshine knew what to do to get even. She understood exactly the predicament we'd be in and has hit us straight from the shoulder."

I have heard that baseball players have no business sense, but don't you believe it. I could see Rube's brow begin to wrinkle, just as it did when he asked those baseball writers to come to the show.

"I ain't no quitter," he began, "but say"—he suddenly turned and addressed Burns and La Pearl—"how much are you getting for that act of yours? Didn't I hear you say two-fifty?"

They looked at the booking-office man and nodded apprehensively. They understood his power and feared it more than did the Rube.

"All right," said Vicks. "Would you work for five hundred if I fixed it for you?"

I know they thought this big fellow crazy, but they merely nodded.

"I got the answer now," the southpaw announced to the two theatrical men, also puzzled. "You see my act was getting fifteen hundred dollars, and out of that I was getting one thousand dollars for my end ——"

"I get you," said the booking-office man with a smile. He looked at Burns and La Pearl inquiringly. They did not understand.

"Listen," the Rube commanded, addressing La Pearl: "if you'll let me butt into your act regular, I'll still get my one thousand dollars and will pay you five hundred. The booking office will guarantee us twenty weeks, won't you?" he asked of his friend, and there was nothing left the friend but to agree.

"Except," was the Rube's condition, "that we take a hundred and fifty dollars out of your salary the first week."

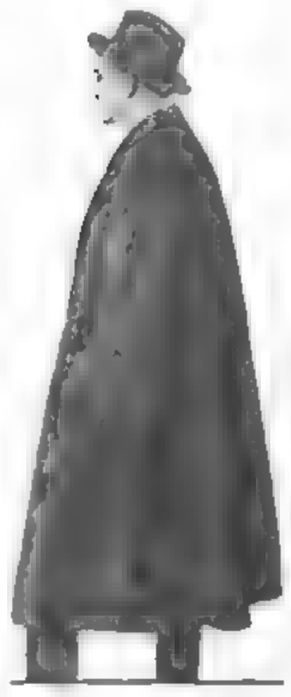
"What's that?" inquired La Pearl, eying him suspiciously. Theatrical-like, she still thought there was a trick in it.

"You'll get three hundred and fifty dollars the first week, which is one hundred more than you were supposed to get. The other one-fifty goes to little Noma for a pony and cart. And here"—he fumbled in his pocket—"here's a five for that whip with a ribbon on it."

They stared at him in open-mouthed astonishment. How did he know? Their minds had never thought of thin partitions.

"Are you on?" Vicks demanded.

"Am I on?" repeated Burns. "If anybody ever tells me you are not the best left-handed pitcher in the world, I'll shoot him dead on the spot."



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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

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THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

(Continued from Page 13)

his own eyes. "So, of course, he had to dispose of the show. Money was no object to him—just so's a good man got it." Abruptly he grinned. "I got it for twenty-five hundred." The grin deepened into a chuckle, but at once he looked gloomy, smoothed his hair and sighed again.

Mr. Wiggins had sat utterly speechless and paralyzed, the small bright eyes fairly starting out of his head. Now a swirl of conflicting emotions caused him to blurt out challengingly:

"You say you bought this show of Mr. Gans! How can you prove it? What you got to show for it? Looks pretty fishy to me! I don't believe it!"

Surprised, Mr. Turner uncrossed his legs, put his two capable hands on his two stout knees and looked over at the impetuous speaker, his hairy face screwed up in an expression of painful perplexity.

"I say it looks pretty fishy to me and I don't believe it!" Mr. Wiggins repeated hotly. "I bought this show of Mr. Gans myself and I've got his receipt right here in my pocket. I'm waiting for him now, to turn the thing over to me. What you got to show?"

Mr. Turner, hands on knees, continued to study the excited young man's face with the same expression of doubt and perplexity.

"I say, what you got to show for it?" Mr. Wiggins demanded more loudly. "I tell you I've bought the show—and I mean to keep it. Well, you can speak, can't you?" he cried in final exasperation as, motionless, Mr. Turner continued staring at him.

But Mr. Turner looked round at Lamb appealingly.

"I come in here quiet and friendly, didn't I?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," Lamb assured him.

Mr. Turner looked back at Wiggins, his blue-cheeked face puckered in an expression of deep anxiety.

"You hear that, young man?" he said earnestly. "Your own friend says so. I come in here quiet and friendly. Don't start anything, young man. Don't crowd me—not this evening! My name is James P. Turner—Turbulent Turner they call me down in the oil country, just because somebody'd start something, no matter how hard I tried to be quiet. I am always quiet until I'm crowded.

"Don't start anything, young man!" he appealed earnestly. "I can feel it comin' on right now."

"You're quite right, Mr. Turner," said Lamb firmly. "My friend is wrong."

Stung by that betrayal Mr. Wiggins drew up his head stiffly and turned on Lamb; but he met a look so steady and significant, accompanied by a wink of the off eye, that he simmered down and muttered:

"Oh, well—let it go for the present."

"Sure, young man!" said Mr. Turner with solemn approval. "That's the language I like to hear." He consulted his watch and found it was ten minutes past eleven. "Our conversation," he remarked to Lamb, "has kind of het me up. I will go and get—a cigar." Smoothing down his hair and picking his hat from the floor he rose deliberately. "Tell Mr. Gans I'll be back in a few minutes." With slow, methodical step he moved toward the passageway; but at the edge of the room he paused and faced them. "All quiet and friendly," he observed. "If Mr. Gans ain't here when I come back I'll take charge of the show—James P. Turner." He settled the low-crowned hat firmly on his head and passed deliberately out.

Lamb turned to tempest-tossed young Mr. Wiggins, intertwining his slim fingers and holding his head thoughtfully a bit on one side as he contemplated the agitated man with a small, urbane smile.

"Fact is," he explained kindly, "I own this show!" The shadowy yet candid smile broadened a little as he added: "I was stung with it. It's rotten! The Birth of Venus scares away family parties, who think it's raw; but it ain't raw, and that disgusts the other crowd. It's old stuff anyway—the plate-glass screen and mirrors and reflected images. And it doesn't work right at that! But I fell for it."

Unclasping his fingers he drew a long silver pencil from his pocket and began to twirl it. Before that it had struck Wiggins that the only way Lamb could keep his fingers still was by imprisoning them—locking one hand into the other or putting both into his pockets.

"Well, I wanted somebody to run the show," Lamb went on; "and I picked up Morris Gans in Chicago. He was in the vaudeville business, in a way—chasing round trying to get a vaudeville act for nothing and sell it for something, you know. He conned me all right, at first."

The speaker paused, noting that an expression of astonishment had appeared on his companion's homely face—for the long silver pencil which he had been twirling in his fingers had suddenly disappeared. For a moment Lamb was visibly embarrassed. His smooth cheeks even colored faintly and he put a slim hand up to one of them in evident humiliation. Then he laughed cheerfully.

"You've got it!" he confessed, nodding and shining at his companion as he extracted the pencil from his sleeve. "I'm a wizard! It's a poor business and I made up my mind to get out of it. That's why I started this show—as a lead to something else. You see, sometimes I do things absent-mindedly. I must remember to keep my hands in my pockets until I get over it." Frowning slightly and shaking his head he thrust his hands firmly into his pockets. "Well, I set up this show; and it was an awful frost from the beginning. I tried to jolly myself at first—thought it would catch on by and by—went back to wizarding to keep it afloat. But it was no good at all. Then I found out that Morris Gans was a horrible crook."

"You mean," Wiggins said in a rather weak and uncertain voice, "I'm stung?"

"Oh, yes; you're stung," Lamb replied gently with a winning little smile. "You'd be even more stung if you'd got the show, for it's really worth about a million dollars less than nothing. Well, there I was," he resumed—"bum show, losing money every minute and a crooked manager. I was thinking I'd just dig out and chuck the whole business and let Morris wrestle with it any way he liked; and then Morris suggested I salt the show and sell it!"

Much puzzled, young Mr. Wiggins scratched the back of his head and frowned, repeating dubiously:

"Salt the show?"

"What he did to you, you know," Lamb explained, nodding brightly—"I mean cook up a set of fake books that would look as though the show was making money and then, when he got a sucker on the string, hire a lot of fellows to buy tickets and go into the show while the sucker was watching."

Young Mr. Wiggins looked humbly down at the floor and gasped:

"I see!"

"I told him," Lamb went on in soft and friendly accents, "that I didn't care to go to the penitentiary or lay myself liable to it. I always did think a man who got on the wrong side of the law was a blockhead."

Mr. Wiggins scratched the back of his head again in bewilderment, and Lamb continued:

"So Morris supposed I was off in Colorado; but, in fact, I went under cover right here. The only person I saw was the little cashier." He paused to give a quiet laugh, his eyes sparkling with humorous appreciation. "Maybe you noticed the little cashier? I picked her for a good scout. Of course I never said a word to her of what was up, or about Morris Gans. I just told her I'd double her wages if she'd keep her eyes open and report to me every night what she saw, or telephone me if anything unusual came up, and tell nobody I was here. She got off a few minutes this afternoon and telephoned me that a whole lot of people were coming to the show, and she'd noticed the same people buying tickets two and three times over. A good scout! Of course she was tickled about it—thought the show was catching on at last—but a good scout all the same! Well, I saw it was high time for me to drop round—so I dropped."

"But ——" much puzzled Mr. Wiggins began.

He was interrupted, however, by the entrance of the little cashier, who came running out of the dim passageway. At sight of the two men and the closed door she halted, with a shock of surprise and alarm, her small body bending forward from the waist.

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"Oh!" she cried, addressing Lamb, her voice plaintive with anxiety. "Isn't Mr. Gans here yet?"

Now the cashier had no business relations with Mr. Gans. She was employed by the Exposition management, to which she turned over the entire receipts of the show. Then the management, after deducting its percentage—and in due time—returned the balance to the manager of the show.

So Lamb—himself surprised at her anxiety, and with that soothing note of suave inquiry—replied:

"You wish to see Mr. Gans?"

"Why, I should say so!" she burst forth in much agitation. "He owes me a hundred dollars!"

And as Lamb stared incredulously she rushed on with the explanation:

"You know the show took in a lot of money to-day; and about four o'clock Mr. Gans came up to me, all sweaty and out of breath, and wanted me to give him silver for a hundred-dollar bill. He had a great big roll of hundred-dollar bills right in his hand. He said the Worcester Foundation had sent four hundred poor little children to see the Exposition and he wanted to give each one of 'em a quarter so they could have a swell treat. He was in an awful hurry, because he had an appointment with some bank directors downtown in twenty minutes. I counted out the silver, and then he said it wouldn't look right for me to turn in a hundred-dollar bill, because I'm supposed not to let anybody touch the cash; so he'd bring silver up from the bank and give it to me this evening. I've been watching for him ever since ten o'clock. I thought he must have come in when I didn't see him. They're coming round right now, taking up the money from the shows."

Lamb looked gravely over at Wiggins and shook his head slowly, as though giving it up.

The little cashier struggled manfully to keep her voice steady and her eyes dry.

"It's mean of him!" she declared, a bit shakily. "I'm under bonds. They'll be up to my stand in a couple of minutes. They'll take me if I don't turn over the money!"

Lamb plunged a hand into his trousers pocket, pulled out some crumpled bills and hastily counted them. Evidently they fell short, and for an instant he seemed dashed.

Mr. Wiggins pulled a wallet from his hip pocket, asking briskly:

"What you got there? I can dig up fifty."

"Forty will do," Lamb replied; "I've got sixty." A moment later he handed a hundred dollars to the little cashier and advised her gently: "Run along now! Tell 'em the manager gave you bills for the silver. Skip!"

Murmuring in grateful admiration she skipped; and Lamb turned again to Mr. Wiggins, intertwining his slim fingers.

"One hundred per cent pure is Morris Gans," he observed thoughtfully. "A gem without a flaw! You see, he had to supply his stool pigeons with money to buy tickets for the show, and he got it back by robbing the little cashier. A gem without a flaw!" He put his hands between his knees, bending forward, his shoulders rounding as though he were sort of hugging himself, his blue eyes radiating amiable appreciation at the young man. "You know," he said softly, "I thought you were a real sport after all—the sort that would come across!"

It had so much the effect of a tremendous compliment that Mr. Wiggins fairly blushed and looked modestly at the floor, grinning a little in spite of himself; but at once his brow darkened and he muttered vengefully:

"I'd give a leg if we could catch that pup!"

"Catch him?" Lamb murmured in mild surprise. "Oh, if he'd got away there wouldn't have been any point in my dropping round! There's the idiocy of getting on the wrong side of the law, you see—it ties you up hand and foot. Of course there was no use in my questioning him, for he'd be sure to lie to me; so I just locked him up in there and told him if he made a peep I'd have him pinched!" he explained gently with a nod at the closed door. "You see, I wanted to find out for myself just how things stood, and I thought I'd probably get the explanation if I hung round a while this evening."

Lamb rose, picked up one of the heavy window weights from the floor and put it into his coat pocket.

"I don't think there'll be a particle of trouble," he said softly—"not a particle! Still, it's possible I may have to beat him while you run for a policeman."

"Let me beat him!" Mr. Wiggins pleaded earnestly; but Lamb only smiled indulgently, drew a key from his pocket and stepped to the door.

Entering, they saw a short, swart and bandy-legged man, with sharp black eyes glaring through gold-rimmed spectacles, who sat sprawling on a kitchen chair. He had taken off his coat and vest, for there was no ventilation in the tight little managerial stall and it was hot. Lamb addressed him with mild suavity:

"Well, Morris, I've checked it up. It's twenty-five hundred from James P. Turner and fifteen hundred from Mr. Wiggins here. You can hand it over in a minute and a half or take a through ticket for San Quentin.

"I'm very liberal with you, Morris," Lamb added sweetly. "You must have gouged James P. Turner out of three or four hundred, from that chunk of glass in his shirt front. I recognized it at once. There's the hundred you stole from the little cashier. With what else you've grafted you must have done pretty well. The four thousand now, right away!" he urged in the dulcet tone of a fond parent coaxing a spoiled child. "I'm expecting James P. Turner every minute."

The man, in a kind of paralysis between fear and rage, wet his parched lips with his tongue and glared. Lamb turned to Wiggins and instructed mildly:

"Just step over to the stairs and call Neptune. Then get a policeman."

Morris struggled out of his paralysis sufficiently to plunge a hand into his pocket, tear out a great roll of bills and fling it on the floor. Lamb picked it up and counted it deliberately.

"All right, Morris," he said kindly. "Turner'll be here any second now and Neptune will be coming down. Better duck!"

Mr. Gans snatched up his coat and vest and bolted from the room with them on his arm.

"There's yours!" said Lamb amiably, extending a handful of bills to Mr. Wiggins and putting the others into his pocket.

For the first time in about a minute Mr. Wiggins drew breath—an inhalation so profound that it visibly swelled him, while his small bright eyes protruded.

"Well, say! You are some wizard!" he gasped; and the compliment was even more hearty than that which Lamb had paid him a moment before.

Lamb smiled a little in modest embarrassment and lightly patted the young man's stalwart shoulder.

"I just let Nature take her course," he explained.

"But, say—how about James P. Turner?" Wiggins inquired excitedly.

"Oh, he's got plenty of money," Lamb answered lightly; "and he gets the show, you know. We'll just let Nature take her course."

They started out through the dim passageway and in the lobby encountered James P. Turner going in—with a solemn expression and slow, methodical steps.

"Good night, Mr. Turner," said Lamb genially. "The stairs on the left back there lead up to the stage."

They lingered a moment, watching Mr. Turner tack cautiously for the opening of the passageway and sail slowly in.

Out in front the little cashier had shut up her kiosk for the night and stood beside it, hat in hand, looking down the bedizened street, which was rapidly emptying.

"Why, do you know," she exclaimed, seeing Lamb, "I'm sure it was Mr. Gans who just ran out of here!"

"Yes," said Lamb urbanely. "Mr. Gans has given up the show; in fact, I shouldn't wonder if the show was all over. If I were you I'd look for another job right away." He took out his roll of bills, peeled off a hundred-dollar one and handed it to her with a smile. "You were a good scout; I owe you at least that much. I owe Morris Gans something too. He gave me an idea."

A muffled sound of voices raised in angry altercation came to their ears from the interior of the theater. There was a yell and then a loud, rending crash.

"I shouldn't wonder," Lamb speculated gently, "if Neptune had thrown James P. Turner through the plate glass. We better beat it!"

He set off with long strides toward the gate, Mr. Wiggins striding vigorously on one side and the bewildered little cashier trotting along on the other.

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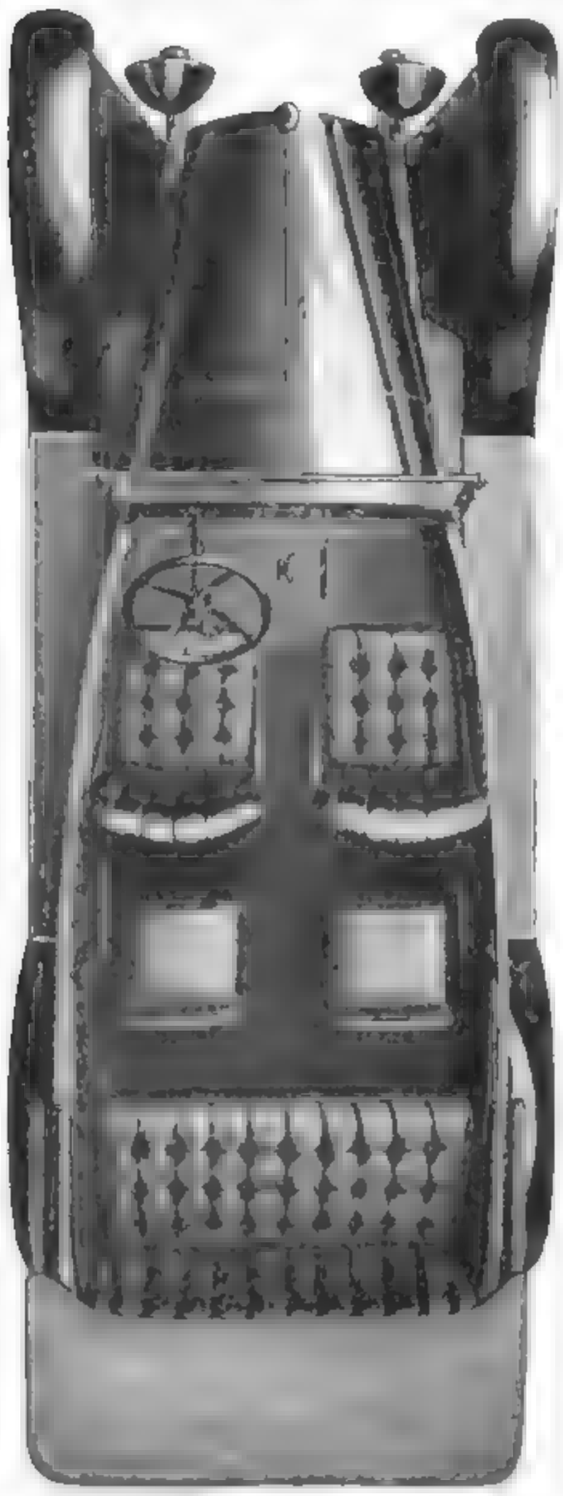

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Jeffery Chesterfield body—electrically welded [illegible] throughout
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Brilliant Jeffery finish

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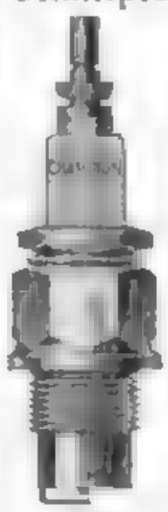

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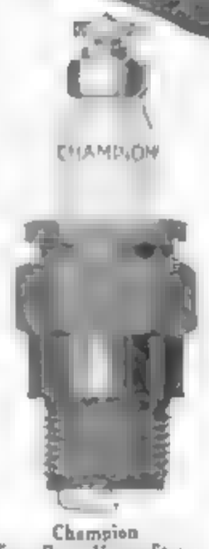

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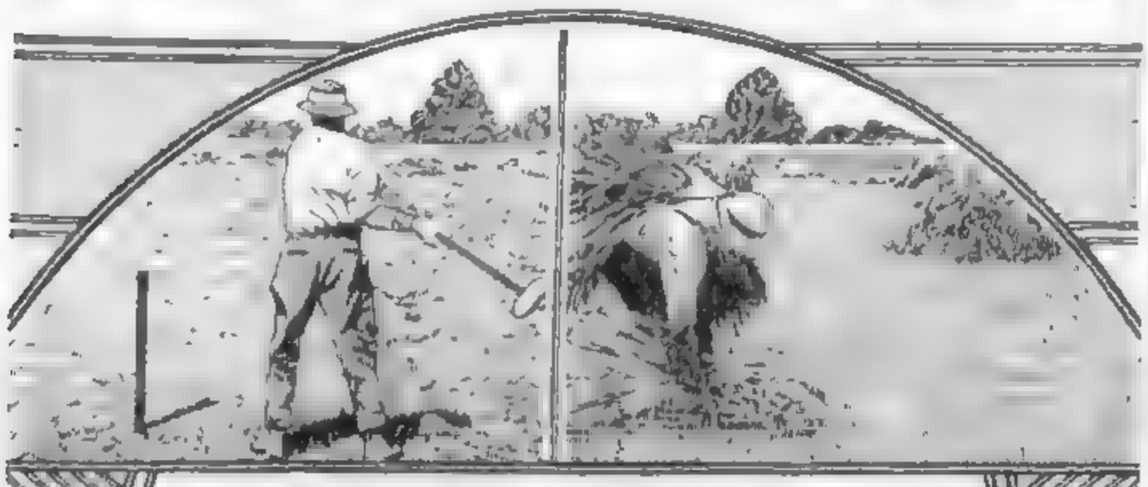

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INTERVIEWING YUAN SHI KAI

(Continued from Page 11)

and made him a Grand Councilor. This put Yuan and Chang in opposition to each other in Peking, and their positions were made even more innocuous when the astute Dowager made Tieh Liang president of the army board. However, Yuan did not protest. He is a good waiter and he saw ahead.

He was made Senior Guardian of the Heir Apparent in 1908 and continued in favor until January, 1909, when he was summarily dismissed by the Prince Regent and ordered into retirement. He went back to his home in Honan and fished for two years, saying nothing and doing nothing but waiting patiently. The first revolution was brewing. The revolutionists, headed by Wu Ting Fang and others, in Shanghai, were making their plans. Yuan Shi Kai was approached several times and asked to join; but he refused. He had other fish to catch.

In October of 1911, when the revolution was about ready to break, Yuan was appointed Viceroy of one of the provinces; but he refused the place. He was waiting. The revolution was soon under way and Yuan was summoned to Peking. He went up with the army. He was made President of the Council of Premiers—or Premier—and the ancient Manchu prince, Ching, was deposed to make a place for him. A few days later he was given command of all the troops in and near the capital. He formed a new cabinet and was appointed Imperial Plenipotentiary to make peace with the rebels.

There is no doubt that Yuan Shi Kai, being an extremely capable citizen and a farsighted one, had his future well mapped out. He might have gone with the rebels, of course—and he had good cause to go with them, for he had been deposed and sent to retirement and fishing; but, being a statesman and a player of a big game, he at once realized that the part for him was to make the rebels come to him, instead of going to them. As in the Jung Lu days, he figured on his own position. If he went to the rebels he would be one of many. If the rebels were forced to come to him he would be many in one.

However, Yuan had one disappointment after he had decided to cast his lot with the Imperial Family. He was told there was money in the treasury. When he arrived in Peking he found that the treasury was bare. There was not a tael; and his first work was to try to find some money. Liang Shih-Yi found some for him—not the millions he wanted, but some.

Negotiations With Sun

The rebels, bitterly disappointed because Yuan did not join them, began a campaign of detraction against him which is said to have been a wonder, even in a country where the language lends itself to epithet so readily as does the Chinese. The rebels blocked every attempt made to get funds for Yuan, save the one successful attempt of Liang Shih-Yi. If the Manchus had been able to get money there might have been a different story. As it was, Wu Ting Fang and Wen Tsung-yao, taking charge for the rebels, issued their first proclamation, or manifesto, setting forth to the world the aims of the revolutionists, one of which was abdication.

Yuan had brought up two thousand of his own picked troops when he came, early in November, 1911, to Peking; but he had no money. Then came fighting and intrigue and plots and counterplots, which need not be detailed here—and finally peace negotiations. Yuan continued sturdily antirepublican.

Time passed and Sun Yat Sen became provisional President of China. Sun Yat Sen immediately telegraphed to Yuan that he would resign in Yuan's favor if Yuan would adopt the republican policy. There was much backing and filling, and when the republican manifesto, or declaration of independence, was issued Yuan temporized and put forth many schemes for delay. Meantime he caused it to be known that he had an idea that mayhap China was fit for republicanism. In public he was desperately trying to save the Manchus. Things drifted along, though there was excitement and intrigue enough to satisfy the most exacting; and Yuan played his game. He refused a marquisate offered by the Dowager and proceeded to satisfy himself that the republicans would keep their promises, one of which was to make him President. The armistice was extended and negotiations proceeded.

Finally, after the terms of abdication had been arranged—terms that secured a pension for the deposed Imperial Family—Yuan played his trump card. He sent a telegram to President Sun and the National Assembly, at Nanking, which began: "A republic is the best form of government." Yuan was ready to garner his reward. He had provided for the Manchus, he had it in his power to prevent further bloodshed, and he saw the Presidency ahead.

Yuan announced the coming of abdication and saw to it that the edict of abdication mentioned himself as the person to reconstruct China along the new lines. The republicans did not like this and Yuan did some more explaining and smoothing out. Also, he told Sun Yat Sen that if he was not elected President forthwith there would be trouble. He had caught his fish. Sun Yat Sen resigned and the National Assembly elected Yuan Shi Kai. Five months after the beginning of the revolution, Yuan, the imperialist, became the republican leader.

A Statesman Who Can Wait

As a statesman who has an exact appreciation of the psychological moment he has had few superiors. His course took courage, took strength, took great ability, and took immense tact. He got a competence for the Imperial Family, he saved many months of useless bloodshed, he united the armies, and he became the President of China. He is a remarkable statesman and a remarkable man.

His hold on his friends was shown when they stood by him after his *volte-face* to republicanism. And he has held China together since that time, which shows him to be more than a remarkable man—a man of tremendous force, ability and courage, a fighter and a diplomatist, who can be harsh or can be lenient; but who, most of all, can bide his time.

There were many financial and political complications, all of which Yuan handled with skill and tact. He was opposed by the New China party; and he proceeded to put the New China party out of business. The New China party had for its aim the making of a figurehead of the President. They wanted full and final control of the government through Parliament. Everything possible to hamper Yuan was done; for the Kuo-ming-tang, which is the political name of the New China party, was powerful. One of its most active members was Sung Chiao-jen, who had frequently been mentioned as a candidate of his party for the premiership. As he was starting for Peking to attend the opening sessions of the Parliament, Sung Chiao-jen was shot and killed. The Kuo-ming-tang was certain that the murder had been instigated in Peking and started a project to impeach Yuan Shi Kai.

Yuan's friends formed the party called the Chin-pu-tang and there was free use of money to prevent any action in Parliament. As one acute observer puts it: "Bribery was the order of the day. Certain members were tempted so strongly by pecuniary inducements that they wandered from one Tang to the other until the procession became grotesque." There was great uproar in Parliament. The Kuo-ming-tang finally lost control, owing to many shrewd practices and filibusters—to say nothing of the use of money.

While the various politicians and parties in Parliament were haggling and fighting and plotting, President Yuan was busy with the provinces. He eliminated many dangerous and seditious officials and sent his loyal troops to strategic points. There was a clash, and the revolution of the summer of 1913 began. He whipped the rebels; and the leading revolutionists, including Sun Yat Sen, took refuge in Japan.

Meantime Yuan had made his census of those who were for him and those who were against him. It was expected that Yuan would send soldiers to the Parliament and arrest the members of the Kuo-ming-tang as rebels—which, in effect, they were; but he did not. He was waiting again—fishing. He needed that Parliament for a space. He wanted to be elected permanent President.

Yuan suggested suavely that the section of the constitution, then in preparation, which detailed the manner of election of

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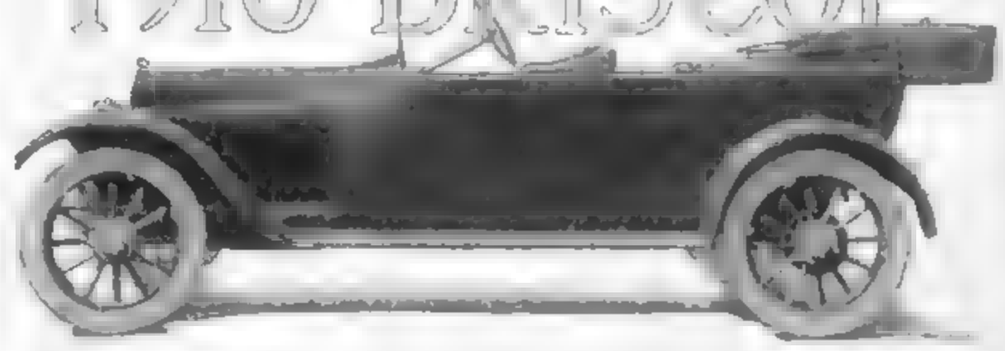

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the Presidents of China should be rushed through. It was rushed through—there was nothing else to do. And on October 6, 1913, Yuan was formally elected President, on the third ballot, and in a balloting place that was completely surrounded by Yuan's troops.

Still, Yuan did not control. He had a Parliament on his hands. He tried some finesse. He sent in a cabinet list, and his opponents were urged by Yuan's agents to refuse to accept the man named for premier, so that Yuan might take strong action. The Kuo-ming-tang did not bite. They accepted this premier. So something more drastic was planned.

Various telegrams from governors of provinces loyal to Yuan began to come in, denouncing the members of the Kuo-ming-tang as rebels; and, basing his action on this evidence—which said the parliamentary Kuo-ming-tangers were actively concerned in the rebellion—Yuan issued a mandate that declared the Kuo-ming-tang to be a rebel organization and expelled the members of that party from Parliament. The police visited every member of the Kuo-ming-tang who was in Parliament and took away his badge and his certificate of membership. That ended the Kuo-ming-tang—and it ended Parliament. Yuan had caught another fish!

The police had been gentle with the Kuo-ming-tang in the process of taking their badges; but Yuan's detectives and soldiers were not so gentle with them in the process of taking their heads. Executions were numerous and swift. Thus the New China party went its way; and in the following April—1914—amnesty was granted to those who remained, the leaders having been pretty well eliminated.

The Powers of the President

Yuan Shi Kai was in control of the central government. The New China scheme of a figurehead President and a controlling Parliament was done. Yuan began the development of a system of provincial administration that will guarantee the fullest measure of control from Peking. Also, he needed peace—for he had to deal with many pressing financial and governmental problems.

Yuan went back to the old friends of the former days, claiming he was in no sense reactionary in this, but that these trained men rather than the theorists and students who had no experience were needed by him to carry out his plans. He had Parliament out of his way, and had reduced the provincial assemblies to nothing. He devised a provisional constitution, giving himself all needed powers; and he proceeded to get the provinces in order. This constitution provided for a Li Fa Yuan, or legislative body, and for a Council of State, to be nominated by the President.

The Council of State, appointed by the President, gives him power to dissolve Parliament or convoke it, and so on. It makes Yuan the absolute military dictator of the country, for he has power to declare war and conclude peace; and, what is most important of all in China, he has sole control of the army and navy, the system or organization, and the strength and disposition of forces. The army is the instrument that will keep any President in power.

Many other things have been done by this forceful man to strengthen his hold on the office; but, with all that, he is keenly sensible to the needs of China and eager for China's development. He wants to build a new China on the old China; and he does not believe in "cutting the foot to make the shoe fit"—as he put it to me. He knows China, and he has set about to govern China according to the needs of China, and develop China as well as he may with the handicap of forty centuries of old methods and manners to combat.

He met his problems as it was necessary to meet them; for they were Chinese problems and he had to handle them in a Chinese way—not in a Western way. He is earnest and sincere in his attempts to root out the old graft and dishonesty and "squeeze," and the corruption that has prevailed in China through all the centuries. He wants to build a New China, and he is the one man in China who is fitted to lay the foundations.

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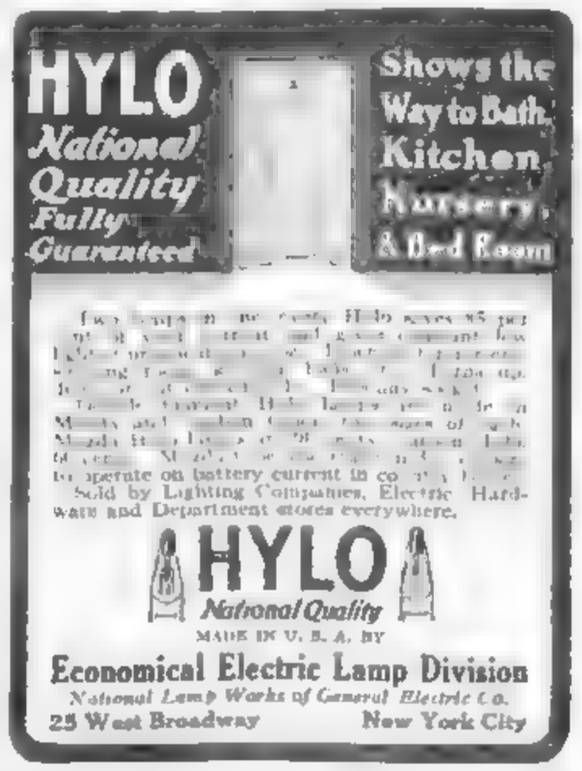
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GHOST CITIES OF THE WEST

(Continued from Page 18)

and shot the chief mourner dead. The coroner was a little curious about that killing.

"What did he do to you, Jack?" said he.

"Not a thing," was the astounding reply; "but he looked as if he was going to pull a gun."

It was Joe Marshall who made the loudest fuss.

"Talk about tough luck!" said he to Captain Osborne. "Here I do my best to run a nice, orderly place, and it does seem to me that everybody who's got any killing to do waits until he can catch his man in my house! These fellows will walk clear from the other end of town to beef a man at my bar!"

So long as the bad men followed the precedent set by Union Pacific Jack and his pal, the solid citizens regarded their daily encounters with as much interest as they would have bestowed on a battle between wild animals. If one was killed, good; if two, so much the better. S-sick him, Wolf! Bite him, Tiger! It was all the same to the decent members of the community, and even the law took little note of the shootings. The quicker and cleaner shot stepped out of the smoke, handed his pistol to the nearest bystander, and waited with confidence for the same old verdict—justifiable homicide.

They tell a Bodie story that aptly portrays the sentiment of the camp toward a bad man dead. There was a tall, angular doctor in town in the days of the Big Boom—an Irishman, with just a trace of the Ould Sod under his tongue. In the course of his professional duties this doctor attended one of the bad men who had been the fraction of a second late on the draw. The patient died of this lateness, and the doctor, having nothing else to do, went to his funeral. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave there was an awkward pause.

"Somebody ought to say something!" muttered a live bad man who had been acting as a pallbearer. "We oughtn't to go away and leave poor ole Pete flat on his back like this and not even an Amen! . . . Doc, you know what's what. Give him a send-off, won't you?"

"Yes, doc! Go ahead! Say something!" rose the voices of the mourners.

The doctor advanced to the edge of the grave, for once at a loss for words. He removed his hat and cleared his throat.

"May—ahem!—may our brother—our brother—rest in peace!" said the man of medicine.

"Stay with it!" whispered the pallbearer. "Stay with it! You got a good start, doc."

But the doctor was stuck. The words would not come. At last, in desperation, he spoke the first ones which came into his mind; unfortunately they were the concluding words of that most sinister of messages—the sentence of death as pronounced from the bench.

"And—and—may God have mercy on his soul!" said the doctor quickly, stepping back from the grave.

"This ain't no hanging, doc!" growled the pallbearer. "I'll tell you straight—Pete, he wouldn't like this a little bit!"

How Judge Reed Kept Order

The bad man need not have been so touchy. Very few of the Mono County murderers ever listened to a death sentence. Their knowledge of it was, to quote the editor of the Free Press, purely academic. One lawyer practicing in Inyo, Mono and Tuolumne had a record of clearing one hundred and twenty-five men of murder charges. Some legal lights of the seventies brought their gun fighters into open court with them, and judges were bulldozed, juries intimidated and Justice herself bluffed by a show of arms.

All honor then to the memory of Theron B. Reed, a district court judge, who saw that bluff and raised it the limit. This happened at Independence, Inyo County. When court convened Judge Reed reached behind his chair and picked up a double-barreled shotgun, which he placed on the desk in front of him.

"There will be order in this court!" said the judge, rather grimly. "Gentlemen, proceed."

The gentlemen proceeded, and there was order in that court, though both sides had gun fighters present in abundance. The judge was known to be a man of his word as well as a cool and excellent wingshot.

Of course Bodie had its lynching bee. There is usually one killing in every camp that strikes the citizens as too brutal or unprovoked to pass without rebuke. In Bodie's case it was not one of the bad men who caused the Stranglers to assemble; it was a comparatively inoffensive creature called Frenchy. He had shot a man in the back—shot him because the man objected to his dancing with his wife. The murder took place at midnight on Main Street, below the business portion of the town. Frenchy escaped, but was captured by a posse and on a Sunday morning was lodged in the Bodie jail.

There was an immediate rush for the calaboose, and two Bodie lawyers, Patrick Reddy and General Kittrell, made speeches urging the citizens to let the law take its course. The citizens had seen a lot of that sort of thing; the law's course with a Bodie murderer usually led to an acquittal, and Frenchy had shot his man in the back. Reddy's speech was interrupted:

"If we don't hang him, Pat, you'll get him off!"

"If you don't hang him," retorted Reddy—that way by name and nature—"I'll give you my word to prosecute him and not to defend him."

"Bully for you, Pat! When?"

"Right now!" answered Reddy.

"Good enough! Get the judge, somebody!"

The one-legged justice of the peace opened court; Frenchy was brought in, ironed; and, with Reddy prosecuting and Kittrell appearing for the defense, the preliminary hearing began. All day long it lasted and all day long the courtroom was packed with a silent, attentive crowd. Hundreds were outside in the snow, staring through the windows at the prisoner. Night came without an adjournment, but still the crowd waited.

The Quick End of Frenchy

At midnight Reddy proposed an adjournment until the next morning at nine o'clock. Kittrell was about to agree to this when Frenchy plucked at his sleeve.

"To-morrow morning," said he, "I will not be here. I will be dead."

"Nonsense!" said General Kittrell. "Nonsense! The law will take its course!"

"Maybe so," said Frenchy, looking toward the windows, where the faces still appeared; "but I tell you I will be dead. You will see!"

Court was adjourned and Frenchy was locked up in the jail. The crowd dispersed—almost too quietly. A man who witnessed the closing act of the tragedy described it to me as follows:

"I had been attending the hearing and I was tired. Shortly after I fell asleep I was roused by a knock on the door.

"'Get up if you want to see the last of Frenchy,' said a voice. 'The boys have got him and they're bringing him down here.'

"Now, the murder had been done in front of my house. I went to the window and looked out. There was no moon to speak of and Main Street was dark, except for the distant saloon lights. Against the white of the snow was a black, irregular body, slowly advancing. It was the Stranglers, marching Frenchy to the scene of his crime.

"Some of the men came through Boone's corral, where they picked up a wooden frame, used in hoisting wagon beds from the ground. This they set up on the exact spot of the murder without noise or confusion of any sort or a word spoken aloud. . . . They were mercifully quick about it. Before I knew it was over a light flared in the middle of the crowd and I heard the voice of the town blacksmith speaking.

"'Why, what's this?' said he, in tones of great surprise. 'It's a man, ain't it, a-hanging by his neck? . . . Yes; it's a man—just about dead, I reckon. Well, now, who on earth done this thing? You boys know anything about it?'

"This was the blacksmith's little joke, or he may have been manufacturing evidence against a possible investigation. I was told afterward that it was the blacksmith who put the noose round Frenchy's neck and superintended the execution."

The gamblers and the saloon men have always claimed that it was the first lynching and the first church that killed Bodie. I had heard the statement before; I heard it again from the old men.

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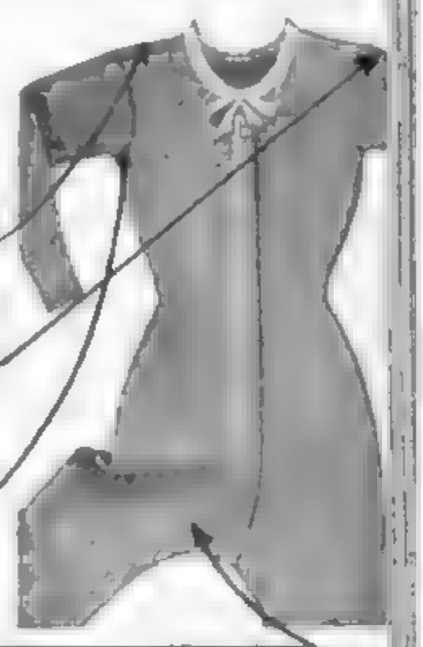

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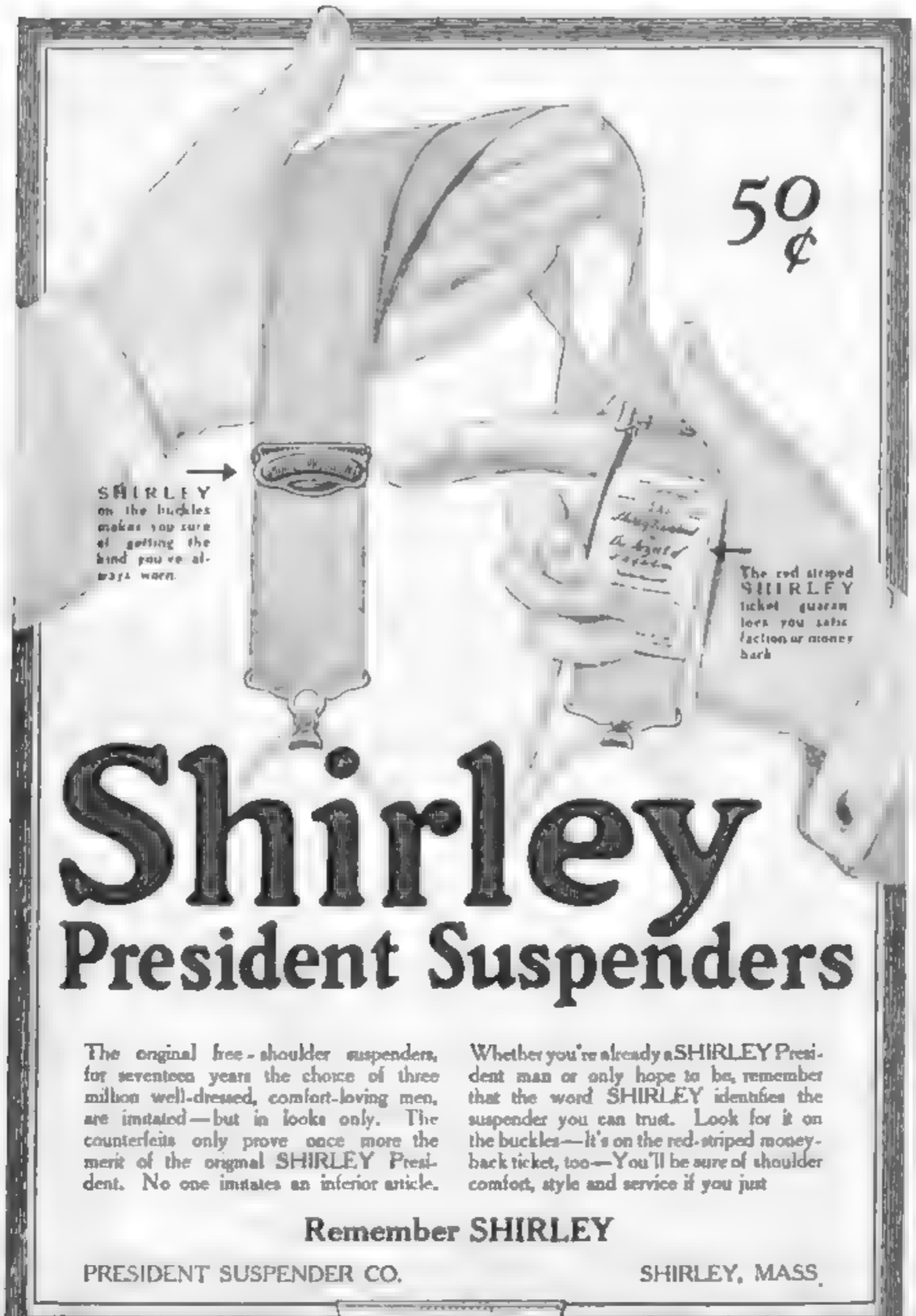
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"A hangin' and a church," said they, "will kill any camp."

Bad men do not bring good times to a town, but they seem to take them with them when they go. Often I have heard remarks like this.

"We had a man for breakfast every morning; she was sure a good camp then!"

The explanation, I think, is a simple one. The bad man seeks excitement, conquest. The excitement is always where the money is most plentiful. When the stream of gold runs thin and turns to silver the bad man packs his valise and rides out of camp, hunting prosperity.

There came a time when Bodie had only one bad man left.

Red Roe, they called him—Sylvester Roe—Red because of his preference for flannel shirts of that color. Red had outlived all the other bad men and was the survivor of many dynasties. He had often been suspected of crimes that were never proved against him. In certain quarters there was a disposition to question his badness; but, with worse men out of the way, Red Roe was cock of the walk. He had a hard name in the community and did nothing to soften it.

Roe had something of an education, and it was his pride and delight to quote Shakspere by the hour—correctly too—or the Bible, if his hearers preferred it. He was also a physical humorist, and when in a playful mood was almost as harmless as a grizzly bear. He liked to whack people over the head and jerk their chairs from under them, and otherwise add to their simple pleasures.

One night he was sitting in a combination restaurant and saloon—the bar on one side and the lunch counter on the other—picking his teeth and wondering what to do next. He was in a particularly jovial frame of mind when Dutchy came wandering in. Dutchy was a mild little German who worked at the Syndicate Mill. Red rose and offered to wrestle with him. Dutchy tried to escape, but was caught and mauled slightly as a mark of Red's esteem.

Dutchy went out into the street, a badly scared little man. He thought of all the hard things he had heard about Red Roe, and soon convinced himself that the town bad man had been trying to pick a quarrel in order to have an excuse for killing him in cold blood. Dutchy borrowed a shotgun and, going back to the restaurant, fired both barrels at the unsuspecting humorist; and before Red Roe knew what it was all about he was as dead as Rameses III.

Bars Too Big to Carry

Thus passed Bodie's last bad man, the victim of a reputation perhaps undeserved, his own sense of humor and another man's lack of one.

Bodie shipped much gold in the old days, but circumvented the bandits by casting the bars of a size most unhandy for hip-pocket transportation. They were eighteen inches long and weighed in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty pounds. A thief, if he hopes to outride a posse, must travel light; so the highwaymen let the gold bars alone and pounced on the Wells Fargo box instead, which sometimes contained coin for pay rolls. The gold bars of the Standard and Bodie mines were shipped in the bottom of the stage, each in its leather case, and often the passengers had to ride with their knees under their chins because of the gold underfoot.

In the early eighties the stages between Carson and Bodie were frequently "stuck up," and always by the same men at the same place, a steep, dangerous pitch near Sweetwater, where the vehicles were barely able to crawl. The robbers were old, cool hands and put the business through with neatness and dispatch.

One night the down stage was robbed on Sweetwater Hill. There was nothing of any consequence in the treasure box, but the passengers were relieved of their valuables. The driver was then told to proceed; and in the course of an hour or so he met the up stage from Bodie to Carson, with two shotgun messengers aboard—Mike Tovey and Tom Woodruff. The driver told Tovey the news and warned him not to go to sleep on Sweetwater Hill; but the danger point was passed without a hail and the messengers decided they were safe for that trip, at least. An hour later the stage was crawling up a steep grade when Mike Tovey, walking ahead of the leaders and unarmed, heard the familiar command:

"Throw up your hands!"

"All right!" bawled the shotgun messenger. "Don't shoot! My hands are as high as I can get 'em. You've got the drop on me; let it go at that."

Talking all the time and inviting the robbers to come on and help themselves, he slipped down beside the horses and crawled to the front wheel of the stage, where he whispered to the driver:

"My gun, quick! And pass it to me behind the lights!"

The driver reached down with one hand and slid the sawed-off shotgun over the wheel. When the robbers came into the light of the lamps Tovey was waiting on one side of the stage and Woodruff on the other, knowing that the men would follow their usual custom and separate when they reached the leaders.

The messengers fired at the same instant and Tovey killed his man, but Woodruff missed and the robber opened fire with his revolver. Tovey rushed round to the other side of the stage and, just as he was throwing up his gun, a heavy bullet tore through his left forearm, disabling him. The robber leaped out of the road after firing the shot and they heard him crashing through the brush.

Never Quite the Same Again

Tovey was painfully but not seriously hurt, and after a consultation it was decided to take him to a near-by ranch house to have the wound washed and dressed. Woodruff accompanied him and the stage waited.

It must have been a grim sort of wait, with the dead robber lying in the road beside the leaders; but the passengers had little time to think of that. Barely were Tovey and Woodruff out of hearing when a whisper came from the brush below:

"Come on! Throw out the box or I'll blow your —— head off!"

The surviving highwayman had come back to finish the job. The driver threw out the box—he had no choice in the matter—and the robber dragged it a few feet from the road and hammered the lock to bits.

Later the empty box was found; and, though the posses scoured the hills for weeks, they did not catch the lone bandit.

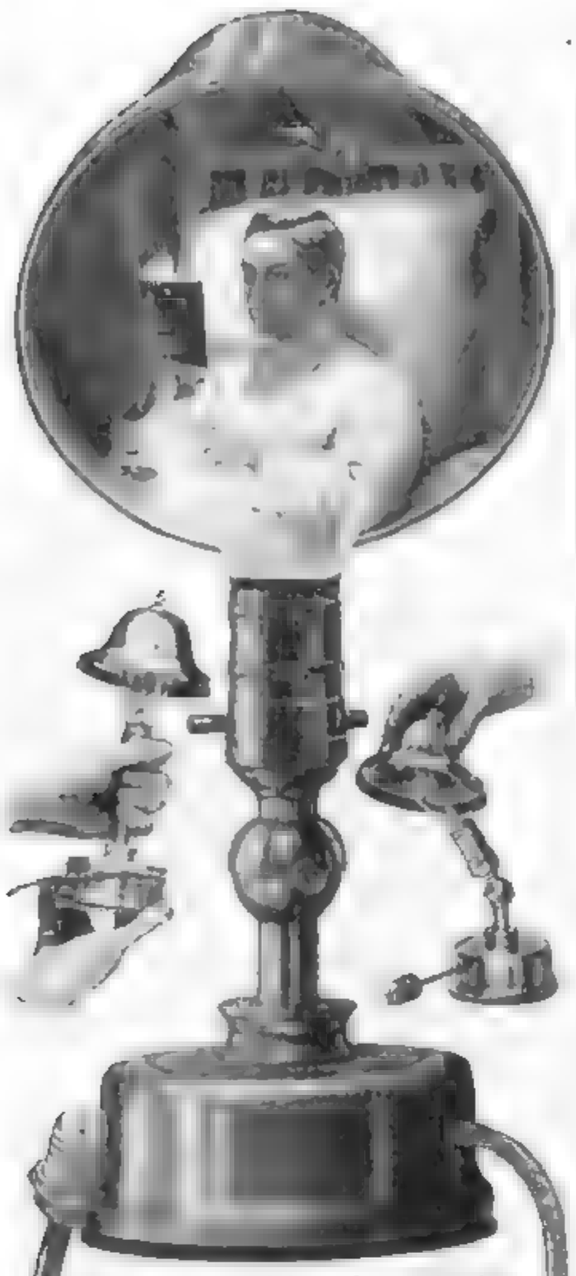
The Wells Fargo detectives were more fortunate. They examined the linen of the dead man and by means of the laundry mark identified his companion as a man named Sharp, fairly well known in San Francisco. Sharp was arrested and served a term in the penitentiary at Carson—a model prisoner, by all accounts.

The Bodie people say that Mike Tovey was never quite the same man after that night. It may have been the shattered forearm; it may have been fear that someone would accuse him of deserting his post; it may have been that he felt that Sharp had put a slight on his reputation by coming back as he did—at any rate, Tovey was not the same man. He grew sullen and morose, even quarrelsome, taking every occasion to prove his courage and add to a record already too well established.

"The last time I saw Mike alive," said Captain Osborne, "was in a saloon on Main Street, in the eighties. The place was crowded with men who were wishing themselves somewhere else, for Mike had Big-mouth Doogan cornered at the end of the bar and was trying to provoke him into drawing his gun. Big-mouth was a killer and a bad man.

"'You're a tough fellow, they tell me,' said Mike. He had his slouch hat in his hand, and at the end of every sentence he batted Doogan across the face with it. 'They tell me you're bad!' . . . 'Why don't you show me how bad you are?' . . . Biff! . . . 'I wouldn't take this from anybody; I'd fight first—that is, if I wasn't a yellow dog.' . . . Biff! . . . 'Say, what ails your right arm? Is it paralyzed?' And so on.

"The thing that struck me was that Mike didn't raise his voice once. He kept on talking in his low, even way, hitting harder and harder, watching Big-mouth like a cat; but he couldn't make him reach for his gun. Doogan knew better. If he had gone after it he would have been dead before he got it out of the holster. Mike was a holy fright with a pistol and nobody in that part of the country could draw and shoot with him. Big-mouth apologized and begged and whined, but he never took his right hand off the bar—and Big-mouth, mind you, was a killer himself; but I suppose he knew when he was up against it.



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Has the appearance, quality and efficiency of the highest priced lamp, yet costs only five dollars.

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Are your cement floors wearing away?
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Agatex, when applied to a cement or concrete floor, chemically converts the cement into a hard, *agatelike* substance. Application easily made with a long-handled brush. Cost very moderate.

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"Big-mouth was afterward shot in the back and killed. It happened in a crowd and nobody ever knew who did it—probably a friend of a man Doogan had murdered. Mike Tovey lasted for several years, but he made one trip too many. A stage robber shot him off the box—in Calaveras County, I think it was. He always said he wanted to go quick, and he got his wish."

For all that Bodie was used to sudden death in every form there was once when she was shocked. The dropping of the cage in the Tioga Mine was a frightful thing, and so was the Goodshaw disaster, when every man underground perished; but the tragedy that Bodie will never forget cost a single life—that of an unknown young man.

The Standard Shaft had reached a depth of one thousand feet, and McGuire, the foreman, was standing beside the opening, talking with a friend, when a young man came up to him.

McGuire did not notice the stranger at first, who stood a few feet away, whittling a stick and waiting for the foreman to speak to him. Afterward it was remembered that throughout the short conversation the young man had not raised his eyes, but had looked at the floor or the shaft or the stick he was whittling.

"Well?" said the foreman.

"They tell me you're the boss," said the stranger.

"What of it?"

"Any chance for a job to-day?"

"No chance."

The young man continued to whittle at the stick. Then, after a pause:

"Well, to-morrow, maybe?"

"No. Nothing to-morrow. Full up."

The young man stopped whittling and did not speak again. He stood for a moment, as though thinking; then he reached out and jabbed the penknife into a scantling and, with the half-whittled stick still in his hand, deliberately jumped into the shaft. Before the knife had ceased quivering its owner was dead—a battered, unrecognizable bundle a thousand feet deep in the earth.

These are some of the stories they tell of Bodie, before she died. The lynching did not kill her, nor did the church; she got her deathblow in the winter of 1884, when the Standard pulled out her pumps and allowed the lower workings of the district to fill up with water. And the water is there yet. They had to go a long way under ground to find water in that country, but they struck it at last.

The Man Who Sold Too Soon

There was one man sitting by the stove who told no stories—a weatherbeaten old foreigner, with cheeks like leather, a tremendous beak of a nose, and hands like claws. He listened intently to the conversation and in the intervals of silence mumbled to himself. After Bill and the others had gone to bed this man spoke to me.

He wanted to sell me a mine—or two or three mines if I preferred a quantity. They were good mines, he said; but he would sell them very cheap for cash. In case I had not the cash he would take something else—anything else.

I explained that I was not a mining man and the light died out of his eyes; but when I mentioned Virginia City it blazed again, and it was then that I got his story—the story he had been trying to tell us all the evening.

He treated the English language unkindly and his enunciation was further complicated by the recent loss of several front teeth.

His remarks were at times almost unintelligible, particularly when he lost the thread of his story and cursed in an alien tongue until he found it again; but as he favored me with the same narrative every time he saw me I was at last able to straighten it out—something as follows:

"You know Virgeenya City? Aha! I know him, too, you bet! Yes! I know him damn good. I go there for work in the mines, but he is too hot down below. I get sick; so I buy little store—you know C Street?—and I sell fruit and candy, but most I sell cigars. Jim Fair, Flood, Senator Jones, Sharon, Bob Gracey—they all come to my place. All good customers of mine."

Here I interrupted him to mention the name of one of the Silver Princes, a great man on the Comstock, who became even a greater man in New York.

"Him? Ho! Every day he come in my place to buy cigars—every day he come.

Springtex UNDERWEAR

DOUBLE up like a jack-knife in Springtex—if you please. There's no binding, no discomfort. The elastic ribbed Springtex fabric is skin-like in freedom—glove-like in fit. And the warmth of its soft, fine fabric is equal to that of heavy, bulky garments.

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He wants to sell you an after-shaving talcum which positively won't show white on the face

Jim Henry, Mennen's Star Salesman

THE advertisement I wrote in the *Post* some time ago sold so many thousands of men on Mennen's Shaving Cream that the boss has put it up to me to introduce a new product of the house—the first talcum ever made especially for men.

Even with the smooth, pleasing shave that Mennen's Shaving Cream gives, any man's skin is the better for some protection against weather. Even the toughest hide will feel some effects of wind and rain, cold or extreme heat, especially just after shaving.

Probably up to now—like many other men—you have objected to using talcum because you didn't like to appear in public with a "flour-face." Now, that's just what Mennen's Talcum for Men prevents. It is a neutral tint and positively does not show, either on dark or fair skins.

I can't describe in the usual high-flown English how cool, fresh and clean this talcum makes you feel after shaving. But I *can* say, truthfully—because I use it—that it makes a decidedly big difference. I'm not saying this, either, just out of loyalty to the house. If you'll try it yourself you'll probably praise it a good deal more highly than this.

Wrap a dime in a piece of paper, mail it with the coupon, and we'll gladly mail you a handy-sized can, together with a medium-sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream, *Free.* This cream is so much superior to other shaving preparations that within one month alone, last spring, over 15,000 men were won to its use.

Address GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Laboratories: 1409 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Signed Jim Henry

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Enclosed is 10¢ [illegible] send me a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men, and a medium sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream.

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IN the old colonial days floors were noted for their beauty. Today they are not only noted for their beauty, but also for their durability, *when they are finished with "61" Floor Varnish.*

"61" is not only water proof and durable, but it actually withstands abuse. It is heel-proof and mar-proof.

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one finished with "61" and the other with Vitralite, *the Long-Life Hi-Gloss Enamel.* Here at last is the enamel that will not crack, peel, nor turn yellow, whether used *inside or outside,* on wood, metal, plaster or cement—*and it lasts longer than paint.*

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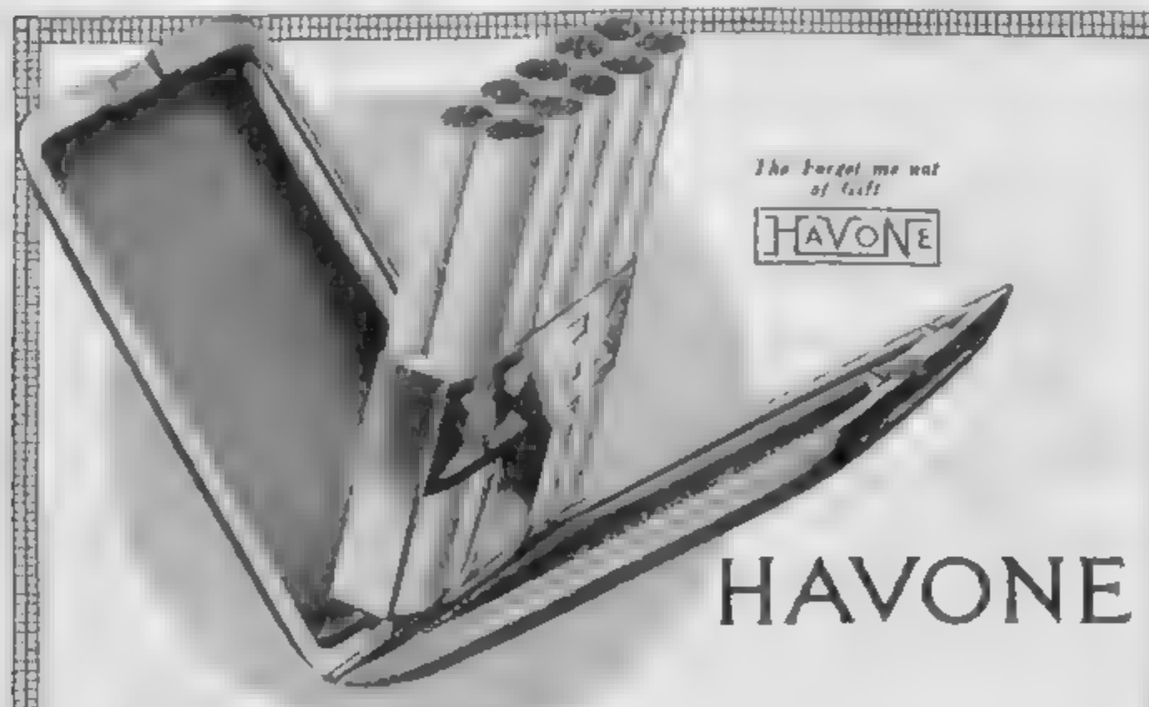

The forget me not of Golf

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THE man on the Avenue—particular in everything—has enthusiastically welcomed the Havone Cigarette Case.

The mussiness of the ordinary case—with its fingered contents—cigarettes crushed, bent and broken—never appealed to his sense of fitness.

The Havone keeps his cigarettes clean and straight—each in a separate compartment—and adds immeasurably to the grace of "passing the smokes."

The Havone is filled as easily and quickly as the ordinary case.

Havone Cigarette Cases are made in Sterling Silver-plate, in Solid Sterling, 10K Gold and 14K Gold—Prices, $3.50 up.

If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us $3.50 and we will mail you one direct—either plain finished or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate, send us your name on a postcard for one of our handsome catalogues.

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Dept. L 21–23 Maiden Lane NEW YORK

He say to me once: 'John, you are a — liar and a —— —— thief!' Know him? Yes; and he know me too you bet.

"There is big fire in Virgeenya—seventy-five, he is. I remember him damn good. He clean me out; and when I leave town I got nothing but two hundred shares Sierra Nevada. You know Sierra Nevada? Well, I buy for ninety cent, and I hang on. I am bust, but I hang on. Sometimes I don't eat, but I hang on. I will not sell.

"I come here in '78. . . . Damn! but he is great town then! . . . Seven men I see shot here in one night. . . . I got one friend. He comes to me and he says he is sorry because that Sierra Nevada stock is no good. He says they make a big assessment; so I sell him my two hundred shares, and he buy because he is sorry for me. Next day ——— ——! Sierra Nevada, he is gone to eight dollar! He keep on going up too!" So did the old man's voice at this point in the narrative, ending in a scream: "He go to three hundred and eighty dollar before he bust!——! —— !! ———!!!"

After the crescendo, the diminuendo. The old man's story always ended like this:

"Me, I got nothing now; but if I don't sell that stock I am rich man to-day r-rich man!—if I don't sell that stock!"

I am inclined to think that John stretched his top price a little to make it a better story; but the records show that in 1877 Sierra Nevada was at seventy-five cents, and in 1878 it sold for two hundred and sixty-one dollars. Even that would have helped some.

When I went to bed John was still sitting by the stove, mumbling to himself about that Sierra Nevada.

Before we left Bodie, friend Bill revised his opinion of the place.

"I said this town was dead. I apologize."

"How so?"

"There's one live man in it. Great day! A booster in Bodie—think of it! This morning I was going over the old bus and turning down the grease cups when along he comes.

"'Good morning!' says he. 'Maybe you're interested in mines?'

"'Not so's they could tell it on me a mile away,' says I. 'Guess again.'

"'Oh, but you ought to be interested in mines!' says he. 'This place is sort of quiet now, but things are going to hum here shortly—when the new companies come in. I've got some claims ——'

"'Pardner,' says I, 'you're wasting good stuff. I wouldn't have a mine for a gift! Once when I was a kid I went down in a well and some fool dropped the dud-bobbed bucket on my head. That cured me of wanting to be a miner. I'm off of holes in the ground for keeps, and the next time I go into one it'll be in a box.'

"He thought about that for quite a while, but he wasn't discouraged. He wasn't disheartened. Lord lumme, no! He was only catching his breath.

"'Well, now,' say he, 'maybe I could interest you in some fine farming land round here?'

"Can you beat that? He wanted to sell me a farm—in this country! Cheese and crackers, boy—a farm! And the only thing they ever raised on Bodie Flat was tombstones! . . . Here he comes now! What say we step on ole Sagebrush Sal and beat it before he trades us a mine for her?"

His Saving Grace

AN INDIANA town in the old days boasted of two characters—an official mean man who never did a good deed if it was possible to do a mean one, and an official optimist who had never been heard to speak an evil word of any human.

In the fullness of time the bad man died. On the day of the funeral the usual crowd gathered at the post office to await the distribution of mail. Naturally the life and works of the late unlamented came under discussion.

The deceased was painted as a miser, a liar, a thief, a scandalmonger and a backbiter. The optimist, who was present, listened in silence. At length one of the group turned on him.

"Say, Gid," demanded the other man, "ain't ever'thing we've said about that old scoundrel the truth? Kin you name one deservin' trait he ever showed?"

"Well," said the optimist, "you boys'll have to admit he certainly had a mighty good appetite."

Famous Wonders Niagara Falls and

"CHOCOLATE NUT CLUSTERS" $1.25 THE BOX

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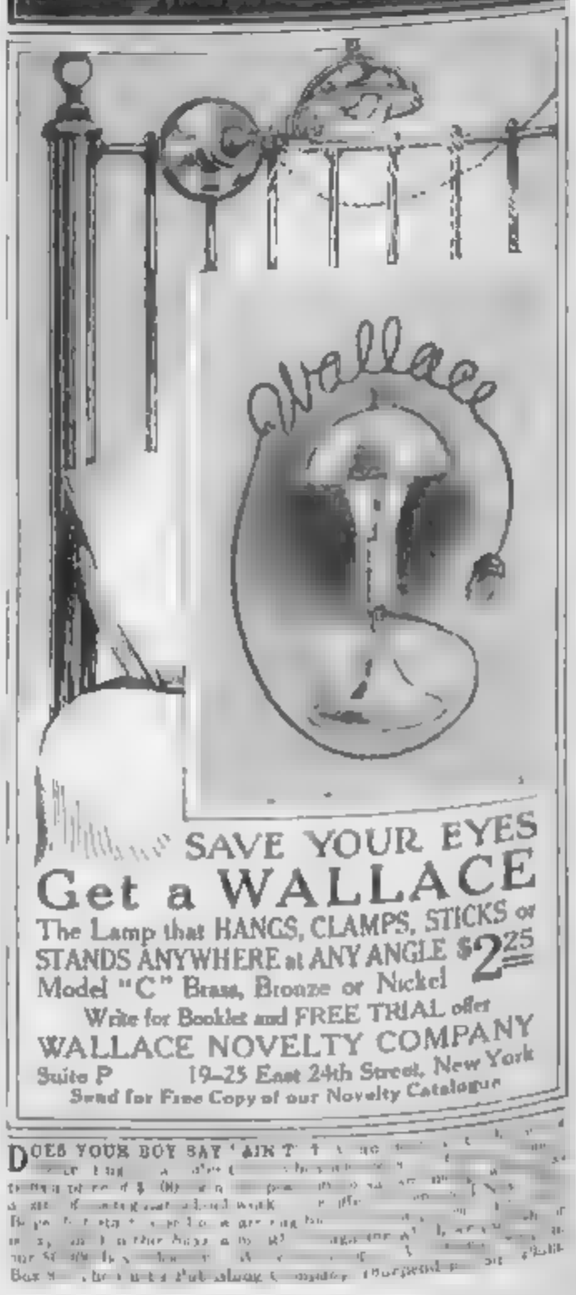

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522 West 27th Street New York City

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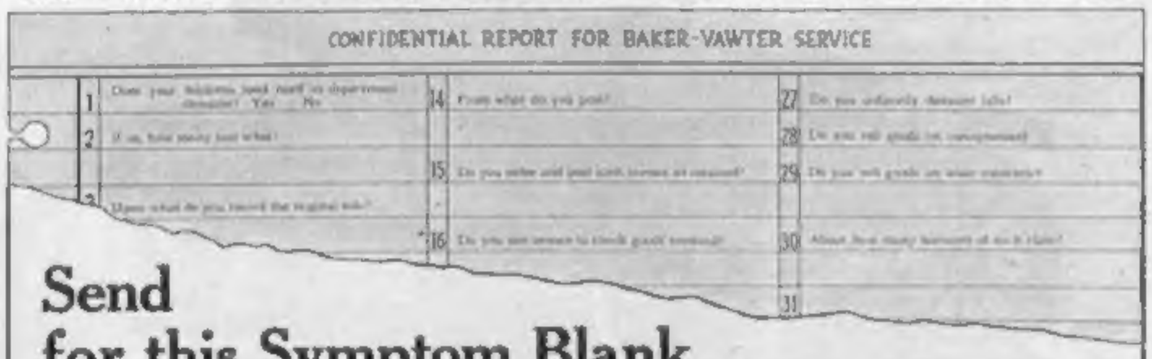

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We give you the essence of our experience with 75,000 merchants, bankers and manufacturers, who have become convinced that the only economical basis for buying record blanks, ledger binders and filing equipment is on a *result basis*. We will show you where you can make profitable short cuts and improvements—save time and money. We will demonstrate whether or not your office tools are producing the best results, just as your tools and machinery are doing for your factory. Simply use the coupon. We will at once send the Symptom Blank. You incur no expense or obligation. The benefits you receive may be very great. DO IT NOW.

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Fifty King Prizes

In a little over a month from now fifty boys will have won the right to call themselves sharpshooters of America, and will possess fifty splendid prizes. Will one of these prizes be yours?

The Grand National King Marksmanship Contest will be held Nov. 8th to 13th (inclusive) in every town throughout the country. It is open to every boy of 16 years of age or under and it costs nothing to enter.

The man who sells air guns in your town has a free target for you, and the rules governing the contest are printed on the back. If your dealer has not received his targets, send us a postal with his name and address and we will send him a supply.

The "King" has for 30 years been known as the best air rifle made. It is handsome, strong, shoots straight and is perfectly safe in the hands of a boy.

Write for illustrated booklet E, and when you receive it show it to father.

KING AIR RIFLES

If there is no "King" dealer in your town write us a letter and the postman will bring the "King" you want by parcel post, at the retail price.

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15

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"Destined to Roof the Nation's Homes"

NEVER before in history has so much roofing protection been offered for so small a relative cost. Asphalt Shingles represent the maximum of beauty and service without increasing the first cost, and with less upkeep.

They add to the appearance of the house both because of the rich and attractive colorings and because of the attractive way in which they are laid on the roof. They do not curl or blow up, nor do they crack and let the moisture through.

Every material used in them is enduring and permanent. The waterproofing is asphalt, which does not dry out or deteriorate with age. You cannot live under a *more efficient* roof.

Always look for this Trade Mark on packages of Asphalt Shingles. It guarantees satisfaction and a long life roof. Used by the leading manufacturers.

Interesting Booklet Free! We should like to tell you the further facts about these shingles—how they will save you money, how they will last longer, with fewer repairs—about their many beautiful and permanent colors, and all the rest. Write for our *free* booklet "*The Roof Distinctive*," a valuable aid to every home builder or owner. Ask your Architect, Contractor, Lumber Dealer or Builder's Supply Man about Asphalt Shingles.

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Gentlemen: Send me your free book on building and roofing called "*The Roof Distinctive.*"

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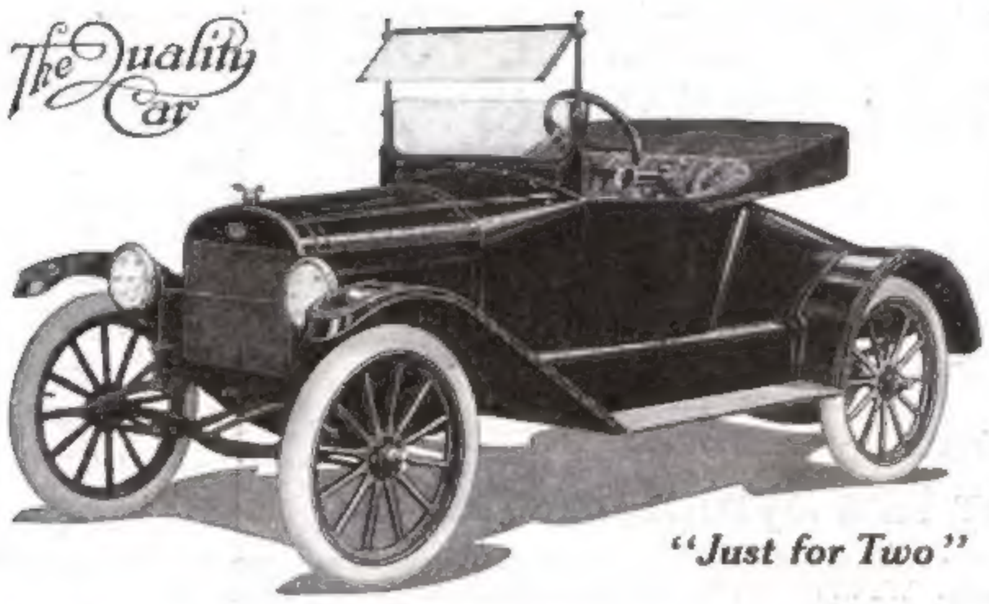


"Just for Two"

Metz "25" Roadster

1916 MODEL

$600, Completely Equipped, Including Electric Starter and Electric Lights

THIS new 1916 model of the Metz Roadster wins your admiration at a glance. It is delightfully pleasing and graceful in design, elegantly finished inside and out, and embodies all the leading features and up-to-date refinements which contribute so much to the pleasure and comfort of luxurious motoring.

Built on same chassis as the Metz Touring Car, with 108-inch wheelbase, and identical equipment throughout, including electric starter and lights, rain-vision built-in wind-shield, instant one-man top, 25 horse-power motor, large wheels and tires, gasoline gauge, speedometer, signal horn, jack, tools, etc.

As a two-passenger pleasure car, this new 1916 model leaves nothing to be wished for; and there is nothing superior to it for the business or professional man who wants a thoroughly dependable, easily handled, stylish runabout. It is a wonderful hill climber, and for reliable road performance is unsurpassed.

NOTE—Price of the Metz 1916 Touring Car, similarly equipped, is $600. For complete information regarding either of these models, write for new illustrated catalog "E"

METZ COMPANY **WALTHAM, MASS.**

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

Our 28th season of sausage making is just starting.

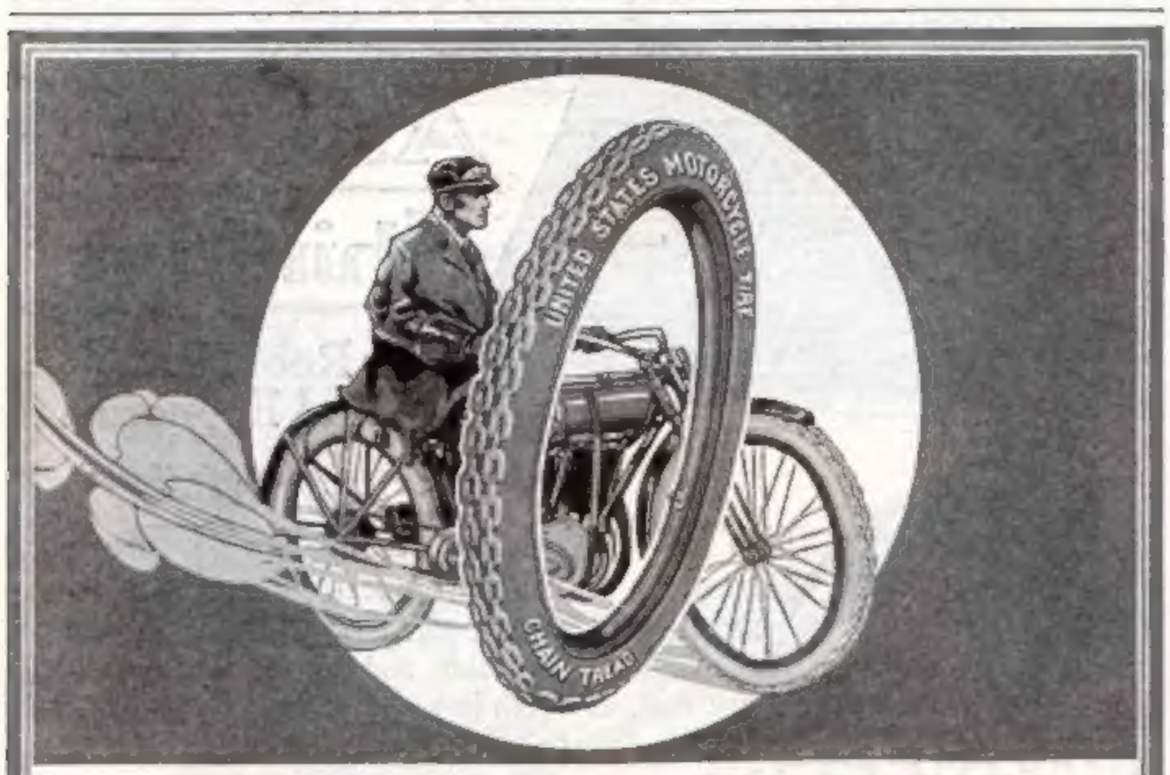
Merchants everywhere can supply you with Jones Dairy Farm Sausage, which you can depend on as fresh, pure farm sausage made from the choice part of young pig pork.

Jones Dairy Farm Sausage is usually sold by dealers on standing orders for small amounts delivered regularly to your home on certain days.

MILO C. JONES, Box 605, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

A partial list of dealers in Chicago and vicinity who sell Jones Dairy Farm Sausage. Names of dealers in other sections will follow—watch for them:

CHICAGO: Ackerman Mkt. House Co., 1444 E. 57th St.; A. S. Alexander, 5238 Kimbark Ave.; Paul Apelt, 2165 Lincoln Ave.; Fred Ballard, 15-16 E. 53rd St.; Joseph Becker, 1450 No. Clark St.; Black Bros., 1541 East 53rd St.; Buena Market, 946 Irving Pk. Blvd.; Wm. Bulowa, 1312 E. 47th St.; Child's Market, 437-39 Rush St.; The Mrs. Clark Co., 5 So. Wabash Ave.; Clark Lyon Co., 39th & Cottage Grove Ave.; Geo. Connors, 3583 No. Clark St.; Consumers Mkt. House, 318 E. 43rd St.; J. A. Cordell, 1110-12 Argyle St.; C. W. Coulon, 4401 Broadway; Peter Dieter, 2308 Cottage Grove Ave.; H. F. Eggers, 55th St. & Dorchester Ave.; P. C. Ellers, 1503 W. Van Buren St.; Eiseman & Swanson, 3709 Broadway; The Fair, Groc. Dept.; E. R. Fairweather, 71st & Jeffrey Ave.; Foell Supply Co., 331 W. 22nd Place; F. D. Folwell, 1259 N. Clark St.; John B. Gager, 1412 N. Clark St.; C. J. Guderyahn, 3916 Broadway; E. Haenroth, 2606 N. Clark St.; C. P. Heckt, 1062 Argyle St.; Herman Faber Co., 11 W. So. Water St.; C. Hofschneider, 320 E. 47th St.; Hogan Bros., 1200 E. 61st St.; Toby Hutter, 1133 Rush St.; C. Jevne & Co., 34 So. Wabash Ave.; Nick Johansen, 1459 E. 53th St.; Ella C. Junggren, 5019 Lake Park Ave.; F. F. Krause & Co., 4500 Cottage Grove Ave.; L. G. Kunze, 18 E. Randolph St.; J. W. Leigh, 1514 E. 53rd St.; M. F. Levy, 947 No. State St.; C. F. Love & Co., 9 W. So. Water St.; Magner, Winslow & Co., 440 So. Clark St.; Gust. G. Magnuson, 3552 N. Halsted St.; W. J. Mailhoit, 1514 Coles Ave., Windsor Park; Marchant & Erich, 358 E. 31st St.; Albert C. Marco, 510 So. Dearborn St.; Chas. F. Meyer, 1404 No. Clark St.; R. B. Moffitt, 536 Belden Ave.; J. G. Moore & Co., 1935 Indiana Ave.; C. H. Morgan & Co., 1405 E. 47th St., Lake & 47th St.; A. H. A. Mortimer, 28 W. Washington St.; North Shore Market House, 6628 Sheridan Rd.; Howard Market House, 7533 No. Ashland Ave.; Olympia Mkt., Ed. Levy, 1469 No. Clark St.; Orchard & Orchard, 1443 E. 53rd St.; The Guilmette Commissary, 312-14 W. Madison St.; E. B. Potter, 3532 Indiana Ave.; Rosenheim Mkt. House, 6552 Sheridan Rd.; Rush Market, 903 Rush St.; Russer's Market, 822 Rush St.; Rust & Antisdale, 1408-10 E. 47th St.; Saffelder & Eger, 1959 Broadway; Thos. J. Sauerman, 550 No. Clark St.; Schiesswohl & Peterson, 2842 Broadway; J. W. Scholossser & Co., 4631-33 Broadway; Schubert Bros., 1722-24 Greenleaf Ave.; A. J. Shafer, 1531 E. 51st St.; Sippels Market House, 7252 Wentworth Ave.; Spitz Bros., 113-115 E. 31st St.; Spivak & Stein, 53rd & Lake Ave.; Herman Staff, 1104 E. 47th St.; Stanton & Co., 30 W. Wash. St.; Swanson Hedberg Co., 1140-42 Bryn Mawr Ave.; Tebbetts & Garland, 16-18 No. Mich. Ave.; Temple Bros., 1305 No. Clark St.; U. S. Co-operative Co., Kenwood Ave. & 57th St.; Joseph S. Vogt, 2360 Cottage Grove Ave.; Michael Vogt, 317 E. 26th St.; O. T. Wall & Co., 1308 East 63rd St., Woodlawn; Gustav Walliser, 355 E. 26th St.; Fred Walters, 828 No. State St.; J.B. Warder, 1529-31 West Madison St.; Chas. A. Wenzel, 1327 E. 57th St. **EVANSTON:** Geo. D. Buck, 800 Dempster St.; W. H. Cook Co., 913 Chicago Ave.; A. J. Dart, 610 Dempster St.; S. P. Gerdl, 922 Davis St.; Harloff Bros., 1421-23 Lake St.; R. Huber, 702 Main St.; W. J. O'Connell, 926 Davis St.; Peter G. Rapp, 1565 Sherman Ave.; G. C. Scheibe, 601 Dempster St.; George Taylor, 530 Davis St.; A. S. Van Deusen; Josiah Ward, 819 Noyes St.; John Westreicher, Inc., 905-907 Chicago Ave. **GLENCOE:** Clemens Dorfer, Cor. Park Ave. & Vernon; Schneider Bros.; A. M. Schupp. **ROGERS PARK:** J. C. Garry, 1345 Morse Ave. **WILMETTE:** Aspegren & Co.; Klinge & White; A. S. Van Deusen. **WINNETKA:** A. J. Vollman, 796 Elm Street.



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The "Chain Tread" Tire for motorcycles has the same heavy service construction, the same wear-resisting rubber and fabric, and the same practical anti-skid tread, as the "Chain Tread" automobile tire.

Profit by the experience of the keen automobile and motorcycle manufacturers, who are increasing the prestige of their products by equipping the machines they make with "Chain Tread" Tires. You can buy "Chain Tread" Tires from good dealers everywhere.

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Made by the Largest Rubber Company in the World

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Virile, manly lines and curves to express the style that is a little ahead of the hour. Then, master-tailoring to make permanent all through strenuous service the style and character of the garment.

Those are the factors which strongly recommend the

New Gotham Model

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For Young Men—$20 upward

The coat is form-defining, without a vent, and has a soft, graceful, long-roll lapel. The waistcoat is five-button, with two welt and two flap pockets, and without a collar.

Ask your clothier to prove to you beyond contention that in the Gotham model you are offered maximum value in the three vital factors—style, tailoring, fabric—at minimum cost, no matter what price you elect to pay from $20 upward.

A Post Card to Dept. "S" will bring to you a Portfolio of photogravure prints, done in sepia, illustrating a series of the new Benjamin models.

Alfred Benjamin: Washington Company

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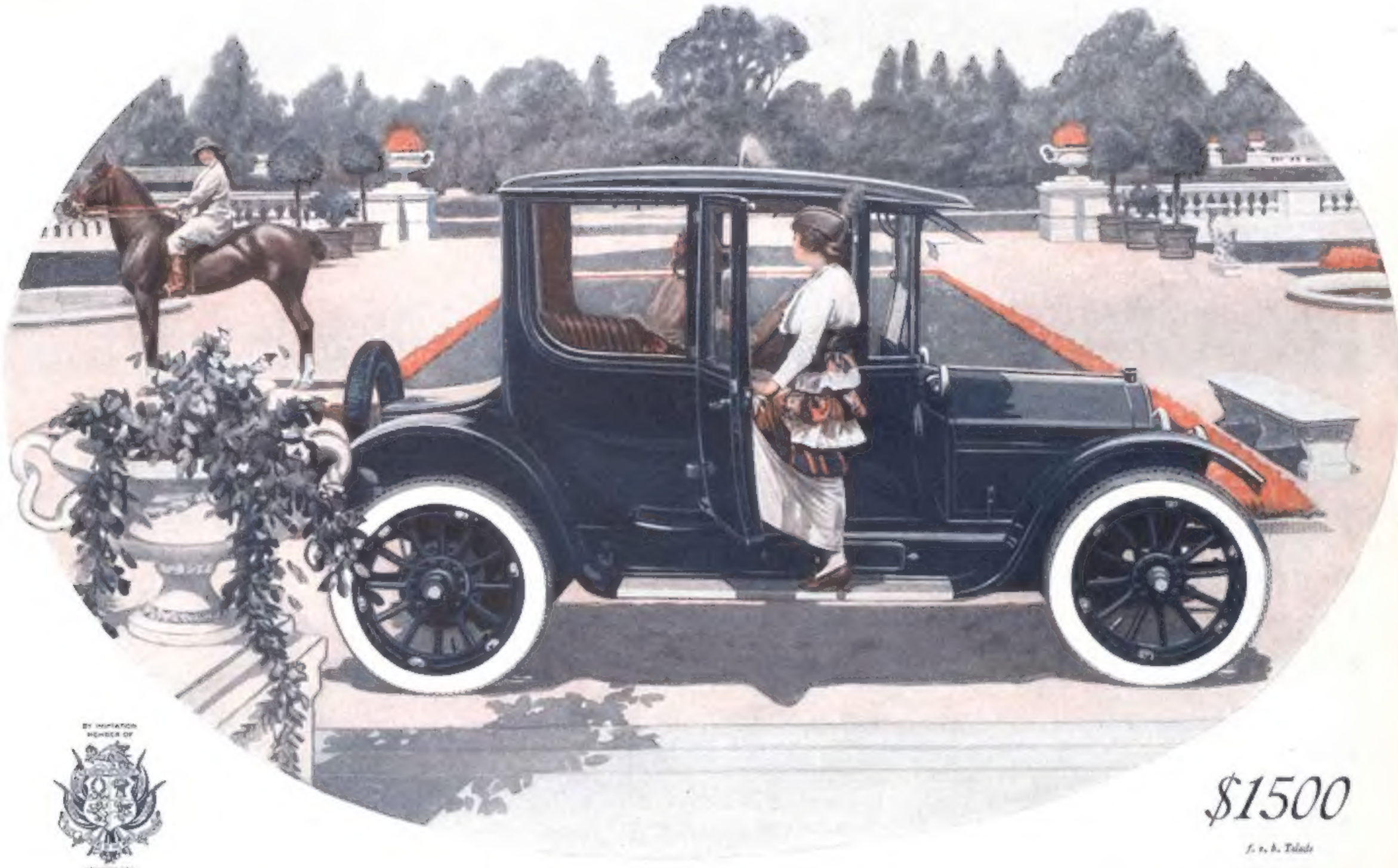

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This motor has silent, sliding sleeve valves.

The effect is as though your power came from nowhere—you are unconscious of any definite power source.

You are conscious only of great power and unrestricted speed and radius of travel.

You will agree with us that the beauty and distinction of this Coupé made it the most desirable closed car ever designed.

It is sought after by those whose sphere demands above all things exquisite appointments in perfect good taste.

With the sleeve-valve motor it is a perfected car.

But the price is only $1500—

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See the nearest Overland dealer and arrange for a demonstration of the Willys-Knight Coupé.

Deliveries now.

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